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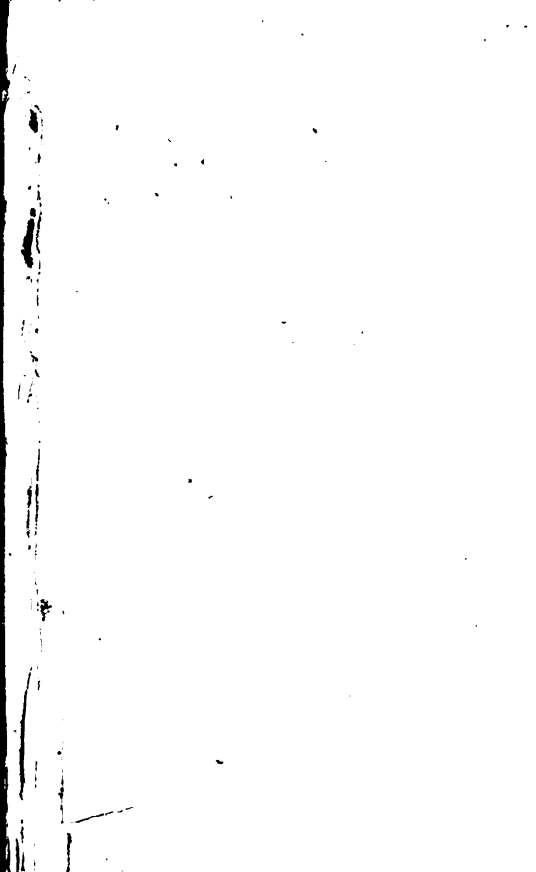
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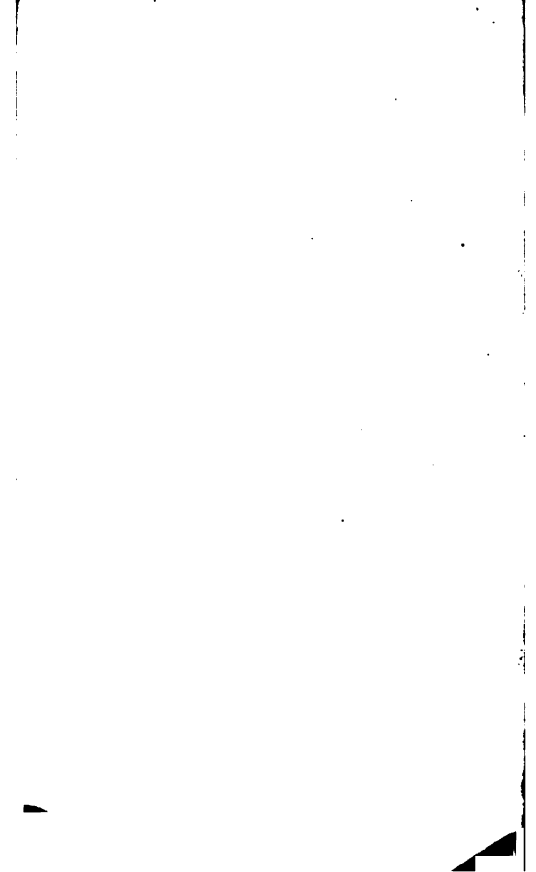
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THE
LONDON THEATRE.

A COLLECTION OF THE
Most celebrated Dramatic Pieces.

CORRECTLY GIVEN, FROM COPIES USED IN THE THEATRES,

BY
THOMAS DIBDIN,
OF THE THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.



VOLUME VIII.

LONDON:

**PRINTED FOR WHITTINGHAM AND ARLISS,
PATERNOSTER ROW.**

1815.

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THE
MOURNING BRIDE.

A Tragedy.

BY WILLIAM CONGREVE.

CORRECTLY GIVEN, FROM COPIES USED IN THE THEATRES,

BY

THOMAS DIBDIN,

Author of several Dramatic Pieces: and

PROMPTER OF THE THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.



Printed at the Chiswick Press,

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1815.

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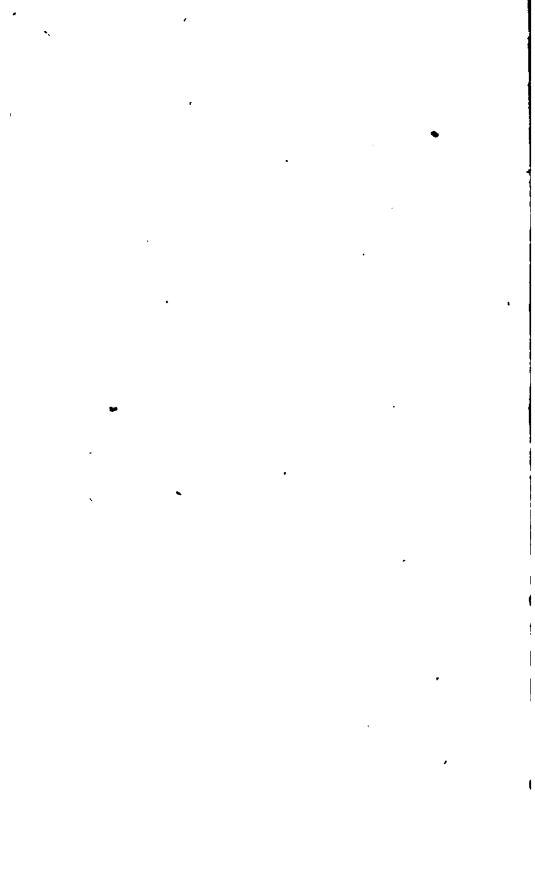
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THE MOURNING BRIDE,

FIRST acted at Lincoln's-inn Fields Theatre in 1697, is the only tragedy produced by Mr. Congreve; and, though the most successful of his works, has been deemed "inferior to the very worst" of his other dramatic essays. The speech of Almeria, however, in the second act, beginning

"No, all is hush'd," &c.

has been selected by Dr. Johnson, as "the most poetical paragraph in the whole mass of English poetry." This tragedy is still considered an attractive stock play.



PROLOGUE.

THE time has been when plays were not so plenty,
And a less number now would well content ye;
New plays did then like almanacs appear,
And one was thought sufficient for a year:
Though they are more like almanacs of late;
For in one year, I think, they're out of date.
Nor were they without reason join'd together;
For, just as one prognosticates the weather,
How plentiful the crops, or scarce the grain,
What peals of thunder, and what show'rs of rain;
So t'other can foretel, by certain rules,
What crowds of coxcombs, or what floods of fools.
In such like prophecies were poets skill'd,
Which now they find in their own tribe fulfill'd:
The dearth of wit they did so long presage,
Is fall'n on us, and almost starves the stage.
Were you not griev'd as often as you saw
Poor actors thrash such empty sheaves of straw?
Toiling and lab'ring, at their lungs' expense,
To start a jest, or force a little sense.
Hard fate for us! still harder in th' event;
Our authors sin, but we alone repent.
Still they proceed, and, at our charge, write worse,
'Twere some amends if they could reimburse:
But there's the devil, though their cause is lost,
There's no recov'ring damages or cost.
Good wits, forgive this liberty we take,
Since custom gives the losers leave to speak.
But if, provok'd, your dreadful wrath remains,
Take your revenge upon the coming scenes:
For that damn'd poet's spar'd who damns a brother,
As one thief 'scapes that executes another.
Thus far alone does to the wits relate;
But from the rest we hope a better fate.
To please and move has been our poet's theme,
Art may direct, but nature is his aim;
And nature miss'd, in vain he boasts his art,
For only nature can affect the heart.

Then freely judge the scenes that shall ensue,
 But as with freedom, judge with candour too.
 He would not lose through prejudice his cause,
 Nor would obtain precariously applause.
 Impartial censure he requests from all,
 Prepar'd by just decrees to stand or fall.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

As originally acted at Lincoln's-inn Fields, 1697.

<i>Manuel</i>	Mr. Verbruggen.
<i>Gonsalez</i>	Mr. Sanford.
<i>Garcia</i>	Mr. Scudamour.
<i>Perez</i>	Mr. Freeman.
<i>Alonzo</i>	Mr. Arnold.
<i>Osmyn</i>	Mr. Betterton.
<i>Heli</i>	Mr. Bowman.
<i>Selim</i>	Mr. Baily.
<i>Almeria</i>	Mrs. Bracegirdle.
<i>Zara</i>	Mrs. Barry.
<i>Leonora</i>	Mrs. Bowman.

1787.

Drury Lane.

Covent Garden.

<i>Manuel</i>	Mr. Aickin.	Mr. Hull. /
<i>Gonsalez</i>	Mr. Packer.	Mr. Gardner.
<i>Garcia</i>	Mr. Barrymore.	Mr. Davies.
<i>Perez</i>	Mr. Wilson.	Mr. Thompson.
<i>Alonzo</i>	Mr. Phillimore.	Mr. Fearon.
<i>Osmyn</i>	Mr. Smith.	Mr. Holman.
<i>Heli</i>	Mr. R. Palmer.	Mr. Cubitt.
<i>Selim</i>	Mr. Fawcett.	Mr. Macready.
<i>Almeria</i>	Mrs. Ward.	Mrs. Pope.
<i>Zara</i>	Mrs. Siddons.	Miss Brunton.
<i>Leonora</i>	Miss Tidswell.	Miss Platt.

Attendants, Guards, &c.

SCENE—GRANADA.

ACT THE FIRST.



SCENE I. *A Room of State.*

The Curtain rising slowly to soft Music, discovers ALMERIA in Mourning, LEONORA waiting. ALMERIA rises and comes forward.

Alm. **M**USIC has charms to sooth a savage breast,
To soften rocks, or bend a knotted oak.
I've read that things inanimate have mov'd,
And, as with living souls, have been inform'd,
By magic numbers and persuasive sound.
What then am I? Am I more senseless grown
Than trees or flint? O, force of constant woe!
'Tis not in harmony to calm my griefs.
Anselmo sleeps, and is at peace; last night
The silent tomb receiv'd the good old king;
He and his sorrows now are safely lodg'd
Within its cold, but hospitable bosom.
Why am not I at peace?

Leon. Dear madam, cease,
Or moderate your grief; there is no cause—

Alm. No cause! Peace, peace! there is eternal cause,

And misery eternal will succeed.

Thou canst not tell—thou hast indeed no cause.

Leon. Believe me, madam, I lament Anselmo,
And always did compassionate his fortune :
Have often wept, to see how cruelly
Your father kept in chains his fellow king :
And oft at night, when all have been retir'd,
Have stol'n from bed, and to his prison crept,
Where, while his gaoler slept, I through the grate
Have softly whisper'd, and inquir'd his health,
Sent in my sighs and pray'rs for his deliv'rance ;
For sighs and pray'rs were all that I could offer.

Alm. Indeed thou hast a soft and gentle nature,
That thus could melt to see a stranger's wrongs.
O, Leonora, hadst thou known Anselmo,
How would thy heart have bled to see his suff'rings !
Thou hadst no cause but general compassion.

Leon. Love of my royal mistress gave me cause,
My love of you begot my grief for him ;
For I had heard that when the chance of war
Had bless'd Anselmo's arms with victory,
And the rich spoil of all the field, and you,
'The glory of the whole, were made the prey
Of his success,
He did endear himself to your affection,
By all the worthy and indulgent ways
His most industrious goodness could invent ;
Proposing, by a match between Alphonso
His son, the brave Valencian prince, and you,
To end the long dissension, and unite
The jarring crowns.

Alm. Why was I carried to Anselmo's court ?
Or there, why was I us'd so tenderly ?
Why not ill treated, like an enemy ?
For so my father would have us'd his child.
O, Alphonso, Alphonso !
Devouring seas have wash'd thee from my sight,
No time shall rase thee from my memory ;
No, I will live to be thy monument :
The cruel ocean is no more thy tomb ;

But in my heart thou art interr'd ; there, there,
Thy dear resemblance is for ever fix'd ;
My love, my lord, my husband still, though lost !

Leon. Husband ! O, heav'n's !

Alm. Alas ! What have I said ?

My grief has hurry'd me beyond all thought.
I would have kept that secret ; though I know
Thy love and faith to me deserve all confidence.

Leon. Witness these tears—

The memory of that brave prince stands fair
In all report—

And I have heard imperfectly his loss ;
But fearful to renew your troubles past,
I never did presume to ask the story.

Alm. If for my swelling heart I can, I'll tell thee.
I was a welcome captive in Valencia,
Ev'n on the day when Manuel, my father,
Led on his conqu'ring troops, high as the gates
Of king Anselmo's palace ; which, in rage,
And heat of war, and dire revenge, he fir'd.
The good king flying to avoid the flames,
Started amidst his foes, and made captivity
His fatal refuge—Would that I had fall'n
Amidst those flames—but 'twas not so decreed.
Alphonso, who foresaw my father's cruelty,
Had borne the queen and me on board a ship
Ready to sail ; and when this news was brought
We put to sea ; but being betray'd by some
Who knew our flight, we closely were pursu'd,
And almost taken ; when a sudden storm
Drove us, and those that follow'd, on the coast
Of Afrio : There our vessel struck the shore,
And, bulging 'gainst a rock was dash'd in pieces,
But heav'n spar'd me for yet much more affliction !
Conducting them who follow'd us, to shun
The shoal, and save me floating on the waves,
While the good queen and my Alphonso perish'd.

Leon. Alas ! Were you then wedded to Alphonso ?

Alm. That day, that fatal day, our hands were join'd.
For when my lord beheld the ship pursuing,

And saw her rate so far exceeding ours,
He came to me, and bogg'd me by my love,
I would consent the priest should make us one ;
That whether death or victory ensu'd,
I might be his, beyond the pow'r of fate :
The queen too did assist his suit—I granted ;
And in one day was wedded, and a widow.

Leon. Indeed, 'twas mournful——

Alm. 'Twas—as I have told thee—

For which I mourn, and will for ever mourn ;
Nor will I change these black and dismal robes,
Or ever dry these swoln and wat'ry eyes ;
Or ever taste content, or peace of heart,
While I have life and thought of my Alphonso.

[*Loud shouts.*

Leon. Hark !

The distant shouts proclaim your father's triumph.

[*Shouts at a distance.*

O cease for heav'n's sake, assuage a little
This torrent of your grief ; for much I fear
'Twill urge his wrath, to see you drown'd in tears,
When joy appears in ev'ry other face.

Alm. And joy he brings to ev'ry other heart,
But double, double weight of woe to mine :
For with him Garcia comes—Garcia, to whom
I must be sacrificed, and all the vows
I gave my dear Alphonso basely broken.
No, it shall never be ; for I will die
First, die ten thousand deaths.—Look down, look down,
Alphonso, hear the sacred vow I make ;

[*Kneels.*

And thou, Anselmo, if yet thou art arriv'd
Through all impediments of purging fire,
To that bright heav'n where my Alphonso reigns,
Behold thou also, and attend my vow :

If ever I do yield, or give consent,
By any action, word, or thought, to wed
Another lord ; may then just heav'n show'r down
Unheard-of curses on me, greater far

(If such there be in angry heav'n's vengeance)

Than any I have yet endur'd.—And now

[*Rising.*

My heart has some relief: having so well
Discharg'd this debt, incumbent on my love.
Yet one thing more I would engage from thee.

Leon. My heart, my life, and will, are only yours.

Alm. I thank thee. 'Tis but this: anon, when all
Are wrapp'd and basied in the general joy,
Thou wilt withdraw, and privately with me
Steal forth to visit good Anselmo's tomb.

Leon. Alas! I fear some fatal resolution.

Alm. No, on my life, my faith, I mean no ill,
Nor violence.—I feel myself more light,
And more at large since I have made this vow.
Perhaps I would repeat it there more solemnly.
'Tis that, or some such melancholy thought;
Upon my word, no more.

Leon. I will attend you.

Enter ALONZO.

Alon. The lord Gonzalez comes to tell your highness
The king is just arrived.

Alm. Conduct him in.

[*Exit Alonzo.*]

That's his pretence: his errand is, I know,
To fill my ears with Garcia's valiant deeds;
And gild and magnify his son's exploits.
But I am arm'd with ice around my heart,
Not to be warm'd with words, or idle eloquence.

Enter GONSALEZ.

Gon. Be ev'ry day of your long life like this.
The sun, bright conquest, and your brighter eyes,
Have all conspir'd to blaze promiscuous light,
And bless this day with most unequal lustre.
Your royal father, my victorious lord,
Laden with spoils, and ever-living laurel,
Is ent'ring now in martial pomp the palace.
Five hundred mules precede his solemn march,
Which groan beneath the weight of Moorish wealth.
Chariots of war, adorn'd with glitt'ring gems,
Succeed; and next, a hundred neighing steeds,
White as the fleecy rain on Alpine hills;

That bound and foam, and champ the golden bit,
As they disdain'd the victory they grace.
Prisoners of war in shining fetters follow:
And captains of the noblest blood of Afric
Sweat by his chariot-wheels;
The swarming populace spread every wall,
While you alone retire, and shun this sight;
This sight, which is indeed not seen (though twice
The multitude should gaze) in absence of your eyes.

Alm. My lord, mine eyes ungratefully behold
The gilded trophies of exterior honours.
Nor will my ears be charm'd with sounding words,
Or pompous phrase; the pageantry of souls.
But that my father is return'd in safety,
I bend to heav'n with thanks.

Gon. Excellent princess!
But 'tis a task unfit for my weak age
With dying words to offer at your praise.
Garcia, my son, your beauty's lowest slave,
Has better done, in proving with his sword
The force and influence of your matchless charms.

Alm. I doubt not of the worth of Garcia's deeds,
Which had been brave, though I had ne'er been born.

Leon. Madam, the king.

Symphony of warlike Music. Enter the KING, attended by GARCIA and several Officers; Files of Prisoners, in Chains, and Guards. ALMERIA meets the KING, and kneels; afterwards GONSALEZ kneels and kisses the KING'S Hand, while GARCIA does the same to the PRINCESS.

King. Almeria, rise—My best Gonzalez, rise—
What, tears! my good old friend—

Gon. But tears of joy.
Believe me, sir, to see you thus, has fill'd
Mine eyes with more delight than they can hold.

King. By heav'n thou lov'st me, and I am pleas'd thou dost.

Take it for thanks, old man, that I rejoice
To see thee weep on this occasion—some

Here are, who seem to mourn at our success!
Why is't, Almeria, that you meet our eyes,
Upon this solemn day, in these sad weeds?
In opposition to my brightness, you
And yours are all like daughters of affliction.

Alm. Forgive me, sir, if I in this offend.
The year, which I have vow'd to pay to heav'n,
In mourning and strict life, for my deliv'rance
From wreck and death, wants yet to be expir'd.

King. Your zeal to heav'n is great, so is your debt;
Yet something too is due to me, who gave
That life which heav'n preserv'd. A day bestow'd
In filial duty, had aton'd and given
A dispensation to your vow—No more!
'Twas weak and wilful—and a woman's error.
Yet—upon thought, it doubly wounds my sight,
To see that sable worn upon the day
Succeeding that in which our deadliest foe,
Hated Anselmo! was interr'd—By heav'n!
It looks as thou didst mourn for him! just so
Thy senseless vow appear'd to bear its date,
Not from that hour wherein thou wert preserv'd,
But that wherein the curs'd Alphonso perish'd.
Ha! What! thou dost not weep to think of that?

Gon. Have patience, royal sir; the princess weeps
To have offended you. If fate decreed,
One pointed hour should be Alphonso's loss,
And her deliverance, is she to blame?

King. I tell thee she's to blame, not to have feasted
When my first foe was laid in earth; such enmity,
Such detestation bears my blood to his:
My daughter should have revell'd at his death;
She should have made these palace walls to shake,
And all this high and ample roof to ring
With her rejoicings. What, to mourn and weep!
Then, then to weep, and pray, and grieve! By heav'n!
There's not a slave, a shackled slave of mine,
But should have smil'd that hour, through all his care,
And shook his chains in transport and rude harmony!

Gon. What she has done was in excess of goodness;

Betray'd by too much piety, to seem
As if she had offended.—Sure, no more.

King. To seem is to commit, at this conjuncture.
I wo't not have a seeming sorrow seen
To-day.—Retire, divest yourself with speed
Of that offensive black; on me be all
The violation of your vow; for you,
It shall be your excuse that I command it.

Gar. [*Kneeling*] Your pardon, sir, if I presume so far,
As to remind you of your gracious promise.

King. Rise, Garcia—I forgot. Yet stay, Almeria.

Alm. My boding heart!—What is your pleasure, sir?

King. Draw near, and give your hand: and Garcia,
yours:

Receive this lord, as one whom I have found
Worthy to be your husband and my son.

Gar. Thus let me kneel to take—O not to take—
But to devote, and yield myself for ever
The slave and creature of my royal mistress.

Gon. O let me prostrate pay my worthless thanks—

King. No more; my promise long since pass'd, thy services,

And Garcia's well-try'd valour, all oblige me.
This day we triumph; but to-morrow's sun,
Garcia, shall shine to grace thy nuptials—

Alm. Oh!

[*Faints.*]

Gar. She faints! help to support her.

Gon. She recovers.

King. A fit of bridal fear. How is't, Almeria?

Alm. A sudden chillness seizes on my spirits.
Your leave, sir, to retire.

King. Garcia, conduct her.

[*Garcia leads Almeria to the Door, and returns.*]
This idle vow hangs on her woman's fears.
I'll have a priest shall preach her from her faith,
And make it sin not to renounce that vow
Which I'd have broken. Now, what would Alonzo?

Enter ALONZO and Attendants.

Alon. Your beauteous captive, Zara, is arriv'd,

And with a train as if she still were wife
To Albucacim, and the moor had conquer'd.

King. It is our will she should be so attended.
Bear hence these prisoners. Garcia, which is he,
Of whose mute valour you relate such wonders?

[Prisoners led off.]

Gar. Osmyn, who led the Moorish horse; but he,
Great sir, at her request, attends on Zara.

King. He is your prisoner; as you please dispose him.

Gar. I would oblige him, but he shuns my kindness;
And with a haughty mein, and stern civility,
Dumbly declines all offers: if he speak,
'Tis scarce above a word; as he were born
Alone to do, and did disdain to talk;
At least to talk where he must not command.

King. Such sullenness, and in a man so brave,
Must have some other cause than his captivity.
Did Zara, then, request he might attend her?

Gar. My lord, she did.

King. That, join'd with his behaviour,
Begets a doubt. I'd have 'em watch'd; perhaps
Her chains hang heavier on him than his own.

*Enter ZARA and OSMYN, in Chains; conducted by
PEREZ and a Guard, attended by SELIM and several
Mutes.*

King. What welcome and what honours, beauteous
Zara,

A king and conqueror can give, are yours.
A conqueror indeed, where you are won;
Who with such lustre strike admiring eyes,
That had our pomp been with your presence grac'd,
Th' expecting crowd had been deceiv'd; and seen
The monarch enter not triumphant, but
In pleasing triumph led; your beauty's slave.

Zara. If I on any terms could condescend
To like captivity, or think those honours,
Which conquerors in courtesy bestow,
Of equal value with unborrow'd rule,
And native right, to arbitrary sway,

I might be pleas'd, when I behold this train
With usual homage wait. But when I feel
These bonds, I look with loathing on myself;
And soorn vile slavery, though doubly hid
Beneath mock-praises, and dissembled state.

King. Those bonds! 'Twas my command you should
be free;

How durst you, Perez, disobey?

Per. Great sir,

Your order was she should not wait your triumph;
But at some distance follow, thus attended.

King. 'Tis false! 'twas more! I bid she should be free;
If not in words, I bid it by my eyes!

Her eyes did more than bid—Free her and hers
With speed;—yet stay—my hands alone can make
Fit restitution here.—Thus I release you,
And by releasing you, enslave myself.

Zara. Such favours, so conferr'd, though when un-
sought,

Deserve acknowledgment from noble minds.
Such thanks, as one hating to be oblig'd—
Yet hating more ingratitude, can pay,
I offer.

King. Born to excel, and to command!

As by transcendent beauty to attract
All eyes, so by pre-eminence of soul
To rule all hearts.

Garcia, what's he, who with contracted brow,

[Beholding Osmyn, as they unbind him.]

And sullen port, glooms downwards with his eyes;
At once regardless of his chains, or liberty?

Gar. That, sir, is he of whom I spoke; that's Osmyn.

King. He answers well the character you gave him.
Whence comes it, valiant Osmyn, that a man
So great in arms, as thou art said to be,
So hardly can endure captivity,
The common chance of war?

Osm. Because captivity

Has robb'd me of a dear and just revenge.

King. I understand not that.

Osm. I would not have you.

Zara. That gallant Moor in battle lost a friend,
Whom more than life he lov'd; and the regret
Of not revenging on his foes that loss,
Has caus'd this melancholy and despair.

King. She does excuse him: 'tis as I suspected.

[*To Gonzales.*

Gon. That friend may be herself: seem not to heed
His arrogant reply: she looks concern'd.

King. I'll have inquiry made; perhaps his friend
Yet lives, and is a prisoner. His name?

Zara. Heli.

King. Garcia, that search shall be your care:

It shall be mine to pay devotion here;

At this fair shrine to lay my laurels down,

And raise love's altar on the spoils of war.

Conquest and triumph now, are mine no more;

Nor will I victory in camps adore:

Fickle in fields, unsteadily she flies,

But rules with settled sway in Zara's eyes. [Exit.

ACT THE SECOND.



SCENE I. *The Aisle of a Temple.*

Enter ALMERIA and LEONORA.

Alm. It was a fancy'd noise, for all is hush'd.

Leon. It bore the accent of a human voice.

Alm. It was thy fear, or else some transient wind
Whistling through hollows of this vaulted aisle.
We'll listen——

Leon. Hark!

Alm. No, all is hush'd, and still as death—'tis dreadful!

How rev'rend is the face of this tall pile,
Whose ancient pillars rear their marble heads,
To bear aloft its arch and pond'rous roof,
By its own weight made stedfast and immoveable,
Looking tranquillity. It strikes an awe
And terror on my aching sight: the tombs
And monumental caves of death look cold,
And shoot a chillness to my trembling heart.
Give me thy hand, and let me hear thy voice;
Nay, quickly speak to me, and let me hear
Thy voice—my own affrights me with its echoes.

Leon. Let us return: the horror of this place,
And silence, will increase your melancholy.

Alm. It may my fears, but cannot add to that.
No, I will on; show me Anselmo's tomb;
Lead me o'er bones and skulls, and mouldering earth
Of human bodies, for I'll mix with them;
Or wind me in the shroud of some pale corpse
Yet green in earth, rather than be the bride
Of Garcia's more detested bed: that thought
Exerts my spirit; and my present fears
Are lost in dread of greater ill. Then show me,
Lead me, for I'm bolder grown: Lead on
Where I may kneel, and pay my vows again
To him, to heav'n, and my Alphonso's soul. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *Opens and discovers a Place of Tombs;
one Monument fronting the View.*

Enter HELI.

Heli. I wander through this maze of monuments,
Yet cannot find him—hark! sure 'tis the voice
Of one complaining—there it sounds—I'll follow it.
[*Exit.*]

Enter ALMERIA and LEONORA.

Leon. Behold the sacred vault, within whose tomb
The poor remains of good Anselmo rest,
Yet fresh and unconsum'd by time or worms.
What do I see? O heav'n! either my eyes
Are false, or still the marble door remains
Unclos'd; the iron gates, that lead to death
Beneath, are still wide-stretch'd upon their hinge,
And staring on us with unfolded leaves.

Alm. Sure 'tis the friendly yawn of death for me;
And that dumb mouth, significant in show
Invites me to the bed, where I alone
Shall rest; shows me the grave, where nature, weary
And long oppress'd with woes and bending cares,
May lay the burden down and sink in slumbers
Of peace eternal. My father then

Will cease his tyranny; and Garcia too
Will fly my pale deformity with loathing.
My soul, enlarg'd from its vile bonds, will mount,
And range the starry orbs and milky ways
To my Alphonso's soul. O joy too great!
O ecstasy of thought! Help me, Anselmo!
Help me, Alphonso! take me, reach thy hand;
To thee, to thee I call, to thee, Alphonso!
O Alphonso!

Enter OSMYN from the Tomb.

Osm. Who calls that wretched thing that was Alphonso?

Alm. Angels, and all the host of heaven, support me!

Osm. Whence is that voice, whose shrillness from the grave,

And growing to his father's shroud roots up Alphonso?

Alm. Mercy! Providence! O speak,
Speak to it quickly, quickly; speak to me,
Comfort me, help me, hold me, hide me, hide me,
Leonora, in thy bosom from the light,
And from my eyes.

Osm. Amazement and illusion!
Rivet and nail me where I stand, ye pow'rs,
That motionless I may be still deceiv'd.

[*Coming forward.*]
Let me not stir or breathe, lest I dissolve
That tender, lovely form of painted air,
So like Almeria. Ha! it sinks, it falls;
I'll catch it ere it goes, and grasp her shade.
'Tis life! 'tis warm! 'tis she! 'tis she herself!
Nor dead, nor shade, but breathing and alive!
It is Almeria, 'tis, it is my wife!

Re-enter HELL.

Leon. Alas, she stirs not yet, nor lifts her eyes!
He too is fainting—Help me, help me, stranger,
Whoe'er thou art, and lend thy hand to raise
These bodies.

Heli. Ha! 'tis he! and with Almeria!
O miracle of happiness! O joy
Unhoped for! Does Almeria live?

Osm. Where is she?
Let me behold and touch her, and be sure
'Tis she.

Look up, Almeria, bless me with thy eyes;
Look on thy love, thy lover, and thy husband.

Alm. I've sworn I'll not wed Garcia: why d'ye force
me?

Is this a father?

Osm. Look on thy Alphonso.
Thy father is not here, my love, nor Garcia:
Nor am I what I seem, but thy Alphonso.
Am I so alter'd, or art thou so chang'd,
That seeing my disguise, thou seest not me?

Alm. It is, it is Alphonso! 'tis his face,
His voice; I know him now, I know him all.
Oh! how hast thou return'd? how hast thou charm'd
The wildness of the waves and rocks to this?
That thus relenting they have giv'n thee back
To earth, to light and life, to love and me.

Osm. O I'll not ask, nor answer how, or why
We both have backward trod the paths of fate
To meet again in life; to know I have thee,
Is knowing more than any circumstance
Or means by which I have thee——
To fold thee thus, to press thy balmy lips,
And gaze upon thy eyes, is so much joy,
I have no leisure to reflect, or know,
Or trifle time in thinking.

Alm. Stay awhile——
Let me look on thee yet a little more.

Osm. And why? what dost thou mean? why dost
thou gaze so?

Alm. I know not, 'tis to see thy face, I think——
It is too much! too much to bear, and live!
To see him thus again is such profusion
Of joy, of bliss——I cannot bear——I must
Be mad——I cannot be transported thus!

Osm. Thou excellence, thou joy, thou heav'n of love!

Alm. Where hast thou been? and how art thou alive?
Sure from thy father's tomb thou didst arise!

Osm. I did; and thou, my love, didst call me; thou.

Alm. True; but how cam'st thou there? wert thou

Osm. I was, and lying on my father's lead, [alone?
When broken echoes of a distant voice

Disturb'd the sacred silence of the vault,
In murmurs round my head. I rose and listen'd,

And thought I heard thy spirit call Alphonso;

I thought I saw thee too; but O, I thought not

That I indeed should be so blest to see thee——

Alm. But still how cam'st thou hither? how thus?—

Ha!

What's he who, like thyself, is started here
Ere seen?

Osm. Where? Ha! what do I see? Antonio!
I'm fortunate indeed——my friend too, safe!

Heli. Most happily, in finding you thus bless'd.

Alm. More miracles! Antonio too escap'd!

Osm. And twice escap'd, both from the rage of seas
And war; for in the fight I saw him fall.

Heli. But fell unhurt, a pris'ner as yourself,
And as yourself made free: hither I came
Impatiently to seek you, where I knew
Your grief would lead you to lament Anselmo.

Osm. What means the bounty of all-gracious heav'n,
That persevering still, with open hand
It scatters good, as in a waste of mercy?
Where will this end? But heav'n is infinite
In all, and can continue to bestow,
When scanty number shall be spent in telling.

Leon. Or I'm deceiv'd, or I beheld the glimpse
Of two in shining habits, cross the aisle;
Who, by their pointing, seem'd to mark this place.

Alm. Sure I have dreamt, if we must part so soon.

Osm. I wish at least our parting were a dream,
Or we could sleep till we again were met.

Heli. Zara with Selim, sir; I saw and know 'em:
You must be quick, for love will lend her wings.

Alm. What love? who is she? why are you alarm'd?

Osm. She's the reverse of thee; she's my unhappiness.
Harbour no thought that may disturb thy peace;
I'll think how we may meet

To part no more: my friend will tell thee all;
How I escap'd, how I am here, and thus;
How I'm not call'd Alphonso now, but Osmyn,
And he Heli. All, all he will unfold,
Ere next we meet——

Alm. Sure we shall meet again——

Osm. We shall; we part not but to meet again.
Gladness and warmth of ever-kindling love
Dwell with thee, and revive thy heart in absence.

[*Exeunt Almeria, Leonora, and Heli.*]

Yet I behold her—yet—and now no more.

Turn your lights inward, eyes, and view my thought,
So shall you still behold her.

Enter ZARA and SELIM.

Zara. See where he stands, folded and fix'd to earth,
Stiff'ning in thought, a statue among statues!

Why, cruel Osmyn, dost thou fly me thus?

Am I more loathsome to thee than the grave,
That thou dost seek to shield thee there, and shun
My love? But to the grave I'll follow thee——

He looks not, minds not, hears not: barb'rous man,
Am I neglected thus? am I despis'd?
Not heard! ungrateful Osmyn!

Osm. Ha! 'tis Zara!

Zara. Yes, traitor! Zara, lost, abandon'd Zara,
Is a regardless suppliant now to Osmyn.
The slave, the wretch that she redeem'd from death,
Disdains to listen now, or look on Zara.

Osm. Far be the guilt of such reproaches from me;
Lost in myself, and blinded by my thoughts,
I saw you not till now.

Zara. Now then you see me——

But with such dumb and thankless eyes you look,
Better I was unseen than seen thus coldly. [mourn.

Osm. What would you from a wretch who came to

And only for his sorrows chose this solitude?
Look round, joy is not here, nor cheerfulness.
You have pursu'd misfortune to its dwelling,
Yet look for gaiety and gladness there.

Zara. Inhuman! Why, why dost thou rack me thus,
And with perverseness, from the purpose, answer?
What is't to me, this house of misery?
What joy do I require? If thou dost mourn,
I come to mourn with thee; to share thy griefs,
And give thee for 'em, in exchange, my love.

Osm. O that's the greatest grief—I am so poor,
I have not wherewithal to give again.

Zara. Thou hast a heart, though 'tis a savage one;
Give it me as it is; I ask no more
For all I've done, and all I have endur'd:
For saving thee, when I beheld thee first,
Driven by the tide upon my country's coast,
Pale and expiring, drench'd in briny waves,
Thou and thy friend, till my compassion found thee:
Compassion! scarce will own that name, so soon,
So quickly was it love, for thou wert godlike
Ev'n then. Kneeling on earth, I loos'd my hair,
And with it dried those wat'ry cheeks, then chaf'd
Thy temples, till reviving blood arose,
And like the morn vermilion'd o'er thy face.
O heav'n! how did my heart rejoice and ache,
When I beheld the day-break of thy eyes,
And felt the balm of thy respiring lips!
O, why do I relate what I have done?
What did I not? was't not for you this war
Commenc'd? Not knowing who you were, nor why
You hated Manuel, I urg'd my husband
To this invasion, where he late was lost,
Where all is lost, and I am made a slave.
Look on me now, from empire fall'n to slavery;
Think on my suff'rings first, then look on me;
Think on the cause of all, then view thyself:
Reflect on Osmyn, and then look on Zara,
The fall'n, the lost, and now the captive Zara;
And now abandon'd—say, what then is Osmyn!

Osm. A fatal wretch—a huge stupendous ruin,
That, tumbling on its prop, crush'd all beneath,
And bore contiguous palaces to earth.

Zara. Yet thus, thus fall'n, thus levell'd with the vilest,
If I have gain'd thy love, 'tis glorious ruin;
Ruin! 'tis still to reign, and to be more
A queen; for what are riches, empire, pow'r,
But larger means to gratify the will?

The steps on which we tread, to rise and reach
Our wish; and that obtain'd, down with the scaffolding
Of sceptres, crowns, and thrones; they have serv'd their
end,
And are, like lumber, to be left and scorn'd.

Osm. Why was I made the instrument, to throw
In bonds the frame of this exalted mind?

Zara. We may be free, the conqueror is mine!
In chains, unseen, I hold him by the heart,
And can unwind and strain him as I please.
Give me thy love, I'll give thee liberty.

Osm. In vain you offer, and in vain require
What neither can bestow. Set free yourself,
And leave a slave the wretch that would be so.

Zara. Thou canst not mean so poorly as thou talk'st.

Osm. Alas you know me not.

Zara. Not who thou art:

But what this last ingratitude declares,
This grov'ling baseness—Thou say'st true, I know
Thee not, for what thou art yet wants a name:
But something so unworthy and so vile,
That to have lov'd thee makes me yet more lost,
Than all the malice of my other fate.

Traitor, monster, cold and perfidious slave!

A slave, not daring to be free! nor dares

To love above him, for 'tis dangerous:

There, there's the dreadful sound, the king's thy rival!

Scl. Madam, the king is here, and ent'ring now.

Zara. As I could wish; by heav'n I'll be reveng'd.

Enter the KING, PEREZ, and Attendants.

King. Why does the fairest of her kind withdraw

Her shining from the day, to gild this scene
Of death and night? Ha! what disorder's this?
Somewhat I heard of king and rival mention'd.
What's he that dares be rival to the king,
Or lift his eyes to like where I adore?

Zara. There, he, your pris'ner, and that was my slave.

King. How! better than my hopes! does she accuse him? [*Aside.*]

Zara. Am I become so low by my captivity,
And do your arms so lessen what they conquer,
That Zara must be made the sport of slaves?
And shall the wretch, whom yester sun beheld
Waiting my nod, the creature of my pow'r,
Presume to-day to plead audacious love,
And build bold hopes on my dejected fate?

King. Better for him to tempt the rage of heav'n,
And wrench the bolt, red-hissing from the hand
Of him that thunders, than but think that insolence.
'Tis daring for a god. Hence to the wheel
With that Ixion, who aspires to hold
Divinity embrac'd; to whips and prisons
Drag him with speed, and rid me of his face.

[*Guards seize Osmyn.*]

Zara. Compassion led me to bemoan his state,
Whose former faith had merited much more:
And through my hopes in you, I undertook
He should be set at large: thence sprung his insolence;
And what was charity he constru'd love.

King. Enough; his punishment be what you please.
But let me lead you from this place of sorrow,
To one where young delights attend;
Where ev'ry hour shall roll in circling joys,
And love shall wing the tedious-wasting day.
Life without love is load, and time stands still:
What we refuse to him, to death we give;
And then, then only, when we love, we live. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT THE THIRD.



SCENE 1. *A Prison.*

OSMYN discovered alone, with a Paper.

Osm. But now, and I was clos'd within the tomb
That holds my father's ashes; and but now,
Where he was pris'ner, I am too imprison'd.
Sure 'tis the hand of heav'n that leads me thus,
And for some purpose points out these remembrances.
In a dark corner of my cell I found
This paper; what it is this light will show.

[*Reads*] *If my Alphonso—Ha!*

*If my Alphonso live, restore him, heav'n!
Give me more weight, crush my declining years
With bolts, with chains, imprisonment, and want;
But bless my son! visit not him for me!*

(*It is his hand! this was his pray'r;—yet more*):

*Let ev'ry hair, which sorrow by the roots
Tears from my hoary and devoted head,
Be doubled in thy mercies to my son!
Not for myself, but him, hear me, all-gracious—*

'Tis wanting what should follow!—Heav'n should follow,

But 'tis torn off! Why should that word alone
Be torn from this petition? 'Twas to heav'n,
But heav'n was deaf; heav'n heard him not: but thus,
'Thus as the name of heav'n from this is torn,
So did it tear the ears of mercy from
His voice, shutting the gates of pray'r against him!
If piety be thus debarr'd access
On high, and of good men the very best
Is singled out to bleed, and bear the scourge,
What is reward? or what is punishment?
But who shall dare to tax eternal Justice?
Yet I may think—I may, I must: for thought
Precedes the will to think, and error lives
Ere reason can be born.
What noise! Who's there? My friend! how cam'st thou
hither?

Enter HELI.

Heli. The time's too precious to be spent in telling.
The captain, influenc'd by Almeria's pow'r,
Gave order to the guards for my admittance.

Osm. How does Almeria? But I know she is
As I am. Tell me, may I hope to see her?

Heli. You may: anon, at midnight, when the king
Is gone to rest, and Garcia is retir'd
(Who takes the privilege to visit late,
Presuming on a bridegroom's right), she'll come.

Osm. She'll come! 'tis what I wish, yet what I fear.
She'll come; but whither, and to whom? O, heav'n!
To a vile prison, and a captive wretch;
To one, whom had she never known, she had
Been happy. Why, why was that heav'nly creature
Abandon'd o'er to love what heav'n forsakes?
Why does she follow, with unwearied steps,
One who has tir'd misfortune with pursuing?

Heli. Have hopes, and hear the voice of better fate.
I've learn'd there are disorders ripe for mutiny
Among the troops, who thought to share the plunder,
Which Manuel to his own use and avarice

Converts. The news has reach'd Valencia's frontiers ;
Where many of your subjects, long oppress'd
With tyranny and grievous impositions,
Are ris'n in arms, and call for chiefs to head
And lead them to regain their rights and liberty.

Osm. By heav'n, thou'st rous'd me from my lethargy.
The spirit, which was deaf to my own wrongs,
And the loud cries of my dead father's blood ;
O, my Antonio, I am all on fire ;
My soul is up in arms, ready to charge
And bear amidst the foe with conqu'ring troops.
I hear 'em call to lead 'em on to liberty,
To victory ; their shouts and clamours rend
My ears, and reach the heav'n's ! Where is the king ?
Where is Alphonso ? Ha ! where, where indeed ?
O ! I could tear and burst the strings of life,
To break these chains ! Off ! off ! ye stains of royalty !
Off, slavery ! O curse ! that I alone
Can beat and flutter in my cage, when I
Would soar, and stoop at victory beneath !

Heli. Zara, the cause of your restraint, may be
The means of liberty restor'd. That gain'd,
Occasion will not fail to point out ways
For your escape : mean time, I've thought already
With speed and safety to convey myself,
Where not far off some malcontents hold council
Nightly, who hate this tyrant ; some, who love
Anselmo's memory, and will, for certain,
When they shall know you live, assist your cause.

Osm. My friend and counsellor, as thou think'st fit,
So do. I will with patience wait my fortune.

Heli. When Zara comes, abate of your aversion.

Osm. I hate her not, nor can disassemble love :
But as I may, I'll do. Farewell,
My friend, the good thou dost deserve attend thee !

[Exit Heli.]

I've been to blame, and question'd with impiety
The care of heav'n. Not so my father bore
More anxious grief. This should have better taught me ;
This his last legacy to me ; which here

I'll treasure as more worth than diadems,
Or all extended rule of regal pow'r.

Enter ZARA, veiled.

What brightness breaks upon me thus through shades,
And promises a day to this dark dwelling?
Is it my love?—

Zara. O that thy heart had taught [*Lifting her Veil.*
Thy tongue that saying!

Osm. *Zara!* I am betray'd by my surprise! [*Aside.*

Zara. What, does my face displease thee?
That having seen it thou dost turn thy eyes
Away, as from deformity and horror!
If so, this sable curtain shall again
Be drawn, and I will stand before thee, seeing
And unseen. Is it my love? Ask again
That question; speak again in that soft voice;
And look again with wishes in thy eyes.

O, no, thou canst not; for thou seest me now,
As she whose savage breast hath been the cause
Of these thy wrongs; as she whose barb'rous rage
Has loaded thee with chains and galling irons:

Osm. You wrong me, beauteous *Zara*, to believe
I bear my fortunes with so low a mind.
But destiny and inauspicious stars
Have cast me down to this low being: or
Granting you had, from you I have deserv'd it.

Zara. Canst thou forgive me then? wilt thou believe
So kindly of my fault, to call it madness?
O, give that madness yet a milder name,
And call it passion; then be still more kind,
And call that passion love!

Osm. Give it a name,
Or being as you please, such I will think it.

Zara. O, thou dost wound me more with this thy
goodness,
Than e'er thou couldst with bitterest reproaches;
Thy anger could not pierce thus to my heart.

Osm. Yet I could wish——

Zara. Haste me to know it: what?

Osm. That at this time I had not been this thing.

Zara. What thing?

Osm. This slave.

Zara. O, heav'n; my fears interpret
This thy silence; somewhat of high concern,
Long fashioning within thy lab'ring mind,
And now just ripe for Birth, my rage has ruin'd.
Have I done this? Tell me, am I so curs'd?

Osm. Time may have still one fated hour to come,
Which, wing'd with liberty, might overtake
Occasion past.

Zara. Swift as occasion, I
Myself will fly; and earlier than the morn
Wake thee to freedom.

Osm. I have not merited this grace;
Nor, should my secret purpose take effect,
Can I repay, as you require, such benefits.

Zara. Thou canst not owe me more, nor have I more
To give than I've already lost. But now,
So does the form of our engagements rest,
Thou hast the wrong till I redeem thee hence;
That done, I leave thy justice to return
My love. Adieu!

[Exit.

Osm. This woman has a soul
Of godlike mould, intrepid and commanding,
And challenges, in spite of me, my best
Esteem.

But she has passions which outstrip the wind,
And tear her virtues up, as tempests root
The sea. I fear, when she shall know the truth,
Some swift and dire event of her blind rage
Will make all fatal. But behold she comes,
For whom I fear, to shield me from my fears,
The cause and comfort of my boding heart.

Enter ALMERIA.

My life, my health, my liberty, my all!
How shall I welcome thee to this sad place?
How speak to thee the words of joy and transport?
How run into thy arms withheld by fetters?

Or take thee into mine, while I'm thus manacled
And pinion'd like a thief or murderer?
Shall I not hurt or bruise thy tender body,
And stain thy bosom with the rust of these
Rude irons? Must I meet thee thus, Almeria?

Alm. Thus, thus; we parted, thus to meet again.
Thou told'st me thou wouldst think how we might meet
To part no more—Now we will part no more;
For these thy chains, or death, shall join us ever.

Osm. Oh! O——

Alm. Give me that sigh.
Why dost thou heave, and stifle in thy griefs?
Thy heart will burst, thy eyes look red and start;
Give thy soul way, and tell me thy dark thought.

Osm. For this world's rule, I would not wound thy
breast
With such a dagger as then struck my heart.

Alm. Why? why? To know it, cannot wound me
more,
Than knowing thou hast felt it. Tell it me—
Thou giv'st me pain with too much tenderness.

Osm. And thy excessive love distracts my sense.
O, wouldst thou be less killing, soft, or kind,
Grief could not double thus his darts against me.

Alm. Thou dost me wrong, and grief too robs my heart,
If there be shoot not ev'ry other shaft:
Thy second self should feel each other wound,
And woe should be in equal portions dealt.
I am thy wife—

Osm. O, thou hast search'd too deep!
There, there I bleed; there pull the cruel cords,
That strain my cracking nerves; engines and wheels,
That piecemeal grind, are beds of down and balm
To that soul-racking thought.

Alm. Then I am curs'd
Indeed, if that be so; if I'm thy torment,
Kill me, then kill me, dash me with thy chains,
Tread on me:

Am I, am I of all thy woes the worst?

Osm. My all of bliss, my everlasting life,

Soul of my soul, and end of all my wishes,
Why dost thou thus unman me with thy words,
And melt me down to mingle with thy weepings?
Why dost thou ask? Why dost thou talk thus piercingly?
Thy sorrows have disturb'd thy peace of mind,
And thou dost speak of miseries impossible.

Alm. Didst not thou say that racks and wheels were
balm

And beds of ease, to thinking me thy wife?

Osm. No, no; nor should the subtlest pains that hell,
Or hell-born malice can invent, extort
A wish or thought from me to have thee other.
But wilt thou know what harrows up my heart?
Thou art my wife—nay, thou art yet my bride!
The sacred union of connubial love
Yet unaccomplish'd.

Is this dark cell a temple for that god?
Or this vile earth an altar for such off'rings?
This den for slaves, this dungeon damp'd with woes;
Is this to call thee mine? O hold, my heart!
To call thee mine! Yes; thus, e'en thus to call
Thee mine, were comfort, joy, extremest ecstasy.
But, O, thou art not mine, not e'en in misery;
And 'tis deny'd to me to be so bless'd,
As to be wretched with thee.

Alm. No, not that

Th' extremest malice of our fate can hinder:
That still is left us, and on that we'll feed,
As on the leavings of calamity.
There we will feast and smile on past distress,
And hug, in scorn of it, our mutual ruin.

Osm. O, thou dost talk, my love, as one resolv'd,
Because not knowing danger. But look forward;
Think of to-morrow, when thou shalt be torn
From these weak, struggling, unextended arms:
Think how my heart will heave, and eyes will strain,
To grasp and reach what is deny'd my hands:
Think how I am, when thou shalt wed with Garcia!
Then will I smear these walls with blood, disfigure

And dash my face, and rive my clotted hair,
Break on this flinty floor my throbbing breast,
And grovel with gash'd hands to scratch a grave,
And bury me alive.

Alm. Heart-breaking horror!

Osm. Then Garcia shall lie panting on thy bosom,
Luxurious, revelling amidst thy charms;
Hell! hell! have I not cause to rage and rave?
What are all racks, and wheels, and whips to this?
O my Almeria!

What do the damn'd endure, but to despair,
But knowing heav'n, to know it lost for ever?

Alm. O I am struck, thy words are bolts of ice,
Which shot into my breast now melt and obill me.

Enter ZARA, PEREZ, and SELIM.

Zara. Somewhat of weight to me requires his free-
Dare you dispute the king's command? Behold [dom.
The royal signet. [Aside to Perez.

Per. I obey; yet beg
Your majesty one moment to defer
Your ent'ring, till the princess is return'd
From visiting the noble prisoner. [Aside to Zara.

Zara. Ha!
What say'st thou? [Aside to Perez.

Osm. We are lost! undone, discover'd!
Speak of compassion, let her hear you speak
Of interceding for me with the king;
Say something quickly to conceal our loves,
If possible—— [Aside to Almeria.

Alm. I cannot speak. [Aside to Osmyn.

Osm. Let me
Conduct you forth, as not perceiving her,
But till she's gone, then bless me thus again. [Aside to Almeria.

Zara. Trembling and weeping as he leads her forth!
Confusion in his face, and grief in hers!

'Tis plain I've been abus'd—

Perdition catch 'em both, and ruin part 'em. [Aside.

Osm. This charity to one unknown, and thus
[*Aloud to Almeria, as she is going.*
Distress'd, heav'n will repay : all thanks are poor.

[*Exit Almeria.*
Zara. Damn'd, damn'd dissembler ! Yet I will be calm,
Choke in my rage, and know the utmost depth
Of this deceiver [*Aside*].—You seem much surpris'd.

Osm. At your return so soon and unexpected !

Zara. And so unwish'd, unwanted too it seems.
Confusion ! Yet I will contain myself.
You're grown a favourite since last we parted :
Perhaps I'm saucy and intruding——

Osm. Madam !

Zara. I did not know the princess' favourite :
Your pardon, sir——mistake me not ; you think
I'm angry ; you're deceiv'd, I came to set
You free ; but shall return much better pleas'd,
To find you have an interest superior.

Osm. You do not come to mock my miseries ?

Zara. I do.

Osm. I could at this time spare your mirth.

Zara. I know thou couldst ; but I'm not often pleas'd,
And will indulge it now. What miseries ?
Who would not be thus happily confin'd
To be the care of weeping majesty ?
To have contending queens, at dead of night,
Forsake their down, to wake with wat'ry eyes,
And watch like tapers o'er your hour of rest.
O curse ! I cannot hold——

Osm. Come, 'tis too much.

Zara. Villain !

Osm. How, madam ?

Zara. Thou shalt die.

Osm. I thank you.

Zara. Thou liest, for now I know for whom thou'dst
live.

Osm. Then you may know for whom I'd die.

Zara. Hell ! hell !

Yet I'll be calm—Dark and unknown betrayer !
But now the dawn begins, and the slow hand

Of fate is stretch'd to draw the veil, and leave
Thee bare, the naked mark of public view.

Osm. You may be still deceiv'd; 'tis in my power,
Chain'd as I am, to fly from all my wrongs,
And free myself at once from misery,
And you of me.

Zara. Ha! say'st thou—But I'll prevent it.
Who waits there? As you will answer it, look this slave
[To the Guard.

Attempt no means to make himself away.
I've been deceiv'd. The public safety now
Requires he should be more confin'd, and none,
No, not the princess, suffer'd or to see,
Or speak with him: I'll quit you to the king.
Vile and ingrate! too late thou shalt repent
The base injustice thou hast done my love;
Yes, thou shalt know, spite of thy past distress,
And all those ills which thou so long hast mourn'd,
Heav'n has no rage like love to hatred turn'd,
Nor hell a fury like a woman scorn'd.

}
[*Exeunt.*

ACT THE FOURTH.



SCENE I. *A Room of State.*

Enter ZARA and SELIM.

Zara. Thou hast already rack'd me with thy stay;
Therefore require me not to ask thee twice:
Reply at once to all. What is concluded?

Sel. Your accusation highly has incens'd
The king, and were alone enough to urge
The fate of Osmyn; but to that, fresh news
Has since arriv'd, of more revolted troops.
'Tis certain Heli too is fled, and with him
(Which breeds amazement and distraction) some
Who bore high offices of weight and trust,
Both in the state and army. This confirms
The king in full belief of all you told him
Concerning Osmyn, and his correspondence
With them who first began the mutiny.
Wherefore a warrant for his death is sign'd;
And order given for public execution.

Zara. Ha! haste thee! fly, prevent his fate and mine;
Find out the king, tell him I have of weight
More than his crown t' impart, ere Osmyn die.

Sel. It needs not, for the king will straight be here,
And as to your revenge, not his own int'rest,
Pretend to sacrifice the life of Osmyn.

Zara. What shall I say? Invent, contrive, advise
Somewhat to blind the king, and save his life
In whom I live. Devise the means to shun it,
Quick; or, by heav'n, this dagger drinks thy blood.

Sel. My life is yours, nor wish I to preserve it,
But to serve you. I have already thought.

Zara. Forgive my rage; I know thy love and truth.
But say, what's to be done? or when, or how,
Shall I prevent or stop the approaching danger?

Sel. You must still seem most resolute and fix'd
On Osmyn's death; too quick a change of mercy
Might breed suspicion of the cause. Advise
That execution may be done in private.

Zara. On what pretence?

Sel. Your own request's enough.
However, for a colour, tell him you
Have cause to fear his guards may be corrupted,
And some of them bought off to Osmyn's interest,
Who, at the place of execution, will
Attempt to force his way for an escape;
The state of things will countenance all suspicions.
Then offer to the king to have him strangled
In secret by your mutes: and get an order,
That none but mutes may have admittance to him.
I can no more, the king is here. Obtain
This grant—and I'll acquaint you with the rest. [Exit.

Enter KING, GONSALEZ, and PEREZ.

King. Bear to the dungeon those rebellious slaves:
But for their leaders, Sancho and Ramirez,
Let 'em be led away to present death.
Perez, see it perform'd.

Gon. Might I presume,

Their execution better were deferr'd,
Till Osmyn die. Mean time we may learn more
Of this conspiracy.

King. Then be it so.

Stay, soldier; they shall suffer with the Moer.
Are none return'd of those that follow'd Heli?

Gon. None, sir. Some papers have been since discover'd

In Roderigo's house, who fled with him,
Which seem to intimate, as if Alphonso
Were still alive, and arming in Valencia:
Which wears indeed this colour of a truth,
They who have fled have that way bent their course.
Of the same nature divers notes have been
Dispers'd t' amuse the people; whereupon
Some ready of belief, have rais'd this rumour:
That being sav'd upon the coast of Afric,
He there disclos'd himself to Albucazim,
And by a secret compact made with him,
Open'd and urg'd the way to this invasion;
While he himself, returning to Valencia
In private, undertook to raise this tumult.

Zara. Ha! hear'st thou that? Is Osmyn then Alphonso?

O certain death for him, as sure despair
For me, if it be known—If not, what hope
Have I? Yet 'twere the lowest baseness, now
To yield him up—No, I will still conceal him,
And try the force of yet more obligations. [*Aside.*]

Gon. 'Tis not impossible. Yet it may be
That some impostor has usurp'd his name.
Your beauteous captive, Zara, can inform
If such an one, so 'scaping, was receiv'd
At any time in Albucazim's court.

King. Pardon, fair excellencé, this long neglect:
An unforeseen, unwelcome hour of business,
Has thrust between us and our while of love;
But wearing now apace with ebbing sand,
Will quickly waste and give again the day.

Zara. You're too secure : the danger is more imminent

Than your high courage suffers you to see :
While Osmyn lives, you are not safe.

King. His doom

Is pass'd : if you revoke it not, he dies.

Zara. 'Tis well. By what I heard upon your entrance,
I find I can unfold what yet concerns

You more. One who did call himself Alphonso
Was cast upon my coast, as is reported,
And oft had private conference with the king ;
To what effect I knew not then : but he,
Alphonso, secretly departed, just
About the time our arms embark'd for Spain.

What I know more is, that a triple league
Of strictest friendship was profest between
Alphonso, Heli, and the traitor Osmyn.

King. Public report is ratified in this.

Zara. And Osmyn's death requir'd of strong necessity.

King. Give order straight that all the pris'ners die.

Zara. Forbear a moment, somewhat more I have
Worthy your private ear, and this your minister.

King. Let all, except Gonzalez, leave the room.

[*Exeunt Perez, &c.*]

Zara. I am your captive, and you've us'd me nobly ;
And in return of that, though otherwise
Your enemy,

I think it fit to tell you, that your guards
Are tainted : some among 'em have resolv'd
To rescue Osmyn at the place of death.

King. Is treason then so near us as our guards ?

Zara. Most certain ; though my knowledge is not
yet

So ripe, to point at the particular men.

King. What's to be done ?

Zara. That too I will advise.

I have remaining in my train some mutes,
A present once from the sultana queen,

In the grand signior's court. These from their infancy
Are practis'd in the trade of death ; and shall
(As there the custom is) in private strangle
Osmyn.

Gon. My lord, the queen advises well.

King. What off'ring, or what recompense remains
In me, that can be worthy so great services?
To cast beneath your feet the crown you've sav'd,
Though on the head that wears it, were too little.

Zara. Of that hereafter ; but, mean time, 'tis fit
You give strict charge that none may be admitted
To see the pris'ner, but such mates as I
Shall send.

King. Who waits there ?

Enter PEREZ.

On your life take heed,
That only Zara's mates, or such who bring
Her warrant, have admittance to the Moor.

Zara. They, and no other, not the princess' self.

Per. Your majesty shall be obey'd.

King. Retire.

[Exit Perez.]

Gon. That interdiction so particular,
Pronounc'd with vehemence against the princess,
Should have more meaning than appears barefac'd.
The king is blinded by his love, and heeds
It not *[Aside]*—Your majesty sure might have spar'd
The last restraint ; you hardly can suspect
The princess is confed'rate with the Moor.

Zara. I've heard, her charity did once extend
So far, to visit him, at his request.

Gon. Ha !

King. How ? She visit Osmyn ! What, my daughter ?

Sel. Madam, take heed ; or you have ruin'd all.

[Aside to Zara.]

Zara. And after did solicit you on his
Behalf—

King. Never. You have been misinform'd.

Zara. Indeed ! Then 'twas a whisper spread by some,
Who wish'd it so ; a common art in courts.

I will retire, and instantly prepare
Instruction for my ministers of death.

[*Exeunt Zara and Selim.*]

Gon. There's somewhat yet of mystery in this :
Her words and actions are obscure and double,
Sometimes concur and sometimes disagree :
I like it not.

King. What dost thou think, Gonzalez ;
Are we not much indebted to this fair one ?

Gon. I am a little slow of credit, sir,
In the sincerity of women's actions.
Methinks this lady's hatred to the Moor
Disquiets her too much ; which makes it seem
As if she'd rather that she did not hate him.
I wish her mutes are meant to be employ'd
As she pretends—I doubt it now—Your guards
Corrupted ! how ? by whom ? who told her so ?
I'th' evening Osmyn was to die ; at midnight
She begg'd the royal signet to release him ;
I'th' morning he must die again ; ere noon
Her mutes alone must strangle him, or he'll
Escape. This put together suits not well.

King. Yet that there's truth in what she has discover'd,
Is manifest from every circumstance.
This tumult, and the lords who fled with Heli,
Are confirmation—that Alphonso lives,
Agrees expressly too with her report.

Gon. I grant it, sir ; and doubt not, but in rage
Of jealousy, she has discover'd what
She now repents. It may be I'm deceiv'd :
But why that needless caution of the princess ?
What if she had seen Osmyn ? though 'twere strange ;
But if she had, what was't to her ? unless
She fear'd her stronger charms might cause the Moor's
Affection to revolt.

King. I thank thee, friend ;
There's reason in thy doubt, and I am warm'd.
But think'st thou that my daughter saw this Moor ?

Gon. If Osmyn be, as Zara has related,

Alphonso's friend, 'tis not impossible
But she might wish on his account to see him.

King. Say'st thou? By heaven thou hast rous'd a
thought,
That like a sudden earthquake shakes my frame.
Confusion! then my daughter's an accomplice,
And plots in private with this hellish Moor.

Gon. That were too hard a thought—but see she
comes——

'Twere not amiss to question her a little,
And try, howe'er, if I've divin'd aright.
If what I fear be true, she'll be concern'd
For Osmyn's death, as he's Alphonso's friend:
Urge that, to try if she'll solicit for him.

Enter ALMERIA and LEONORA.

King. Your coming has prevented me, Almeria;
I had determin'd to have sent for you.
Let your attendant be dismiss'd; I have

[Leonora retires.]

To talk with you. Come near; why dost thou shake?
What mean those swoln and red-fleck'd eyes, that look
As they had wept in blood, and worn the night
In waking anguish? Why this, on the day
Which was design'd to celebrate thy nuptials;
But that the beams of light are to be stain'd
With reeking gore from traitors on the rack?
Wherefore I have deferr'd the marriage-rites,
Nor shall the guilty horrors of this day
Prophane that jubilee.

Alm. All days to me
Henceforth are equal: this the day of death,
To-morrow, and the next: and each that follows,
Will undistinguish'd roll, and but prolong
One hated line of more extended woe.

King. Whence is thy grief? Give me to know the
cause,
And look thou answer me with truth; for know
I am not unacquainted with thy falsehood.
Why art thou mute? base and degenerate maid!

Gon. Dear madam, speak; or you'll incense the king.

Alm. What is't to speak? or wherefore should I speak?

What mean these tears, but grief unutterable?

King. They are the dumb confessions of thy mind:
'They mean thy guilt; and say thou wert confed'rate
With damn'd conspirators to take my life.

O impious parricide! now can'st thou speak?

Alm. O earth, behold I kneel upon thy bosom,
And bend my flowing eyes, to stream upon
Thy face, imploring thee that thou wilt yield;
Open thy bowels of compassion, take
Into thy womb the last and most forlorn
Of all thy race. Hear me, thou common parent!
—I have no parent else—be thou a mother,
And step between me and the curse of him,
Who was—who was—but is no more a father,
But brands my innocence with horrid crimes,
And for the tender names of child and daughter,
Now calls me murderer and parricide.

King. Rise, I command thee—and, if thou wouldst
Acquit thyself of those detested names,
Swear thou hast never seen that foreign dog,
Now doom'd to die, that most accursed Osmyn.

Alm. Never, but as with innocence I might,
And free of all bad purposes: so heav'n's
My witness.

King. Vile equivocating wretch!
With innocence! O patience! hear—she owns it!
Confesses it! By heav'n, I'll have him rack'd,
Torn, mangl'd, flay'd, impal'd—all pains and tortures
That wit of man and dire revenge can think,
Shall he, accumulated, under-bear.

Alm. O, I am lost—there fate begins to wound.

King. Hear me; then, if thou canst, reply: know,
 traitress,
I'm not to learn that curs'd Alphonso lives:
Nor am I ignorant what Osmyn is——

Alm. Then all is ended, and we both must die.
Since thou'rt reveal'd, alone thou shalt not die:

And yet alone would I have died, heav'n knows,
Repeated deaths, rather than have reveal'd thee.

King. Hell! hell! do I hear this, and yet endure!
What, dar'st thou to my face avow thy guilt?
Hence, ere I curse—fly my just rage with speed;
Lest I forget us both and spurn thee from me.

Alm. And yet a father! think I am your child.
Turn not your eyes away—look on me kneeling;
Now curse me if you can, now spurn me off.
Did ever father curse his kneeling child?
Never; for always blessings crown that posture.
O hear me then, thus crawling on the earth——

King. Be thou advis'd, and let me go, while yet
The light impression thou hast made remains.

Alm. No, never will I rise, nor loose this hold,
Till you are mov'd, and grant that he may live.

King. Ha! who may live? take heed, no more of
that;
For on my soul he dies, though thou and I,
And all should follow to partake his doom.
Away, off, let me go—Call her attendants.

Re-enter LEONORA and Women.

Alm. Drag me, harrow the earth with my bare bosom,
I'll not let go till you have spar'd my husband.

King. Ha! husband! Which? who?

Alm. He, he is my husband.

King. Who?

Alm. O——

[*Faints.*]

Let me go, let me fall, sink deep—I'll dig,
I'll dig a grave, and tear up death; I will;
Yes, I will strip off life, and we will change:
I will be death; then, though you kill my husband,
He shall be mine still, and for ever mine.

King. What husband? whom dost thou mean?

Gon. She raves!

Alm. O that I did! Osmyn, he is my husband.

King. Osmyn!

Alm. Not Osmyn, but Alphonso is my dear

And wedded husband—Heav'n, and air, and seas,
Ye winds and waves, I call ye all to witness!

King. Wilder than winds or waves thyself dost rave.
Should I hear more, I too should catch thy madness.
Watch her returning sense, and bring me word:
And look that she attempt not on her life. [*Exit King.*]

Alm. O stay, yet stay; hear me, I am not mad.
I would to heaven I were—he's gone.

Gon. Have comfort.

Alm. Cursed be that rogue that bids me be of comfort!

Cursed my own tongue, that could not move his pity!
Cursed these weak hands, that could not hold him here!
For he is gone to doom Alphonso's death.

Gon. Your too excessive grief works on your fancy,
And deludes your sense. Alphonso, if living,
Is far from hence, beyond your father's power.

Alm. Hence, thou detested ill-tim'd flatterer!
Source of my woes! thou and thy race be curs'd!
But doubly thou, who couldst alone have policy
And fraud, to find the fatal secret out,
And know that Osmyn was Alphonso!

Gon. Ha!

Alm. Why dost thou start? what dost thou see or hear?

Is it the doleful bell, tolling for death?
Or dying groans from my Alphonso's breast?
See, see; look yonder, where a grizzled, pale,
And ghastly head glares by, all smear'd with blood,
Gasping as it would speak; and after see!
Behold a damp dead hand has dropp'd a dagger:
I'll catch it—Hark! a voice cries murder! ah!
My father's voice! hollow it sounds, and calls
Me from the tomb—I'll follow it; for there
I shall again behold my dear Alphonso.

[*Exeunt Almeria and Leonora.*]

Gon. She's greatly griev'd: nor am I less surpris'd.
Osmyn Alphonso! no; she over-rates
My policy: I ne'er suspected it:

Nor now had known it, but from her mistake.
Her husband too! Ha! where is Garcia then?
And where the crown that should descend on him,
To grace the line of my posterity?
Hold, let me think—if I should tell the king—
Things come to this extremity; his daughter
Wedded already—what if he should yield?
Knowing no remedy for what is past;
And urg'd by nature pleading for his child,
With which he seems to be already shaken.
And though I know he hates beyond the grave
Anselmo's race; yet if—that if concludes me.
To doubt, when I may be assur'd, is folly.
But how prevent the captive queen, who means
To set him free? Ay, now 'tis plain: O, well
Invented tale! He was Alphonso's friend.
This subtle woman will amuse the king,
If I delay—'twill do—or better so.
One to my wish. Alonzo, thou art welcome.

Enter ALONZO.

Alon. The king expects your lordship.

Gon. 'Tis no matter;

I'm not i'th' way at present, good Alonzo.

Alon. If't please your lordship, I'll return and say
I have not seen you.

Gon. Do, my best Alonzo.

Yet stay; I would—but go; anon will serve—

Yet I have that requires thy speedy help.

I think thou wouldst not stop to do me service.

Alon. I am your creature.

Gon. Say thou art my friend.

I've seen thy sword do noble execution.

Alon. All that it can your lordship shall command.

Gon. Thanks; and I take thee at thy word. Thou'st
seen,

Among the foll'wers of the captive queen,
Dumb men, who make their meaning known by signs.

Alon. I have, my lord.

Gon. Couldst thou procure, with speed

And privacy, the wearing garb of one
Of those, though purchas'd by his death, I'd give
Thee such reward as should exceed thy wish.

Alon. Conclude it done. Where shall I wait your
lordship?

Gon. At my apartment. Use thy utmost diligence;
And say I've not been seen—haste, good Alonzo.

[*Exit Alonzo.*

So, this can hardly fail. Alphonso slain,
The greatest obstacle is then remov'd.
Almeria widow'd, yet again may wed;
And I yet fix the crown on Garcia's head.

[*Exit.*

ACT THE FIFTH.



SCENE I. *A Room of State.*

Enter KING, PEREZ, and ALONZO.

King. Not to be found? In an ill hour he's absent.
None, say you? none? what, not the fav'rite eunuch?
Nor she herself, nor any of her mutes,
Have yet requir'd admittance?

Per. None, my lord.

King. Is Osmyn so dispos'd as I commanded?

Per. Fast bound in double chains, and at full length
He lies supine on earth: with as much ease
She might remove the centre of this earth,
As loose the rivets of his bonds.

King. 'Tis well.

[A Mute appears, and seeing the King retires.]

Ha! stop and seize that mute; Alonzo, follow him.
Ent'ring he met my eyes, and started back
Frighted, and fumbling one hand in his bosom,
As to conceal th' importance of his errand.

[Alonzo follows him, and returns with a Paper.]

Alon. A bloody proof of obstinate fidelity!

King. What dost thou mean?

Alon. Soon as I seiz'd the man,
He snatch'd from out his bosom this—and strove
With rash and greedy haste at once to cram
The morsel down his throat. I caught his arm,
And hardly wrench'd his hand to wring it from him;
Which done, he drew a poniard from his side,
And on the instant plung'd it in his breast.

King. Remove the body thence, ere Zara see it.

Alon. I'll be so bold to borrow his attire;
'Twill quit me from my promise to Gonzalez.

[*Aside.* Exit.

King. How's this? my mortal foe beneath my roof!

[*Having read the Letter.*

O, give me patience, all ye pow'rs! no, rather
Give me new rage, implacable revenge,
And trebled fury—Ha! who's there?

Per. My lord!

King. Hence, slave! how dar'st thou bide, to watch
and pry

Into how poor a thing a king descends;
How like thyself, when passion treads him down?
Ha! stir not, on thy life! for thou wert fix'd
And planted here to see me gorge this bait,
And lash against the hook—By heav'n, you're all
Rank traitors; thou art with the rest combin'd:
Thou knew'st that Osmyn was Alphonso, knew'st
My daughter privately with him conferr'd,
And wert the spy and pander to their meeting.

Per. By all that's holy, I'm amaz'd—

King. Thou ly'st.

Thou art accomplice too with Zara: here,
Where she sets down—*Still will I set thee free—*

[*Reads.*

That somewhere is repeated—I have pow'r
O'er them that are thy guards—Mark that, thou traitor.

Per. It was your majesty's command I should
Obey her order.

King. [*Reads*]—*And still will I set
Thee free, Alphonso—Hell! ours'd, ours'd Alphonso!*

False and perfidious Zara! Strumpet daughter!
 Away, be gone, thou feeble boy, fond love,
 All nature, softness, pity, and compassion;
 This hour I throw ye off, and entertain
 Fell hate within my breast, revenge, and gall.
 By heav'n, I'll meet and counterwork this treachery.
 Hark thee, villain, traitor—answer me, slave!

Per. My service has not merited those titles.

King. Dar'st thou reply? Take that—Thy service!
 thine! [Strikes him.

What's thy whole life, thy soul, thy all, to my
 One moment's ease? Hear my command; and look
 That thou obey, or horror on thy head:
 Drench me thy dagger in Alphonso's heart.
 Why dost thou start? Resolve, or——

Per. Sir, I will.

King. 'Tis well—that when she comes to set him free,
 His teeth may grin and mock at her remorse.

—Stay thee—I've further thought—I'll add to this, [Perex going.
 And give her eyes yet greater disappointment:
 When thou hast ended him, bring me his robe;
 And let the cell where she'll expect to see him
 Be darken'd, so as to amuse the sight.
 I'll be conducted thither——mark me well——
 There with his turban, and his robe array'd,
 And laid along, as he now lies, supine,
 I shall convict her, to her face, of falsehood.
 When for Alphonso's she shall take my hand,
 And breathe her sighs upon my lips for his;
 Sudden I'll start, and dash her with her guilt.
 But see, she comes! I'll shun th' encounter; thou
 Follow me, and give heed to my direction. [Exeunt.

Enter ZARA and SELIM.

Zara. Ha! 'twas the king!
 The king that passed hence! frowning he went:
 Dost think he saw me?

Sel. Yes; but then, as if he thought
 His eyes had err'd, he hastily recall'd
 Th' imperfect look, and sternly turn'd away.

Zara. Shun me when seen! I fear thou hast undone me.

Sel. Avert it, heav'n! that you should ever suffer
For my defect; or that the means which I
Devis'd to serve, should ruin your design!
Prescience is heav'n's alone, not giv'n to man.
If I have fail'd in what, as being man
I needs must fail, impute not as a crime
My nature's want, but punish nature in me;
I plead not for a pardon and to live,
But to be punish'd and forgiv'n. Here, strike;
I bare my breast to meet your just revenge.

Zara. I have not leisure now to take so poor
A forfeit as thy life: somewhat of high
And more important fate requires my thought!
Regard me well, and dare not to reply
To what I give in charge; for I'm resolv'd.
Give order that the two remaining mutes
Attend me instantly, with each a bowl
Of such ingredients mix'd, as will with speed
Benumb the living faculties, and give
Most easy and inevitable death.
Yes, Osmyn, yes; be Osmyn or Alphonso,
I'll give thee freedom, if thou dar'st be free:
Such liberty, as I embrace myself,
Thou shalt partake. Since fates no more afford,
I can but die with thee to keep my word. [Exit.

SCENE II. *Opens and shows the Prison.*

Enter GONSALEZ, disguised like a Mute, with a Dagger.

Gon. Nor sentinel, nor guard! the doors unharr'd.
And all as still as at the noon of night!
Sure death already has been busy here.
There lies my way; that door too is unlock'd.

[Looks in.

Ha! sure he sleeps—all's dark within, save what
A lamp, that feebly lifts a sickly flame,
By fits reveals—his face seems turn'd to favour
Th' attempt; I'll steal and do it unperceiv'd.

What noise? somebody coming? 'st, Alonzo!
 Nobody. Sure he'll wait without—I would
 'Twere done—I'll crawl and sting him to the heart;
 Then cast my skin, and leave it there to answer it.

[Goes in.

Enter GARCIA and ALONZO.

Gar. Where? where, Alonzo, where's my father?
 where

The king? Confusion! all is on the rout!
 All's lost! all ruin'd by surprise and treachery!
 Where, where is he? Why dost thou mislead me?

Alon. My lord, he enter'd but a moment since,
 And could not pass me unperceiv'd—What, ho!
 My lord, my lord, what, ho! my lord Gonzalez!

Re-enter GONSALEZ, bloody.

Gon. Perdition choke your clamours!—whence this
 rudeness?

Garcia!

Gar. Perdition, slavery, and death
 Are ent'ring now our doors! Where is the king?
 What means this blood? and why this face of horror?

Gon. No matter: give me first to know the cause
 Of these your rash and ill-tim'd exclamations.

Gar. The eastern gate is to the foe betray'd,
 Who, but for heaps of slain that choke the passage,
 Had enter'd long ere now, and borne down all
 Before 'em, to the palace walls. Unless

The king in person animate our men,
 Granada's lost; and to confirm this fear,
 The traitor Perez, and the captive Moor,
 Are through a postern fled, and join the foe!

Gon. Would all were false as that! for whom you call
 The Moor is dead. That Osmyn was Alphonso;
 In whose heart's blood this poniard yet is warm.

Gar. Impossible! for Osmyn was, while flying,
 Pronounc'd aloud by Perez for Alphonso.

Gon. Enter that chamber, and convince your eyes,
 How much report has wrong'd your easy faith.

[Garcia goes in.

Alon. My lord, for certain truth Perez is fled;
And has declar'd the cause of his revolt
Was to revenge a blow the king had giv'n him.

Re-enter GARCIA.

Gar. Ruin and horror! O, heart-wounding sight!

Gon. What says my son? what ruin? ha! what horror?

Gar. Blasted my eyes, and speechless be my tongue,
Rather than or to see, or to relate
This deed!—O, dire mistake! O, fatal blow!
The king——

Gon. Alon. The king!

Gar. Dead, well'ring, drown'd in blood!
See! see! attir'd like Osmyn, where he lies.

[*They look in.*

O whence, or how, or wherefore was this done?
But what imports the manner of the cause?
Nothing remains to do, or to require,
But that we all should turn our swords against
Ourselves, and expiate, with our own, his blood.

Gon. O wretch! O, curs'd and rash deluded fool!
On me, on me, turn your avenging swords!
I, who have spilt my royal master's blood,
Should make atonement by a death as horrid,
And fall beneath the hand of my own son.

Gar. Ha! what? atone this murder with a greater!
The horror of that thought has damp'd my rage.

Gon. O, my son! from the blind dotage
Of a father's fondness these ills arose:
For thee I've been ambitious, base, and bloody;
For thee I've plung'd into this sea of sin;
Stemming the tide with only one weak hand,
While t'other bore the crown (to wreath thy brow),
Whose weight has sunk me ere I reach'd the shore.

Gar. Fatal ambition! Hark! the foe is enter'd!
The shrillness of that shout speaks 'em at hand. [*Shout.*

Alon. My lord, I've thought how to conceal the body:
Require me not to tell the means, till done,
Lest you forbid what then you may approve.

[*Goes in. Shout.*

Gon. They shout again! Whate'er he means to do,
'Twere fit the soldiers were amus'd with hopes;
And in the mean time fed with expectation
To see the king in person at their head.

Gar. Were it a truth, I fear 'tis now too late:
But I'll omit no care nor haste; and try
Or to repel their force, or bravely die. [Exit.]

Re-enter ALONZO.

Gon. What hast thou done, Alonzo?

Alon. Such a deed
As but an hour ago I'd not have done,
Though for the crown of universal empire.
But what are kings, reduc'd to common clay?
Or who can wound the dead?—I've from the body
Sever'd the head, and in an obscure corner
Dispos'd it, muffled in the mute's attire,
Leaving to view of them who enter next,
Alone the undistinguishable trunk;
Which may be still mistaken by the guards
For Osmyn, if in seeking for the king
They chance to find it.

Gon. 'Twas an act of horror,
And of a piece with this day's dire misdeeds.
But 'tis no time to ponder or repent.
Haste thee, Alonzo, haste thee hence with speed,
To aid my son. I'll follow with the last
Reserve, to reinforce his arms: at least,
I shall make good and shelter his retreat.

[Exeunt severally.]

*Enter ZARA, followed by SELIM, and two Mutes
bearing the Bowls.*

Zara. Silence and solitude are every where!
Through all the gloomy ways and iron doors
That hither lead, nor human face nor voice
Is seen or heard.

Let 'em set down the bowls, and warn Alphonso
That I am here—so. *[Mutes go in]* You return and find
The king; tell him what he requir'd I've done,
And wait his coming to approve the deed. *[Exit Selim.]*

Re-enter Mutes.

What have you seen? Ha! wherefore stare you thus
[*Mutes return, and look affrighted.*
With haggard eyes? Why are your arms across?
Your heavy and desponding heads hung down?
Why is't you more than speak in these sad signs?
Give me more ample knowledge of this mourning.
[*They go to the Scene, which opening, she perceives the Body.*

Ha! prostrate! bloody! headless! O—I'm lost!
O Osmyn! O Alphonso! Cruel fate!
Cruel, cruel, O more than killing object!
I came prepar'd to die, and see thee die—
Nay, came prepar'd myself to give thee death—
But cannot bear to find thee thus, my Osmyn—
O, this accurs'd, this base, this treach'rous king.

Re-enter SELIM.

Sel. I've sought in vain; for no where can the king
Be found—

Zara. Get thee to hell, and seek him there!

[*Stabs him.*

His hellish rage had wanted means to act,
But for thy fatal and pernicious counsel.

Sel. You thought it better then—but I'm rewarded.
The mute you sent, by some mischance was seen,
And forc'd to yield your letter with his life:
I found the dead and bloody body stripp'd—
My tongue falters, and my voice fails—I sink—
Drink not the poison—for Alphonso is— [Dies.

Zara. As thou art now—and I shall quickly be.

'Tis not that he is dead! for 'twas decreed
We both should die. Nor is't that I survive;
I have a certain remedy for that.
But oh! he died unknowing in my heart.
He knew I lov'd, but knew not to what height;
Nor that I meant to fall before his eyes,
A martyr and a victim to my vows;
Insensible of this last proof he's gone:

Then wherefore do I pause? give me the bowl.

[A Mute kneels and gives one of the Bowls.]

Hover a moment yet, thou gentle spirit,

Soul of my love, and I will wait thy flight.

This to our mutual bliss, when join'd above. *[Drinks.]*

O, friendly draught! already in my heart.

Cold, cold! my veins are icicles and frost.

I'll creep into his bosom, lay me there;

Cover us close—or I shall chill his breast,

And fright him from my arms—See! see! he slides

Still further from me; look, he hides his face!

I cannot feel it—quite beyond my reach.

O, now he's gone, and all is dark——

[Dies. Mutes kneel and mourn over her.]

Enter ALMERIA and LEONORA.

Alm. O, let me seek him in this horrid cell;

For in the tomb, or prison, I alone

Must hope to find him.

Leon. Heav'n's! what dismal scene

Of death is this?

Alm. Show me, for I am come in search of death,

But want a guide, for tears have dimm'd my sight.

Leon. Alas, a little further, and behold

Zara all pale and dead! two frightful men,

Who seem the murderers, kneel weeping by;

Feeling remorse too late for what they've done.

But O, forbear—lift up your eyes no more,

But haste away, fly from this fatal place,

Where miseries are multiply'd; return,

Return, and look not on, for there's a dagger

Ready to stab the sight, and make your eyes

Rain blood——

Alm. O, I foreknow, foresee that object.

Is it at last then so? Is he then dead?

——I do not weep! the springs of tears are dry'd,

And of a sudden I am calm, as if

All things were well; and yet my husband's murder'd!

Yes, yes, I know to mourn! I'll sluice this heart,

The source of woe, and let the torrent loose.

—Those men have left to weep! they look on me!
 I hope they murder all on whom they look.
 Behold me well; your bloody hands have err'd,
 And wrongfully have slain those innocents:
 I am the sacrifice design'd to bleed;
 And come prepar'd to yield my throat!—They bow
 Their heads, in sign of grief and innocence!

[They point at the Bowl on the Ground.]

And point! what mean they? Ha! a cup! O, well
 I understand what med'cine has been here.
 O noble thirst! yet greedy, to drink all—
 Oh for another draught of death!—

[They point at the other Cup.]

Thanks to the lib'ral hand that fill'd thee thus;
 I'll drink my glad acknowledgment—

Leon. O hold,

For mercy's sake; upon my knee I beg—

Alm. With thee the kneeling world should beg in
 vain.

Seest thou not there? Behold who prostrate lies,
 And pleads against thee; who shall then prevail?
 Yet I will take a cold and parting leave.

From his pale lips; I'll kiss him ere I drink,
 Lest the rank juice should blister on my mouth,
 And stain the colour of my last adieu.

Horror! a headless trunk! nor lips nor face,

[Coming near the Body, starts and lets fall the Cup.]

But spouting veins and mangled flesh! Oh! oh!

Enter ALPHONSO, HELI, PEREZ, Guards, and Attendants; with GARCIA, Prisoner.

Alph. Away, stand off! where is she? let me fly,
 Save her from death, and snatch her to my heart.

Alm. Oh!

Alph. Forbear; my arms alone shall hold her up,
 Warm her to life, and wake her into gladness.
 Give a new birth to thy long-shaded eyes,
 Then double on the day reflected light.

Alm. Where am I? Heav'n! what does this dream
 intend?

Alph. O mayst thou never dream of less delight,
Nor ever wake to less substantial joys!

Alm. Giv'n me again from death! O, all ye pow'rs,
Confirm this miracle! Can I believe
My sight?

This is my lord, my life, my only husband:
I have him now, and we no more will part.
My father too shall have compassion——

Alph. O, my heart's comfort! 'tis not giv'n to this
Frail life, to be entirely bless'd. E'en now,
In this extremest joy my soul can taste,
Yet I am dash'd to think that thou must weep:
Thy father fell, where he design'd my death.
Gonzalez and Alonzo, both of wounds
Expiring, have with their last breath confess'd
The just decrees of heav'n, which on themselves,
Has turn'd their own most bloody purposes.
Nay, I must grant, 'tis fit you should be thus——

[*She weeps.*]

Ill-fated Zara! Ha! a cup! alas!

Thy error then is plain; but I were flint
Not to o'erflow in tribute to thy memory.
O Garcia!——

Whose virtue has renounc'd thy father's crimes,
Seest thou how just the hand of heav'n has been?
Let us, who through our innocence survive,
Still in the paths of honour persevere,
And not from past or present ills despair:
For blessings ever wait on virtuous deeds,
And though a late, a sure reward succeeds.

[*Exeunt.*]

EPILOGUE.

SPOKEN BY ALMERIA.

THE tragedy thus done, I am, you know,
No more a princess, but in *statu quo* ;
And now as unconcern'd this mourning wear,
As if indeed a widow or an heir.
I've leisure now to mark your sev'ral faces,
And know each critic by his sour grimaces.
To poison plays I see them where they sit,
Scatter'd like ratsbane up and down the pit ;
While others watch, like parish searchers, hir'd
To tell of what disease the play expir'd.
O with what joy they run, to spread the news
Of a damn'd poet, and departed muse !
But if he scape, with what regret they're seiz'd !
And how they're disappointed, when they're pleas'd !
Critics to plays for the same end resort,
That surgeons wait on trials in a court :
For innocence condemn'd they've no respect,
Provided they've a body to dissect.
As Sussex men, that dwell upon the shore,
Look out when storms arise, and billows roar,
Devoutly praying, with uplifted hands,
That some well-laden ship may strike the sands ;
To whose rich cargo they may make pretence,
And fatten on the spoils of Providence :
So critics throng to see a new play split,
And thrive and prosper on the wrecks of wit.
Small hope our poet from these prospects draws ;
And therefore to the fair commends his cause.
Your tender hearts to mercy are inclin'd,
With whom, he hopes, this play will favour find,
Which was an off'ring to the sex design'd.

}

MAHOMET,

The Impostor.

A TRAGEDY.

BY THE REV. MR. MILLER.

CORRECTLY GIVEN, FROM COPIES USED IN THE THEATRES,

BY

THOMAS DIBDIN,

OF THE THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

Author of several Dramatic Pieces, &c.

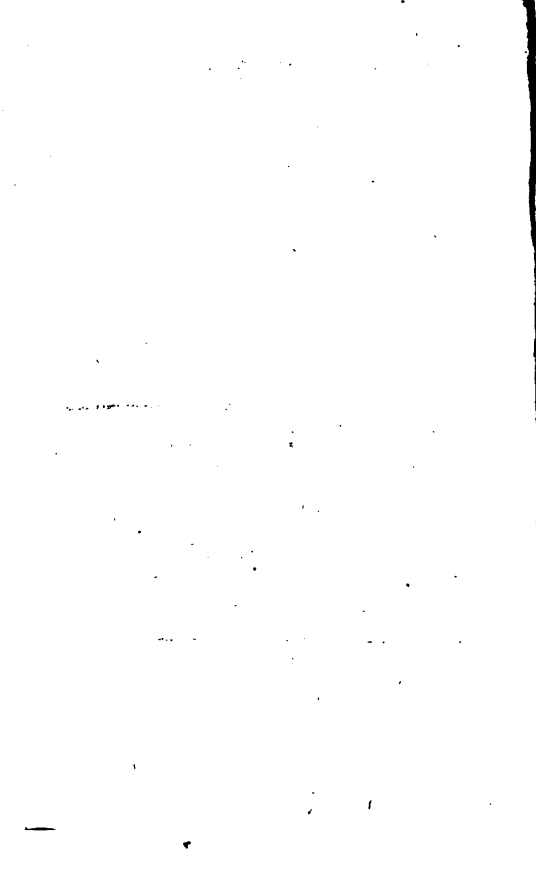


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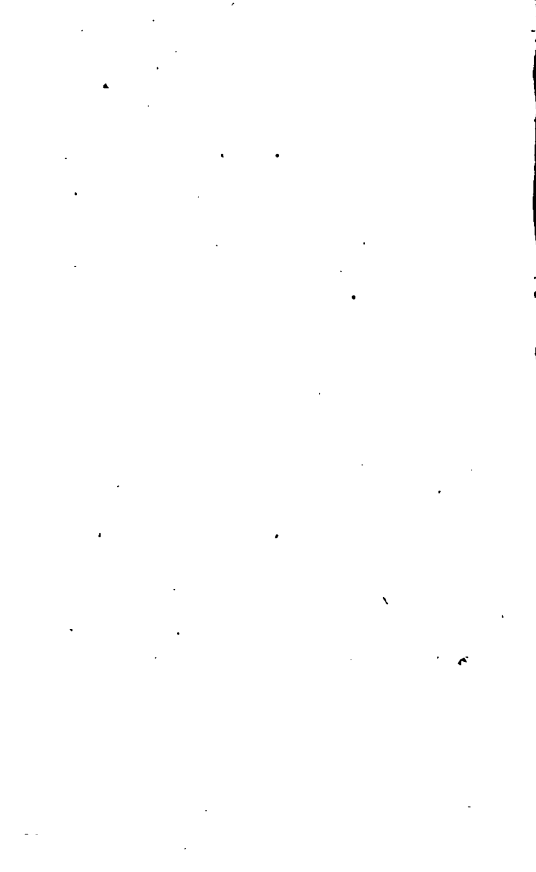
1815.



MAHOMET.

VOLTAIRE's celebrated tragedy of this name is the prototype of the present production, which was first acted at Drury Lane Theatre in 1744. Dr. John Hoadly is said to have assisted the author; who was in so declining a state while completing his work, that he died during the first run of success it experienced; and his widow was complimented by a benefit-night, in addition to the usual remuneration of the author; when (notwithstanding some disputes between the theatre and the town, in the style of modern O. P. disturbances) she cleared upwards of one hundred pounds; at that time considered a handsome sum on such an occasion.

In 1753 this play, through some passages which were applied to party purposes, caused a disturbance; which ended in Mr. Sheridan's abdication of his managerial throne, and the shutting up of his theatre, in Smock Alley, Dublin. It was revived in London, at Drury Lane, in 1765.



PROLOGUE.

To point what lengths credulity has run,
What counsels shaken, and what states undone;
What hellish fury wings th' enthusiast's rage,
And makes the troubled earth one tragic stage;
What blasphemies imposture dare advance,
And build what terrors on weak ignorance;
How fraud alone rage to religion binds,
And makes a pandemonium of our minds;
Our Gallic bard, fir'd with these glorious views,
First to his crusade led the tragic muse;
Her power through France his charming numbers bore;
But France was deaf—for all her priests were sore.

On English ground she makes a firmer stand,
And hopes to suffer by no hostile band:
No clergy here usurp the free-born mind,
Ordain'd to teach, and not enslave mankind;
Religion here bids persecution cease;
Without, all order—and within, all peace;
Truth guards her happy pale with watchful care,
And frauds, though pious, find no entrance there.

Religion, to be sacred, must be free;
Men will suspect—where bigots keep the key;
Hooded and train'd like hawks th' enthusiasts fly,
And the priests' victims in their pounces die:
Like whelps born blind, by mother-church they're bred,
Nor wake to sight, to know themselves misled;
Murder's the game—and to the sport unpress'd,
Proud of the sin, and in the duty bless'd,
The layman's but the blood-hound of the priest. }
Whoe'er thou art that dar'st such themes advance, }
To priest-rid Spain repair, or slavish France;
For Judas' hire there do the devil's task,
And trick up slav'ry in religion's mask.
England still free no surer means requires
To sink their sottish souls, and damp their martial fires.

Britons! these numbers to yourselves you owe;
Voltaire hath strength to shoot in Shakspeare's bow;

Alc. Such proselytes
Are worthy of him—low, untutor'd reptiles,
Most credulous still
Of what is most incredible.

Pha. Be such
Disdain'd, my lord! but mayn't the pest spread upwards,
And seize the head?—Say, is the senate sound?
I fear some members of that rev'rend class
Are mark'd with the contagion; who, from views
Of higher power and rank,
Worship this rising sun, and give a sanction
To his invasions.

Alc. If, ye powers divine!
Ye mark the movements of this nether world,
And bring them to account, crush, crush those vipers,
Who, singled out by a community
To guard their rights, shall, for a grasp of ore
Or paltry office, sell them to the foe!

Pha. Each honest citizen, I grant, is thine,
And, grateful for thy boundless blessings on them,
Would serve thee with their lives; but the approach
Of this usurper to their very walls,
Strikes them with such a dread, that even these
Implore thee to accept his proffer'd peace.

Alc. Oh, people lost to wisdom, as to glory!
Go, bring in pomp, and serve upon your knees
This idol, that will crush you with its weight.
Mark, I abjure him! by his savage hand
My wife and children perish'd, whilst in vengeance
I carried carnage to his very tent;
Transfix'd to earth his only son, and wore
His trappings, as a trophy of my conquest.
This torch of enmity, thus lighted 'twixt us,
The hand of time itself can ne'er extinguish.

Pha. Extinguish not, but smother for awhile
Its fatal flame, and greatly sacrifice
Thy private suff'rings to the public welfare.

Alc. My wife and children lost, my country's now
My family.

Pha. Then let not that be lost.

Alc. Pharon, desist.

Pha. My noble lord, I cannot,
Must not desist, will not, since you're possess'd
Of means to bring this insolent invader
To any terms you'll claim.

Alc. What means?

Pha. Palmira,
That blooming fair, the flow'r of all his camp,
By thee borne off in our last skirmish with him,
Seems the divine ambassadress of peace,
Sent to procure our safety. Mahomet
Has, by his heralds, thrice propos'd her ransom,
And bade us fix the price.

Alc. I know it, Pharon:
And wouldst thou then restore this noble treasure
To that barbarian,
And render beauty the reward of rapine?
Nay, smile not, friend.

Pha. My lord——

Alc. This heart, by age and grief congeal'd,
Is no more sensible to love's endearments,
Than are our barren rocks to morn's sweet dew,
That, balmy, trickles down their rugged cheeks.

Pha. My noble chief, each masterpiece of nature
Commands involuntary homage from us.

Alc. I own, a tenderness unfelt before,
A sympathetic grief, with ardent wishes
To make her happy, fill'd my widow'd bosom:
I dread her being in that monster's power,
And burn to have her hate him, like myself.
'Twas on this hour, I, at her modest suit,
Promis'd her audience in my own pavilion.
Pharon, go thou mean while, and see the senate
Assembled straight—I'll sound them as I ought.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE II. A Room of State.

PALMIRA discovered.

Pal. What means this boding terror, that usurps,
In spite of me, dominion o'er my heart?

Oh, holy prophet!
Shall I ne'er more attend thy sacred lessons?
Oh Zaphna! much-lov'd youth! I feel for thee
As for myself—But hold, my final audit
Is now at hand—I tremble for th' event!
Here comes my judge—Now liberty, or bondage!

Enter ALCANOR.

Alc. Palmira, whence those tears? trust me, fair maid,
Thou art not fall'n into barbarians' hands:
What Mecca can afford of pomp or pleasure,
To call attention from misfortune's lap,
Demand, and share it.

Pal. No, my generous victor!
My suit's for nothing Mecca can afford;
Pris'ner these two long months beneath your roof,
I've tasted such benignity and candour,
That oft I've call'd my tears ingratitude.

Alc. If aught remains, that's in my pow'r to smooth
The rigour of your fate, and crown your wishes,
Why, 'twould fill
The furrows in my cheeks, and make old age
Put on its summer's garb.

Pal. Thus, low I bless thee. *[Kneels.]*
It is on you, on you alone, Alcanor,
My whole of future happiness depends:
Have pity then;
Pity, Alcanor, one who's torn from all
That's dear or venerable to her soul;
Restore me then, restore me to my country;
Restore me to my father, prince, and prophet.

Alc. Is slav'ry dear then? is fraud venerable?
What country? a tumultuous wand'ring camp!

Pal. My country, sir, is not a single spot
Of such a mould, or fix'd to such a clime;
No, 'tis the social circle of my friends,
The lov'd community in which I'm link'd,
And in whose welfare all my wishes centre.

Alc. Excellent maid! Then Mecca be thy country.
Robb'd of my children, would Palmira deign
To let me call her child, the toil I took,

To make her destiny propitious to her,
Would lighten the rough burden of my own :
But no—you scorn my country and my laws.

Pal. Can I be yours, when not my own? Your bounties
Claim and share my gratitude; but Mahomet
Claims right o'er me of parent, prince, and prophet.

Alc. Of parent, prince, and prophet! Heavens! that
rubber

Who, a scaped felon, emulates a throne,
And, scoffer at all faiths, proclaims a new one!

Pal. Oh cease, my lord! this blasphemous abuse
On one, whom millions, with myself, adore,
Does violence to my ear! such black profaneness
'Gainst heaven's interpreter, blots out remembrance
Of favours past, and nought succeeds but horror!

Alc. Oh, superstition! thy pernicious rigours,
Inflexible to reason, truth, and nature,
Banish humanity the gentlest breast!
Palmira, I lament to see thee plunged
So deep in error.

Pal. Do you then reject
My just petition? can Alcanor's goodness
Be deaf to suff'ring virtue?

Name but the ransom,
And Mahomet will treble what you ask.

Alc. There is no ransom Mahomet can offer,
Proportion'd to the prize.

Enter PHARON.

What wouldst thou, Pharon?

Pha. From yon western gate,
Which opens on Moradia's fertile plains,
Mahomet's general, Mirvan, hastes to greet thee.

Alc. Mirvan, that vile apostate!

Pha. In one hand
He holds a scymitar, the other bears
An olive branch, which to our chiefs he waves,
An emblem of his suit—a martial youth,
Zaphna by name, attends him for our hostage.

Pal. Zaphna! mysterious heaven!

[*Aside.*

Pha. Mirvan advances

This way, my lord, to render you his charge.

Alc. Palmira, thou retire—Pharon, be present.

[*Exit Palmira.*]

Enter MIRVAN.

After six years of infamous rebellion
Against thy native country, dost thou, Mirvan,
Again profane, with thy detested presence,
These sacred walls, which once thy hands defended,
But thy bad heart has vilely since betray'd?
Thou poor deserter of thy country's gods!
Thou base invader of thy country's rights!
What wouldst thou have with me?

Mir. I'd pardon thee.—

Out of compassion to thy age and suff'rings,
And high regard for thy experienc'd valour,
Heaven's great apostle offers thee, in friendship,
A hand could crush thee; and I come commission'd
To name the terms of peace he deigns to tender.

Alc. He deigns to tender! insolent impostor!

Dost thou not, Mirvan, blush

To serve this wretch, this base of soul, as birth?

Mir. Mahomet's grandeur's in himself: he shines not
With borrow'd lustre.

Plung'd in the night of prejudice, and bound
In fetters of hereditary faith,

My judgment slept: but when I found him born
To mould anew the prostrate universe,
I started from my dream, join'd his career,
And shar'd his arduous and immortal labours.
Come, embrace our faith, reign with Mahomet,
And cloth'd in terrors, make the vulgar tremble.

Alc. 'Tis Mahomet, and tyrants like to Mahomet,
'Tis Mirvan, and apostates like to Mirvan,
I only would make tremble!—Is it, say'st thou,
Religion that's the parent of this rapine,
This virulence and rage?—No; true religion
Is always mild, propitious, and humane;
Plays not the tyrant, plants no faith in blood;

But stoops to polish, succour, and redress,
And builds her grandeur on the public good.

Mir. If clemency delights thee, learn it here.
Though banish'd by thy voice his native city,
Though by thy hand robb'd of his only son,
Mahomet pardons thee; nay, further, begs
The hatred burning 'twixt you be extinguish'd,
With reconciliation's gen'rous tear.

Alc. I know thy master's arts; his gen'rous tears,
Like the refreshing breeze that previous fall
To the wild outrage of o'erwhelming earthquakes,
Only forerun destruction.

Pha. Leagues he will make too——

Alc. Like other grasping tyrants, till he eyes
A lucky juncture to enlarge his bounds;
Then he'll deride them, leap o'er ev'ry tie
Of sacred guarantee, or sworn protection;
And when th' oppress'd ally implores assistance,
Beneath that mask, invade the wish'd-for realms,
And, from pure friendship, take them to himself.

Mir. Mahomet fights heav'n's battles, bends the bow
To spread heaven's laws, and to subject to faith
The iron neck of error.

Alc. Lust and ambition, Mirvan, are the springs
Of all his actions; whilst, without one virtue,
Dissimulation, like a flattering painter,
Bedecks him with the colouring of them all:
This is thy master's portrait—But no more——
My soul's inexorable, and my hate
Immortal as the cause from whence it sprang.

Mir. What cause?

Alc. The diff'rence between good and evil.

Mir. Thou talk'st to me, Alcanor, with an air
Of a stern judge, that from his dread tribunal
Intimidates the criminal beneath him:
Resume thy temper, act the minister,
And treat with me as with th' ambassador
Of heaven's apostle, and Arabia's king.

Alc. Arabia's king! what king? who crown'd him?

Mir. Conquest.——

Whilst to the style of conqueror, and of monarch,
Patron of peace he'd add. Name then the price
Of peace, and of Palmira. Boundless treasures,
The spoils of vanquish'd monarchs, and the stores
Of rifled provinces, are thrown before thee.
Our troops with matchless ardour hasten hither,
To lay in ruin this rebellious city;
Stem then the rushing torrent; Mahomet,
In person, comes to claim a conference with thee
For this good purpose.

Alc. Who? Mahomet?

Mir. Yes, he conjures thou'lt grant it.

Alc. Traitor! were I sole ruler here, in Mecca,
I'd answer thee with chastisement!

Mir. Hot man!

I pity thy false virtue—But farewell!
And since the senate share thy pow'r in Mecca,
To their serenest wisdoms I'll appeal.

[*Exit.*

Alc. I'll meet thee there.—Ye sacred pow'rs,
My country's gods, that for three thousand years
Have reign'd protectors of the tribe of Ishmael!
Oh, support my spirit

In that firm purpose it has always held!

To combat violence, fraud, and usurpation,

To pluck the spoil from the oppressor's jaws,

And keep my country as I found it—free! [*Exeunt.*

ACT THE SECOND.



SCENE I. PALMIRA'S Apartment.

Enter PALMIRA.

Pal. Cease, cease, ye streaming instruments of woe,
From your ignoble toil! Take warmth, my heart!
Collect thy scatter'd pow'rs, and brave misfortune.
In vain the storm-tost mariner repines;
Impatience only throws
Discredit on mischance, and adds a shame
To our affliction.

Enter ZAPHNA.

Ha! all-gracious heaven!
Thou, Zaphna! is it thou? what pitying angel
Guided thy steps to these abodes of bondage?
Zaph. Thou sov'reign of my soul, and all its pow'rs,
Object of every fear, and ev'ry wish,
Friend, sister, love, companion, all that's dear!
Do I once more behold thee, my Palmira?
Oh, I will set it down the whitest hour
That Zaphna e'er was bless'd with!

Pal. Say, my hero,
Are my ills ended then?—They are, they are!
Now Zaphna's here, I am no more a captive,
Except to him—Oh, bless'd captivity!

Zaph. Those smiles are dearer to my raptur'd
breast,
Sweeter those accents to my list'ning heart,
Than all Arabia's spices to the sense!

Pal. No wonder that my soul was so elate,
No wonder that the cloud of grief gave way,
When thou, my son of comfort, wert so nigh.

Zaph. Since that dire hour, when on Sabaria's strand
The barb'rous foe depriv'd me of Palmira,
In what a gulf of horror and despair
Have thy imagin'd perils plung'd my soul!
Stretch'd on expiring corpses for awhile,
To the deaf stream I pour'd out my complaint,
And begg'd I might be number'd with the dead
That strew'd its banks; then, starting from despair,
With rage I flew to Mahomet for vengeance.
He, for some high mysterious purpose, known
To heaven and him alone, at length dispatch'd
The valiant Mirvan to demand a truce:
Instant, on wings of lightning, I pursu'd him,
And enter'd as his hostage—fix'd, Palmira,
Or to redeem, or die a captive with thee.

Pal. Heroic youth!

Zaph. But how have these barbarians
Treated my fair?

Pal. With high humanity.
I in my victor found a friend—Alcanor
Has made me feel captivity in nothing
But absence from my Zaphna and my friends.

Zaph. I grieve, a soul so gen'rous is our foe:
But now, presented as a hostage to him,
His noble bearing and humanity
Made captive of my heart: I felt, methought,
A new affection lighted in my breast,
And wonder'd whence the infant ardour sprang.

Pal. Yet gen'rous as he is, not all my pray'rs,

Not all the tears I lavish at his foot,
Can move him to restore me.

Zaph. But he shall ;
Let the barbarian know he shall, Palmira.
The god of Mahomet, our divine protector,
Whose still triumphant standard I have borne
O'er piles of vanquish'd infidels—that pow'r
Which brought unnumber'd battlements to earth,
Will humble Mecca too.

Enter MIRVAN.

Well, noble Mirvan,
Do my Palmira's chains sit loose upon her?
Say, is it freedom? This presumptuous senate——

Mir. Has granted all we ask'd—all we could wish.
The truce obtain'd, the gates to Mahomet
Flew open.

Zaph. Mahomet in Mecca, say'st thou?
Once more in Mecca!

Pal. Transport! bid him welcome.

Zaph. Thy suff'rings then are o'er, the ebb is
past,
And a full tide of hope flows in upon us.

Pal. But where's the prophet?

Mir. Reclin'd in yonder grot, that joins the temple,
Attended by his chiefs.

Zaph. There let us haste,
With duteous step, and bow ourselves before him.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *A spacious Grotto.*

MAHOMET *discovered with the Alcoran before him.*

Mah. Glorious hypocrisy! what fools are they,
Who, fraught with lustful or ambitious views,
Wear not thy specious mask—Thou, alcoran!
Hast won more battles, ta'en more cities for me,
Than thrice my feeble numbers had achiev'd,
Without the succour of thy sacred impulse.

Enter HERCIDES, AMMON, and ALI.

Invincible supporters of our grandeur!
My faithful chiefs, Hercides, Ammon, Ali!
Go, and instruct this people in my name;
That faith may dawn, and, like a morning star,
Be herald to my rising.—Lo, Palmira!

[Exeunt Hercides, Ammon, and Ali.]

Her angel-face, with unfeign'd blushes spread,
Proclaims the purity that dwells within.

Enter MIRVAN, ZAPHNA, and PALMIRA.

The hand of war was ne'er before so barbarous,
Never bore from me half so rich a spoil,
As thee, my fair. *[To Palmira.]*

Pal. Joy to my heavenly guardian!
Joy to the world, that Mahomet's in Mecca!

Mah. My child, let me embrace thee—How's this?
Zaphna!

Thou here?

Zaph. *[Kneels]* My father, chief, and holy pontiff!
The god, that thou'rt inspir'd by, march'd before me.
Ready, for thee, to wade through seas of danger,
Or cope with death itself, I hither hasten'd
To yield myself an hostage, and with zeal
Prevent thy order.

Mah. 'Twas not well, rash boy!
He that does more than I command him, errs
As much as he who falters in his duty.

I obey
My god—implicitly obey thou me.

Pal. Pardon, my gracious lord, his well-meant ardour.
Brought up from tender infancy, beneath
The shelter of thy sacred patronage,
Zaphna and I've been animated still
By the same sentiments.

Mah. Palmira, 'tis enough; I read thy heart—
Be not alarm'd; though burden'd with the cares
Of thrones and altars, still my guardian eye
Will watch o'er thee, as o'er the universe.
Follow my gen'als, Zaphna. Fair Palmira,

Retire, and pay your pow'ful vows to heav'n,
And dread no wrongs, but from Aleanor.

[Exeunt Zaphna and Palmira.]

Mirvan——

Attend thou here. 'Tis time, my trusty soldier,
My long-tried friend, to lay unfolded to thee
The close resolves and councils of my heart.
Prepossession, friend,
Reigns monarch of the million—Meoca's crowd
Gaze at my rapid victories, and think
Some awful pow'r directs my arm to conquest;
But whilst our friends once more renew their efforts
To win the wav'ring people to our interest,
What think'st thou, say, of Zaphna and Palmira?

Mir. As of thy most resign'd and faithful vassals.

Mah. Oh, Mirvan! They're the deadliest of my foes!

Mir. How?

Mah. Yes, they love each other.

Mir. Well—what crime?

Mah. What crime, dost say? learn all my frailty,
then—

My life's a combat: keen austerity
Subjects my nature to abstemious bearings:
Or on the burning sands, or desert rocks,
With thee I bear the inclemency of climates,
Freeze at the pole, or scorch beneath the line.
For all these toils love only can retaliate,
The only consolation or reward,
Fruit of my labours, idol of my incense,
And sole divinity that I adore;
Know then that I prefer this young Palmira,
To all the ripen'd beauties that attend me,
Dwell on her accents, dote upon her smiles,
And am not mine but hers. Now judge, my friend,
How vast the jealous transports of thy master,
When, at his feet, he daily hears this charmer
Avow a foreign love, and, insolent,
Give Mahomet a rival!

Mir. How! and Mahomet
Not instantly revenge——

Mah. Ah! should he not?

But, better to detest him, know him better:
Learn then, that both my rival and my love,
Sprang from the loins of this audacious tyrant.

Mir. Alcanor!

Mah. Is their father; old Hercides,
To whose sage institution I commit
My captive infants, late reveal'd it to me.
Perdition! I myself lit up their flame,
And fed it till I set myself on fire.
Well, means must be employ'd: but see, the father;
He comes this way, and launches from his eye
Malignant sparks of enmity and rage.
Mirvan, see all ta'en care of; let Heroides,
With his escort, beset yon gate; bid Ali
Make proper disposition round the temple;
This done, return and render me account
Of what success we meet with 'mongst the people:
Then, Mirvan, we'll determine or to loose
Or bridle in our vengeance as it suits. [*Exit Mirvan.*]

Enter ALCANOR.

Why dost thou start, Alcanor? whence that horror?
Approach, old man, without a blush, since heav'n,
For some high end, decrees our future union.

Alc. I blush not for myself, but thee, thou tyrant;
For thee, had man! who com'st with serpent guile,
To sow dissention in the realms of peace.
Thy very name sets families at variance,
'Twixt son and father bursts the bonds of nature,
And scares endearment from the nuptial pillow!
And is it, insolent dissembler! thus
Thou com'st to give the sons of Mecca peace,
And me an unknown god?

Mah. Were I to answer any but Alcanor,
That unknown god should speak in thunder for me;
But here with thee I'd parley as a man.

Alc. What canst thou say? what urge in thy defence?
What right hast thou receiv'd to plant new faiths,
Or lay a claim to royalty and priesthood?

Mah. The right that a resolv'd and tow'ring spirit
Has o'er the grovelling instinct of the vulgar——

Alc. Patience, good heav'ns! have I not known thee,
Mahomet,
When void of wealth, inheritance, or fame,
Rank'd with the lowest of the low at Mecca?

Mah. Dost thou not know, thou haughty, feeble
man,
That the low insect, lurking in the grass,
And the imperial eagle, which aloft
Ploughs the ethereal plain, are both alike
In the eternal eye?

Alc. What sacred truth! from what polluted lips!
[*Aside.*

Mah. Hear me; thy Mecca trembles at my name;
If therefore thou wouldst save thyself or city,
Embrace my proffer'd friendship.——What to-day
I thus solicit, I'll command to-morrow.

Alc. Contract with thee a friendship! frontless man!
Know'st thou a god can work that miracle?

Mah. I do—necessity—thy interest.

Alc. Interest is thy god, equity is mine.
Propose the tie of this unnatural union;
Say, is't the loss of thy ill-fated son,
Who in the field fell victim to my rage;
Or the dear blood of my poor captive children,
Shed by thy butchering hands?

Mah. Ay, 'tis thy children.
Mark me then well, and learn the important secret,
Which I'm sole master of——Thy children live:

Alc. Live!

Mah. Yes—both live.

Alc. What say'st thou? Both?

Mah. Ay, both.

Alc. And dost thou not beguile me?

Mah. No, old man.

Alc. Propitious heav'ns! Say, Mahomet, for now
Methinks I could hold endless converse with thee,
Say what's their portion, liberty or bondage?

Mah. Bred in my camp, and tutor'd in my law,

I hold the balance of their destinies ;
 And now 'tis on the turn——their lives or deaths——
 'Tis thine to say which shall preponderate.

Alc. Mine! can I save them? name the mighty ransom—

If I must bear their chains, double the weight,
 And I will kiss the hand that puts them on ;
 Or if my streaming blood must be the purchase,
 Drain every sluice and channel of my body ;
 My swelling veins will burst to give it passage!

Mah. I'll tell thee then :—Renounce thy pagan faith,
 Abolish thy vain gods, and——

Alc. Ha!

Mah. Nay, more :
 Surrender Mecca to me, quit this temple,
 Assist me to impose upon the world,
 Thunder my koran to the gazing crowd,
 Proclaim me for their prophet and their king,
 And be a glorious pattern of credulity
 To Korah's stubborn tribe. These terms perform'd,
 Thy son shall be restor'd, and Mahomet's self
 Will deign to wed thy daughter.

Alc. Hear me, Mahomet——

I am a father, and this bosom boasts
 A heart as tender as e'er parent bore.
 After a fifteen years of anguish for them,
 Once more to view my children, clasp them to me,
 And die in their embraces—melting thought!
 But were I doom'd or to enslave my country,
 And help to spread black error o'er the earth,
 Or to behold these blood-embued hands
 Deprive me of them both—know me then, Mahomet,
 I'd not admit a doubt to cloud my choice——

[Looks earnestly at Mahomet for some Time before
 he speaks.]

Farewell!

[Exit.

Mah. Why, fare thee well then, churlish dotard!
 Inexorable fool! Now, by my arms,
 I will have great revenge: I'll meet thy scorn
 With treble retribution!

Re-enter MIRVAN.

Well, my Mirvan,
What say'st thou to it now?

Mir. Why, that Alcanor,
Or we, must fall.

Mah. Fall then the obdurate rebel!

Mir. The truce expires to-morrow; when Alcanor
Again is Mecca's master, and has vow'd
Destruction on thy head: the senate too
Have pass'd thy doom.

Mah. Those heart-chill'd, paltry babblers,
Plac'd on the bench of sloth, with ease can nod;
And vote a man to death. Why don't the cowards
Stand me in yonder plain?—With half their numbers,
I drove them headlong to their walls for shelter.
Perish Alcanor!

He marbled up, the pliant populace,
Those dupes of novelty, will bend before us,
Like osiers to a hurricane.

Mir. No time
Is to be lost.

Mah. But for a proper arm——

Mir. What think'st thou then of Zaphna?

Mah. Of Zaphna, say'st thou?

Mir. Yes, Alcanor's hostage.

He can in private do thee vengeance on him:
He's a slave

To thy despotic faith; and, urg'd by thee,
However mild his nature may appear,
Howe'er humane and noble is his spirit,
Or strong his reason, were allow'd to reason,
He would, for heaven's sake, martyr half mankind.

Mah. The brother of Palmira?

Mir. Yes, that brother,
The only son of thy outrageous foe,
And the incestuous rival of thy love.

Mah. I hate the stripling, loathe his very name;
The manes of my son too cry for vengeance
On the curs'd sire; but then thou know'st my love,

Know'st from whose blood she sprang: this slagger,
Mirvan;

And yet I'm here surrounded with a gulf
Ready to swallow me; come too in quest
Of altars and a throne—what must be done?—
My warring passions, like contending clouds,
When fraught with thunder's fatal fuel, burst
Upon themselves, and rend me with the shock.
Mirvan, sound this youth.

Touch not at once upon the startling purpose,
But make due preparation.

Mir. I'll attack him
With all the forces of enthusiasm.
There lies our strength.

Mah. First then, a solemn vow
To act whatever heaven by me enjoins him;
Next, omens, dreams, and visions may be pleaded;
Hints too of black designs by this Alcanor
Upon Palmira's virtue and his life—
But to the proof.—Be now propitious, fortune;
Then love, ambition, vengeance, jointly triumph.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT THE THIRD.



SCENE I. *A grand Apartment.*

Enter ZAPHNA and PALMIRA.

Zaph. Alcanor claims a private conference with us!
What has he to unfold?

Pal. I tremble, Zaphna.

Zaph. Time press'd too, did he say?

Pal. He did; then cast

A look so piercing on me, it o'erwhelm'd
My face with deep confusion: this he mark'd;
Then, starting, left me.

Zaph. Ha! this gives me fear
That Mirvan's jealousies are too well grounded;
But I must not distract her tender bosom
With visionary terrors. [*Aside*] Both in private?

Pal. In private both.

Zaph. Her virtue, and my life!
It cannot be; so reverend a form
Could ne'er be pander to such black devices. [*Aside.*

Pal. But let us shun it, Zaphna; much I fear
Alcanor has deceiv'd us: dread the treachery

Of this blood-thirsty senate. Trust me, Zaphna,
They have sworn the extirpation of our faith,
Nor care by what vile means——

Zaph. My soul's best treasure,
For whose security my every thought
Is up in arms, regardless of my own,
Shun thou Alcanor's presence. This hour, Palmira,
Mirvan, by order of our royal pontiff,
Prepares to solemnize some act of worship,
Of a more hallow'd and mysterious kind
Than will admit of vulgar eye; myself
Alone am honour'd to assist.

Pal. Alone!

Zaph. Yes, to devote myself by solemn vow,
For some great act, of which my fair's the prize.

Pal. What act?

Zaph. No matter, since my lov'd Palmira
Shall be the glorious recompense.

Pal. Oh, Zaphna!

Methinks I do not like this secret vow.
Why must not I be present? Were I with thee,
I should not be so anxious;
For trust me, Zaphna, my affection for thee
Is of that pure, disinterested nature,
So free from passion's taint, I have no one wish
To have thee more than thus, have thee my friend,
Share thy lov'd converse, wait upon thy welfare,
And view thee with a sister's spotless eye.

Zaph. Angelic excellence!

Pal. And let me tell thee,

This Mirvan, this fierce Mirvan, gives me terrors.
So far from tend'ring consolation to me,
His theme is blood and slaughter. As I met him
His eyes flam'd fury, whilst in dubious phrase
He thus bespoke me: "The destroying angel
Must be let loose.—Palmira, heav'n ordains
Some glorious deed for thee yet hid in darkness;
Learn an implicit rev'rence for its will;
And above all, I warn thee, fear for Zaphna."

Zaph. What could he mean? Can I believe, Alcanor,

Thy fair deportment but a treach'rous mask?
Yet, spite of all the rage that ought to fire me
Against this rebel to our faith and prophet,
I have held me happy in his friendship,
And bondage wore the livery of choice.

Pal. How has heaven fraught our love-link'd hearts,
my Zaphna,

With the same thoughts, aversions, and desires!
But for thy safety and our dread religion,
That thunders hatred to all infidels,
With great remorse I should accuse Alcanor.

Zaph. Let us shake off this vain remorse, Palmira,
Resign ourselves to heaven, and act its pleasure.
The hour is come that I must pledge my vow:
Doubt not but the Supreme, who claims this service,
Will prove propitious to our chaste endearments.
Farewell, my love; I fly to gain the summit
Of earth's felicity—to gain Palmira. [Exit.

Pal. Where'er I turn, 'tis all suspicion.
Like one benighted midst a place of tombs,
I gaze around me, start at every motion,
And seem hemm'd in by visionary spectres.
All-righteous power, whom trembling I adore,
And blindly follow, oh, deliver me
From these heart-rending terrors!—Ha! who's here?

Enter MAHOMET.

'Tis he! 'tis Mahomet himself! kind heaven
Has sent him to my aid.—My gracious lord!
Protect the dear, dear idol of my soul;
Save Zaphna; guard him from—

Mah. From what?—why Zaphna?
Whence this vain terror? Is he not with us?

Pal. Oh, sir, you double now my apprehensions!
Those broken accents, and that eager look,
Show you have anguish smothering at the heart,
And prove for once that Mahomet's a mortal.

Mah. Ha! shall I turn a traitor to myself? [Aside.
Oh, woman! woman!—Hear me—ought I not
To be enrag'd at thy profane attachment?

How could thy breast, without the keenest sting,
Harbour one thought not dictated by me?
Is that young mind, I took such toil to form,
Turn'd an ingrate and infidel at once?
Away, rebellious maid!

Pal. What dost thou say,
My royal lord? Thus, prostrate at your feet,
Let me implore forgiveness, if in aught
I have offended: talk not to me thus;
A frown from thee, my father and my king,
Is death to poor Palmira. Say then, Mahomet,
Didst thou not, in this very place, permit him
To render me his vows?

Mah. How the soft traitress racks me! [*Aside*] Rise,
Palmira——

Down, rebel love! I must be calm. [*Aside*] Come
hither:

Beware, rash maid, of such imprudent steps:
They lead to guilt. What wild, pernicious errors
Mayn't the heart lead to, if not greatly watch'd!

Pal. In loving Zaphna, sure it cannot err.

Mah. Zaphna again! Furies! I shall relapse,
And make her witness of my weakness! [*Aside.*

Pal. Sir!

What sudden start of passion arms that eye?

Mah. Oh, nothing: pray retire awhile: take courage:
I'm not at all displeas'd: 'twas but to sound
The depth of thy young heart. I praise thy choice:
Trust then thy dearest int'rest to my bosom;
But know, your fate depends on your obedience.
If I have been a guardian to your youth,
If all my lavish bounties past weigh aught,
Deserve the future blessings which await you.
Howe'er the voice of heaven dispose of Zaphna,
Confirm him in the path where duty leads,
That he may keep his vow, and merit thee.

Pal. Distrust him not, my sovereign; noble Zaphna,
Disdains to lag in love or glory's course.

Mah. Enough of words——

Pal. As boldly I've avow'd

The love I bear that hero at your foot,
I'll now to him, and fire his gen'rous breast,
To prove the duty he has sworn to thee. [Exit.

Mah. What could I say? Such sweet simplicity
Lar'd down my rage, and innocently wing'd
The arrow through my heart. And shall I bear this?
Be made the sport of curs'd Alcanor's house?
Check'd in my rapid progress by the sire,
Supplanted in my love by this rash boy,
And made a gentle pander to the daughter?
Perdition on the whole detested race!

Enter MIRVAN.

Mir. Now, Mahomet, is the time to seize on Mecca;
Crush this Alcanor, and enjoy Palmira!
This night the old enthusiast offers incense
To his vain gods, in sacred Canba:
Zaphna, who flames with zeal for heaven and thee,
May be won o'er to seize that lucky moment.

Mah. He shall; it must be so; he's born to act
The glorious crime; and let him be at once
The instrument and victim of the murder.
My law, my love, my vengeance, my own safety,
Have doom'd it so.—But, Mirvan, dost thou think
His youthful courage, nurs'd in superstition,
Can e'er be work'd——

Mir. I tell thee, Mahomet,
He's tutor'd to accomplish thy design.
Palmira too, who thinks thy will is heaven's,
Will nerve his arm to execute thy pleasure.

Mah. Didst thou engage him by a solemn vow?

Mir. I did, with all th' enthusiastic pomp
Thy law enjoins; then gave him, as from thee,
A consecrated sword, to act thy will.

Oh, he is burning with religious fury!

Mah. But hold! he comes—— [Exit Mirvan.

Re-enter MIRVAN.

Child of that awful and tremendous power,
Whose laws I publish, whose behests proclaim,

Listen whilst I unfold his sacred will :
'Tis thine to vindicate his way to man,
'Tis thine his injured worship to avenge.

Zaph. Thou lord of nations, delegate of heaven,
Sent to shed day o'er the benighted world,
Oh, say in what can Zaphna prove his duty!
Instruct me how a frail earth-prison'd mortal
Can or avenge or vindicate a god.

Mah. By thy weak arm he deigns to prove his cause,
And launch his vengeance on blaspheming rebels.

Zaph. What glorious action, what illustrious danger
Does that supreme, whose image thou, demand?
Place me, oh place me in the front of battle,
'Gainst odds innumerable! try me there;
Or, if a single combat claim my might,
The stoutest Arab may step forth, and see
If Zaphna fail to greet him as he ought.

Mah. Oh, greatly said, my son! 'tis inspiration!
But heed me: 'tis not by a glaring act
Of human valour heaven has will'd to prove thee;
This infidels themselves may boast, when led
By ostentation, rage, or brute-like rashness.
To do whate'er heaven gives in sacred charge,
Nor dare to sound its fathomless decrees,
This, and this only's meritorious zeal.
Attend, adore, obey; thou shalt be arm'd
By death's remorseless angel, which awaits me.

Zaph. Speak out, pronounce! what victim must I offer?
What tyrant sacrifice? whose blood requir'st thou?

Mah. The blood of a detested infidel;
A murderer, a foe to heaven and me;
A wretch who slew my child, blasphemes my god,
And, like a huge Colossus, bears a world
Of impious opposition to my faith:
The blood of cursed Alcanor!

Zaph. I! Alcanor!

Mah. What! dost thou hesitate? Rash youth, beware!
He, that deliberates, is sacrilegious.
Far, far from me, be those audacious mortals,
Who for themselves would impiously judge,

Or see with their own eyes; who dares to think,
Was never born a proselyte for me.
Know who I am; know, on this very spot,
I've charg'd thee with the just decree of heaven.
And when that heaven requires of thee no more
Than the bare off'ring of its deadliest foe,
Nay, thy foe too, and mine, why dost thou balance
As thy own father were the victim claim'd?
Go, vile idolator! false Mussulman!
Go, seek another master, a new faith!

Zaph. Oh, Mahomet!

Mah. Just when the prize is ready,
When fair Palmira's destined to thy arms——
But what's Palmira? or what's heaven to thee,
Thou poor weak rebel to thy faith and love?
Go, serve and cringe to our detested foe!

Zaph. Oh pardon, Mahomet! methinks I hear
The oracle of heaven—It shall be done!

Mah. Ohey then, strike! and, for his impious blood,
Palmira's charms and Paradise be thine. *[Exit.]*

Zaph. Soft! let me think—This duty wears the face
Of something more than monstrous—Pardon, heaven!
To sacrifice an innocent old man,
Weigh'd down with age, unsuccour'd, and unarm'd!
When I am hostage for his safety too!——
No matter—Heaven has chose me for the duty;
My vow is past, and must be straight fulfill'd.
Ye stern, relentless ministers of wrath,
Spirits of vengeance! by whose ruthless hands
The haughty tyrants of the earth have bled,
Come to my succour, to my flaming zeal
Join your determined courage!
And thou, angel
Of Mahomet, exterminating angel!
That mow'st down nations to prepare his passage,
Support my salt'ring will, harden my heart,
Lest nature pity, plead Alcanor's cause,
And wrest the dagger from me.
Ha! who comes here?

Enter ALCANOR.

Alc. Whence, Zaphna, that deep gloom,
That, like a blasting mildew on the ear
Of promis'd harvest, blackens o'er thy visage?
Grieve not that here, through form, thou art confin'd ;
I hold thee not as hostage, but as friend,
And make thy safety partner with my own.

Zaph. And make my safety partner with thy own!

[Aside.]

Alc. The bloody carnage, by this truce suspended
For a few moments, like a torrent, check'd
In its full flow, will with redoubled strength
Bear all before it——

In this impending scene of public horror,
Be then, dear youth, these mansions thy asylum!
I'll be thy hostage now, and, with my life,
Will answer that no mischief shall befall thee.
I know not why, but thou art precious to me.

Zaph. Heaven! duty! gratitude! humanity! *[Aside.]*
What dost thou say, Alcanor? Did'st thou say
That thy own roof should shield me from the tempest?
That thy own life stood hostage for my safety?

Alc. Why thus amaz'd at my compassion for thee?
I am a man myself, and that's enough
To make me feel the woes of other men,
And labour to redress them——

Zaph. What melody these accents make! *[Aside.]*
Can then a foe to Mahomet's sacred law
Be virtue's friend?

Alc. Thou know'st but little, Zaphna,
If thou dost think true virtue is confin'd
To climes or systems ; no, it flows spontaneous,
Like life's warm stream, throughout the whole creation,
And beats the pulse of every healthful heart.
How canst thou, Zaphna, worship for thy god
A being claiming cruelty and murders
From his adorers? Such is thy master's god.

Zaph. Oh, my relenting soul! thou'rt almost thaw'd
From thy resolve. *[Aside.]*—I pray you, sir, no more.
Peace, reason, peace!

Alc. The more I view him, talk with him, observe
His understanding towering 'bove his age,
The more my breast takes int'rest in his welfare.

Zaphna, come near—I oft have thought to ask thee
To whom thou ow'st thy birth, whose gen'rous blood
Swells thy young veins, and mantles at thy heart? [*Aside.*]

Zaph. That dwells in darkness; no one friendly beam
E'er gave me glimpse from whom I am descended.
The camp of godlike Mahomet has been
My cradle and my country; whilst, of all
His captive infants, no one more has shar'd
The sunshine of his clemency and care.

Alc. I do not blame thy gratitude, young man:
But why was Mahomet thy benefactor?
Why was not I? I envy him that glory.
Why then this impious man has been a father
Alike to thee and to the fair Palmira.

Zaph. Oh!

Alc. What's the cause, my *Zaphna*, of that sigh,
And all that language of a smother'd anguish?
Why didst thou snatch away thy cordial eye,
That shone on me before?

Zaph. Oh, my torn heart!
Palmira's name revives the racking thought
Of my near-blunted purpose.

Alc. Come, my friend, [*Aside.*]
The flood-gates of destruction soon thrown ope,
Will pour in ruin on that curse of nations.
If I can save but thee and fair *Palmira*,
From this o'erflowing tide, let all the rest
Of his abandon'd minions be the victims
For your deliverance—I must save your blood.

Zaph. Just heaven! and is't not I must shed his blood?

Alc. Nay, tremble if thou dar'st to hesitate. [*Aside.*]
Follow me straight.

Enter PHARON.

Pha. *Alcanor*, read that letter,

Put in my hands this moment by an Arab,
With utmost stealth, and air bespeaking somewhat
Of high importance.

Alc. [*Reads*] Whence is this?—*Hercides!*
Cautious, my eyes! be sure you're not mistaken
In what you here insinuate. Gracious heaven!
Will then thy providence at length o'errule
My wayward fate, and, by one matchless blessing,
Sweeten the suff'rings of a threescore years?

[*Looks for some Time earnestly at Zaphna.*
Follow me.

Zaph. Thee!—But Mahomet—

Alc. Thy life,
And all its future bliss, dwells on this moment.
Follow, I say. [*Exeunt Alcanor and Pharon.*

*Re-enter MIRVAN, with his Attendants, hastily, on the
other Side of the Stage.*

Mir. Traitor, turn back! what means
This conf'rence with the foe? To Mahomet
Away this instant; he commands thy presence.

[*To Zaphna.*
Zaph. Where am I? Heavens! how shall I now re-
solve?

How act? A precipice on every side
Awaits me, and the first least step's perdition. [*Aside.*

Mir. Young man, our prophet brooks not such delay;
Go, stop the bolt that's ready to be launch'd
On thy rebellious head.

Zaph. Yes, and renounce
This horrid vow that's poison to my soul. [*Exeunt.*

ACT THE FOURTH.



SCENE I. *The Temple.*

Enter ZAPHNA, with a drawn Sword in his Hand.

Zaph. Well then it must be so; I must discharge
This cruel duty—Mahomet enjoins it,
And heaven, through him, demands it of my hands.
Horrid, though sacred act!—my soul shrinks back,
And won't admit conviction.
Oh, dire obedience!

Why, duty, art thou thus at war with nature?

Enter PALMIRA.

Thou here, Palmira? Oh, what fatal transport
Leads thee to this sad place, these dark abodes,
Sacred to death? Thou hast no business here.

Pal. Oh, Zaphna, fear and love have been my guides!
What horrid sacrifice is this enjoined thee?
What victim does the god of Mahomet
Claim from thy tender hand?

Zaph. Oh, my guardian angel,
Speak, resolve me;
How can assassination be a virtue?
How can the gracious Parent of mankind

Delight in mankind's suff'rings? Mayn't this prophet,
This great announcer of his heavenly will,
Mistake it once?

Pal. Oh, tremble to examine.

He sees our hearts. To doubt is to blaspheme.

Zaph. Be steady then, my soul, firm to thy purpose.
Come forth, thou foe to Mahomet and heaven,
And meet the doom thy rebel faith deserves:
Come forth, Alcanor.

Pal. Who? Alcanor?

Zaph. Yes.

Pal. The good Alcanor?

Zaph. Curse on his pagan virtues! he must die;
So Mahomet commands: and yet methinks
Some other deity arrests my arm,
And whispers to my heart—"Zaphna, forbear!"

Pal. Distracting state!

Zaph. Alas! my dear Palmira,
I'm weak, and shudder at this bloody business.
Help me, oh help, Palmira! I am torn,
Distracted, with this conflict.
Zeal, horror, love, and pity, seize my breast,
And drag it different ways. Alas, Palmira,
You see me tossing on a sea of passions;
'Tis thine, my angel, to appease this tempest,
Fix my distracted will, and teach me——

Pal. What?

What can I teach thee in this strife of passions?
O Zaphna! I revere our holy prophet,
Think all his laws are register'd in heaven,
And every mandate minted in the skies.

Zaph. But then to break through hospitality,
And murder him by whom we are protected!

Pal. Oh, poor Alcanor! gen'rous, good Alcanor!
My heart bleeds for thee!

Zaph. Know then, unless I act this horrid scene,
Unless I plunge this dagger in the breast
Of that old man, I must—I must——

Pal. What?

Zaph. Must, Palmira——
(O agonizing thought!) lose thee for ever!

Pal. Am I the price of good Alcanor's blood?

Zaph. So Mahomet ordains.

Pal. Horrible dowery!

Zaph. Thou know'st the curse our prophet has de-
Of endless tortures on the disobedient; [nounc'd,
Thou know'st with what an oath I've bound myself
To vindicate his laws, extirpate all
That dare oppose his progress. Say then, fair one,
Thou tutoress divine, instruct me how,
How to obey my chief, perform my oath,
Yet list to mercy's call.

Pal. This rends my heart.

Zaph. How to avoid being banish'd thee for ever.

Pal. Oh, save me from that thought! must that e'er be?

Zaph. It must not: thou hast now pronounc'd his

Pal. What doom?—Have I? [doom.

Zaph. Yes, thou hast seal'd his death.

Pal. I seal his death?—Did I?

Zaph. 'Twas heaven spoke by thee; thou'rt its oracle;
And I'll fulfil its laws. This is the hour
In which he pays, at the adjoining altar,
Black rites to his imaginary gods.
Follow me not, Palmira.

Pal. I must follow;

I will not, dare not, leave thee.

Zaph. Gentle maid,

I beg thee fly these walls; thou canst not bear
This horrid scene—Oh, these are dreadful moments!
Be gone—quick—this way—

Pal. No, I follow thee,

Retread thy every footstep, though they lead
To the dark gulf of death.

Zaph. Thou matchless maid!—to the dire trial then.
[Exeunt.

SCENE II. *The inner Part of the Temple, with a
Pagan Altar and Images.*

ALCANOR discovered, addressing himself to the Idols.

Alc. Eternal powers! that deign to bless these man-
Protectors of the sons of Ishmael, [sions,
Crush, crush this blasphemous invader's force,

And turn him back with shame. If power be yours,
Oh! shield your injur'd votaries, and lay
Oppression bleeding at your altar's foot.

Enter ZAPHNA and PALMIRA.

Pal. Act not this bloody deed: oh, save him, save him!
[*Apart to Zaphna.*

Zaph. Save him, and lose both Paradise and thee!
[*Apart.*

Pal. Ha! yon he stands—Oh! Zaphna, all my blood
Is frozen at the sight!
[*Apart.*

Alc. 'Tis in your own behalf that I implore
The terrors of your might; swift, swiftly
Pour vengeance on this vile apostate's head!

Zaph. Hear how the wretch blasphemes! So, now——

Pal. Hold, Zaphna!

Zaph. Let me go.

Pal. I cannot—cannot.

Alc. But if, for reasons which dim-sighted mortals
Can't look into, you'll crown this daring rebel
With royalty and priesthood, take my life:
And if, ye gracious powers! you've aught of bliss
In store for me, at my last hour permit me
To see my children, pour my blessing on them,
Expire in their dear arms, and let them close
These eyes, which then would wish no after sight.

Pal. His children, did he say?
[*Apart.*

Zaph. I think he did.
[*Apart.*

Alc. For this I'll at your altar pay my vows,
And make it smoke with incense.

[*Retires behind the Altar.*

Zaph. [*Draws his Sword*] Now let me strike!

Pal. Stay but one moment, Zaphna.

Zaph. It must not be—unhand me.

Pal. What to do?

Zaph. To serve my god and king, and merit thee.

[*Breaks from Palmira, and going towards the
Altar, he starts, and stops short.*

Ha! what are ye, ye terrifying shades?
What means this lake of blood that lies before me?

Pal. Oh Zaphna! let us fly these horrid roofs.

Zaph. No, no—Go on, ye ministers of death;
Lead me the way; I'll follow ye.

Pal. Stay, Zaphna;
Heap no more horrors on me; I'm expiring
Beneath the load.

Zaph. Be hush'd—the altar trembles!
What means that omen? does it spur to murder,
Or would it rein me back? No, 'tis the voice
Of heaven itself, that chides my ling'ring hand.
Now send up thither all thy vows, Palmira,
Whilst I obey its will, and give the stroke.

[Goes behind the Altar, after Alcanor.]

Pal. What vows? Will heaven receive a murd'rer's
vows?

For sure I'm such, whilst I prevent not murder.
Why beats my heart thus? what soft voice is this
That's waken'd in my soul, and preaches mercy?
If heaven demands his life, dare I oppose?
Is it my place to judge?—Ha! that dire groan
Proclaims the bloody business is about.
Zaphna! oh, Zaphna!

Re-enter ZAPHNA from behind the Altar.

Zaph. Ha! where am I?
Who calls me? Where's Palmira? She's not here.
What fiend has snatch'd her from me?

Pal. Heavens! he raves!
Dost thou not know me, Zaphna? her, who lives
For thee alone?—Why dost thou gaze thus on me?

Zaph. Where are we?

Pal. Hast thou then discharg'd
The horrid duty?

Zaph. What dost thou say?

Pal. Alcanor—

Zaph. Alcanor! what Alcanor?

Pal. Gracious heaven,
Look down upon him!
Let's be gone, my Zaphna—
Let's fly this place.

Zaph. Oh! whither fly? to whom?

D'ye see these hands? who will receive these hands?

Pal. Oh, come, and let me wash them with my tears!

Zaph. Who art thou? let me lean on thee—I find
My powers returning. Is it thou, Palmira?
Where have I been? what have I done?

Pal. I know not.

Think on't no more.

Zaph. But I must think, and talk on't too, Palmira.

I seiz'd the victim by his hoary locks—

(Thou, heaven, didst will it)

Then, shuddering with horror, buried straight

The poniard in his breast. I had redoubled

The bloody plunge—

But that the venerable sire pour'd forth

So piteous a groan!—look'd so, Palmira—

And with a feeble voice cried—"Is it Zaphna?"

I could no more. Oh! hadst thou seen, my love,

The fell, fell dagger in his bosom—view'd

His dying face, where sat such dignity,

Cloth'd with compassion tow'rd's his base assassin,—

[Throws himself on the Ground.]

The dire remembrance weighs me to the earth—

Here let me die!

Pal. Rise, my lov'd Zaphna! rise;

And let us fly to Mahomet for protection:

If we are found in these abodes of slaughter,

Tortures and death attend us!—let us fly!

Zaph. *[Starting up]* I did fly at that blasting sight,
Palmira,

When, drawing out the fatal steel, he cast

Such tender looks! I fled—the fatal steel,

The voice, the tender looks, the bleeding victim,

Blessing his murderer—I could not fly:

No, they clung to me, rived my throbbing heart,

And set my brain on fire!—What have we done?

Pal. Hark! what's that noise? I tremble for thy life!

Oh! in the name of love, by all the ties,

Those sacred ties, that bind thee mine for ever,

I do conjure thee, follow me!

Re-enter ALCANOR from behind the Altar, leaning against it, with the bloody Sword in his Hand.

Zaph. Ha! look, Palmira! see, what object's that,
Which bears upon my tortured sight? Is't he,
Or is't his bloody manes come to haunt us? [death,

Pal. 'Tis he himself, poor wretch! struggling with
And feebly crawling tow'rds us. Let me fly,
And yield what help I can! let me support thee,
Thou much-lamented, injur'd, good old man!

Zaph. Why don't I move? my feet are rooted here,
And all my frame is struck and wither'd up
As with a lightning's blast!

Alc. My gentle maid,
Wilt thou support me?

Weep not, my Palmira. [thee.

Pal. I could weep tears of blood, if that would serve

Alc. [Sitting down] Zaphna, come hither; thou hast
ta'en my life,

For what offence, or what one thought towards thee,
That anger or malevolence gave birth,
Heaven knows I am unconscious. Do not look so.
I see thou dost relent.

Enter PHARON, hastily.

Pha. [Starting back] Ha! 'tis too late then!

Alc. Would I could see Heracles!—Pharon, lo,
Thy martyr'd friend, by his distemper'd hand,
Is now expiring.

Pha. Dire, unnatural crime!
Oh, wretched parricide!—Behold thy father!
[Pointing to Alcanor.

Zaph. My father!

Pal. Father? ha!

Alc. Mysterious heaven!

Pha. Heracles, dying by the hand of Mirvan,
Who slew him lest he should betray the secret,
Saw me approach, and in the pangs of death,
Cried, fly, and save Alcanor; wreat the sword
From Zaphna's hands, if 'tis not yet too late,
That's destin'd for his death; then let him know
That Zaphna and Palmira are his children.

Pal. Dost hear that, Zaphna?

Zaph. 'Tis enough, my fate!

Canst thou aught more?

Alc. Oh, nature! oh, my children!

By what vile instigations wert thou driv'n,

Unhappy Zaphna, to this bloody action?

Zaph. [*Falling at his Father's Feet*] Oh, I cannot speak!

Restore me, sir, restore that damned weapon,

That I, for once, may make it, as I ought,

An instrument of justice.

Pal. [*Kneels*] Oh, my father!

Strike here!—the crime was mine! 'twas I, alone,

That work'd his will to this unnatural deed!

Zaph. Strike your assassins——

Alc. I embrace my children,

And joy to see them, though my life's the forfeit.

Rise, children, rise and live! live to revenge

Your father's death!—But in the name of nature,

By the remains of this paternal blood,

That's oozing from my wound, raise not your hands

'Gainst your own being. Zaphna, wouldst thou do me

A second deadlier mischief?

Self-slaughter can't atone for parricide.

Thy undermin'd arm han't quite fulfill'd

Its bigot purpose; I hope to live, to animate

Our friends 'gainst this impostor; lead them, Zaphna,

To root out a rapacious baneful crew;

Whose zeal is frenzy, whose religion, murder!

Zaph. Swift, swift, ye hours, and light me to revenge!

Come, thou infernal weapon,

[*Snatches the bloody Sword.*]

I'll wash off thy foul stain with the heart's blood

Of that malignant sanctified assassin!

As ZAPHNA is going off, enter MIRVAN and his Followers, who stop him.

Mir. Seize Zaphna!

Help you the good Alcanor—Hapless man!

Our prophet, in a vision, learn'd to-night,

The mournful tale of thy untimely end,

And sent me straight to seize the vile assassin,
That he might wreak severest justice on him :
Mahomet comes to vindicate the laws,
Not suffer with impunity their breach.

Alc. Heav'ns! what accumulated crimes are here!

Zaph. Where is the monster? bear me instant to him,
That I may blast him with my eye!—may curse him
With my last hesitating voice!

Pal. Thou traitor!

Did not thy own death-doing tongue enjoin
This horrid deed?

Mir. Off with him, [To the Soldiers.
And see him well secur'd!

Pal. Let me go with him; I will share thy fate,
Unhappy Zaphna, for I share thy guilt!

Mir. No more—you must to Mahomet :
Our great prophet

Will take you under his divine protection.

Pal. Oh, death! deliver me from such protection!

Mir. Away! [To the Soldiers who hold Zaphna.
You, this way. [To Palmira.

Zaph. Pardon!

Pal. Oh, pardon!

[They are led off by degrees, looking alternately
at their Father and each other.

Alc. Oh, insupportable!
Both from me torn, then when I wanted most
Their consolation!

[A shout.

Pha. Hark!

The citizens are rous'd, and all in arms
Rush on to your defence.

Alc. Pharon, support me [them ;
Some moments longer—Help—conduct me tow'rd
Bare this wound to them; let that speak the cause—
The treach'rous cause, for words begin to fail me ;
Then, if in death I can but serve my country,
Save my poor children from this tiger's gripe!

What patriot, or parent, but would wish,
In so divine a cause to fall a martyr! [Exeunt.

ACT THE FIFTH.



SCENE I.

Enter MAHOMET and MIRVAN.

Mah. Wrong will be ever nurs'd and fed with blood—
So this boy bigot held his pious purpose?

Mir. Devoutly.

Mah. What a reasonless machine
Can superstition make the reasoner, man!
Alcanor lies there, on his bed of earth?

Mir. This moment he expir'd; and Mecca's youth
In vain lament their chief.
The silent and desponding crowd,
Broke out in murmurs, complaints, and last, in shouts;
And each mechanic grew a Mussulman.

Mah. But, say, is not our army at their gates?

Mir. Omar commands
Their nightly march, through unsuspected paths,
And with the morn appears.

Mah. At sight of them,
The weak remaining billows of this storm
Will lash themselves to peace—But where is Zaphna?

Mir. Safe in a dungeon, where he dies apace,
Unconscious of his fate; for well thou know'st,
Ere at the altar's foot he slew his sire,
In his own veins he bore his guilt's reward,
A deadly draught of poison.

Mah. I would be kind, and let him die deceiv'd,
Nor know that parent blood defiles his soul.

Mir. He cannot know it: if the grave be silent,
I'm sure *Hercides* is——

Mah. Unhappy *Zaphna*!
Something like pity checks me for thy death.
My safety claim'd his life,
And all the heaven of fair *Palmira's* charms
Shall be my great reward.

Mir. My noble lord,
Palmira is at hand, and waits your pleasure.

Mah. At hand! how, *Mirvan*, couldst thou let me talk
On themes of guilt, when that pure angel's near?

Mir. The weeping fair, led on by flatt'ring hope
Of *Zaphna's* life, attends your sacred will:
A silent pale dejection shrouds her cheeks,
And, like the lily in a morning show'r,
She droops her head, and looks up all her sweets.

Mah. Say *Mahomet* awaits, and then
Assemble all our chiefs, and on this platform
Let them attend me straight. [Exit *Mirvan*.]

Enter PALMIRA.

Pal. Where have they led me?
Methinks, each step I take, the mangled corpse
Of my dear father, by poor *Zaphna* mangled,
Lies in my way, and all I see is blood. [Starts.]
'Tis the impostor's self!—Burst, heart, in silence!

[Aside.]

Mah. Maid, lay aside this dread. *Palmira's* fate,
And that of *Mecca*, by my will is fix'd.
This great event, that fills thy soul with horror,
Is myst'ry to all, but heaven and *Mahomet*.

Pal. Oh, ever righteous heaven, canst thou suffer
This sacrilegious hypocrite, this spoiler,

To steal thy terrors and blaspheme thy name,
Nor doom him instant dead?

[*Aside.*

Mah. Child of my care,
At length from galling chains I've set thee free,
And made thee triumph in a just revenge;
Think then thou'rt dear to me, and Mahomet
Regards thee with a more than father's eye;
Then know, if thou'lt deserve the mighty boon,
A higher name, a nobler fate awaits thee.

Pal. What would the tyrant?

Mah. Raise thy thoughts to glory;
And sweep this Zaphna from thy memory,
With all that's past—Let that mean flame expire
Before the blaze of empire's radiant sun.
Thy grateful heart must answer to my bounties,
Follow my laws, and share in all my conquests.

Pal. What laws, what bounties, and what conquests,
tyrant?

Fraud is thy law, the tomb thy only bounty;
Thy conquests, fatal as infected air,
Dispeopling half the globe!—See here, good heaven!
The venerable prophet I rever'd,
The king I serv'd, the god that I ador'd!

Mah. [*Approaches her*] Whence this unwonted lan-
guage, this wild frenzy?

Pal. Where is the spirit of my martyr'd father?
Where Zaphna's? where Palmira's innocence?
Blasted by thee—by thee, infernal monster!
Thou found'st us angels, and hast made us fiends!—
Give, give us back our lives, our fame, our virtue!
Thou canst not, tyrant!—yet thou seek'st my love—
Seek'st with Alcanor's blood, his daughter's love!

Mah. Horror and death! the fatal secret's known!

[*Aside.*

Re-enter MIRVAN.

Mir. Oh, Mahomet! all's lost, thy glory tarnish'd,
And the insatiate tomb ripe to devour us!
Hereides' parting breath divulg'd the secret.
The prison's forc'd, the city all in arms:

See, where they bear aloft their murder'd chief,
Fell Zaphna in their front, death in his looks,
Rage all his strength. Spite of the deadly draught,
He holds in life, but to make sure of vengeance.

Mah. What dost thou here then? Instant with our
guards,
Attempt to stem their progress, till the arrival
Of Omar with the troops.

Mir. I haste, my lord. [Exit]

Pal. Now, now, my hour's at hand!
Hear'st thou those shouts, that rend the ambient air?
See'st thou those glancing fires, that add new horrors
To the night's gloom?—Fresh from thy murd'ring
poniard,

My father's spirit leads the vengeful shades
Of all the wretches whom thy sword has butcher'd!

Mah. What terror's this, that hangs upon her accents?
I feel her virtue, though I know her weakness. [Aside.]

Pal. Thou ask'st my love; go, seek it in the grave
Of good Alcanor—Talk'st of grateful minds;
Bid Zaphna plead for thee, and I may hear thee:
Till then thou art my scorn—May'st thou, like me,
Behold thy dearest blood spilt at thy feet.
Mecca, Medina, all our Asian world,
Join, join to drive the impostor from the earth,
Blush at his chains, and shake them off in vengeance!

Mah. Be still, my soul, nor let a woman's rage
Ruffle thy wonted calm. [Aside.]—Spite of thy hate
Thou'rt lovely still, and charming even in madness.

[A Shout, and Noise of Fighting.]

My fair, retire—nor let thy gentle soul
Shake with alarms; thou'rt my peculiar care:
I go to quell this trait'rous insurrection,
And will attend thee straight.

Pal. No, tyrant, no!
I'll join my brother, help to head our friends,
And urge them on. [A Shout.]
Roll, roll your thunders, heaven, and aid the storm!
Now, hurl your lightning on the guilty head,
And plead the cause of injured innocence! [Exit.]

Enter ALI.

Mah. Whence, Ali, that surprise?

Ali. My royal chief,

The foe prevails—Thy troops, led on by Mirvan,
Are all cut off, and valiant Mirvan's self,
By Zaphna slain, lies weltring in his blood :
The guard, that to our arms should ope the gates,
Struck with the common frenzy, vow thy ruin;
And death and vengeance is the gen'ral cry.

Mah. Can Ali fear? Then, Mahomet, be thyself!

Ali. See, thy few friends, whom wild despair hath
arm'd,

But arm'd in vain, are come to die beside thee.

Mah. Ye heartless traitors! Mahomet alone
Shall be his own defender, and your guard
Against the crowds of Mecca—Follow me!

*Re-enter PALMIRA, with ZAPHNA, PHARON, Citizens,
and the Body of ALCANOR, on a Bier.*

Ha!

Zaph. See, my friends, where the impostor stands,
With head erect, as if he knew not guilt;
As if no tongue spake from Alcanor's wound,
Nor call'd for vengeance on him!

Mah. Impious man!

Is't not enough to have spilt thy parent blood,
But, with atrocious and blaspheming lips,
Dar'st thou arraign the substitute of heaven?

Zaph. The substitute of heaven! so is the sword,
The pestilence, the famine—such art thou!
Such are the blessings heaven has sent to man,
By thee, its delegate!

How couldst thou damn us thus?

Mah. Babbler, avaunt!

Zaph. Well thou upbraid'st me, for to parley with thee
Half brands me coward. Oh, revenge me, friends!
Revenge Alcanor's massacre! revenge
Palmira's wrongs, and crush the rancorous monster!

Mah. Hear me, ye slaves! born to obey my will—

Pal. Ah! hear him not—fraud dwells upon his tongue!

Zaph. Have at thee, fend!—Ha! heaven!

[Advances, reels, and reclines on his Sword.
 What cloud is this

at thwarts upon my sight? My head grows dizzy,
 joints unloose—sure, 'tis the stroke of fate!

Mah. The poison works—then triumph, Mahomet!
[Aside.

Zaph. Off, off, base lethargy!

Pal. Brother, dismay'd!

Is't thou no power but in a guilty cause,
 And only strength to be a parricide?

Zaph. Spare that reproach—Come on—It will not be.
[Hangs down his Sword, and reclines on Pharon.

Some cruel power unnerves my willing arm,
 Blasts my resolves, and weighs me down to earth.

Mah. Such be the fate of all who brave our law!

Nature and death have heard my voice, and now

Let heaven be judge 'twixt Zaphna and myself,

And instant blast the guilty of the two!

Pal. Brother! Oh, Zaphna!

Zaph. Zaphna, now no more.

*[Sinks down by Alcanor's Body, and leans on the Bier ;
 Pharon kneels down with him, and supports him.*

Down, down, good Pharon—Thou, poor injur'd corse,

May I embrace thee? Won't thy pallid wound

Purple anew at the unnatural touch,

And ooze fresh calls for vengeance?

Pal. Oh, my brother!

Zaph. In vain's the guiltless meaning of my heart;

High heaven detests th' involuntary crime,

And dooms for parricide—Then tremble, tyrant!

If the Supreme can punish error thus,

What new-invented tortures must await

Thy soul, grown leprous with such foul offences!

But soft—now fate and nature are at strife—

Sister, farewell! with transport should I quit

This toilsome, perilous, delusive stage,

But that I leave thee on't—leave thee, Palmira,

Expos'd to what is worse than fear can image—

That tyrant's moroy—Look on her, heaven!
Guide her, and—Oh!—

[Dies.

Pal. Think not, ye men of Mecca,
This death inflicted by the hand of heaven;
'Tis he—that viper!

Mah. Know, ye faithless wretches!
'Tis mine to deal the bolts of angry heaven!
Behold them there; and let the wretch who doubts,
Tremble at Zaphna's fate, and know that Mahomet
Can read his thoughts, and doom him with a look.
Go then, and thank your pontiff, and your prince,
For each day's sun he grants you to behold.
Hence, to your temples, and appease my rage!

[The People go off.

Pal. Ah, stay! my brother's murder'd by this tyrant!
By poison, not by piety, he kills.

Mah. 'Tis done—Thus ever be our law receiv'd!

[Aside.

Now, fair Palmira—

Pal. Monster! is it thus
Thou mak'st thyself a god, by added crimes,
And murders, justify'd by sacrilege?

Mah. Think, exquisite Palmira, for thy sake—

Pal. Thou'st been the murderer of all my race,
See where Alcanor, see where Zaphna lies!
Do they not call for me too; at thy hands?
Oh that they did!—But I can read thy thoughts;
Palmira's sav'd for something worse than death;
'This to prevent—Zaphna, I follow thee!

[Stabs herself with Zaphna's Sword.

Mah. What hast thou done?

Pal. A deed of glory, tyrant!
Thou'st left no object worth Palmira's eye,
And when I shut out light, I shut out thee.

[Dies.

Mah. Farewell, dear victim of my boundless passion!
Oh, justice, justice!
In vain are glory, worship, and dominion!
All conq'ror as I am, I am a slave,
And, by the world ador'd, dwell with the damn'd!

My crimes have planted scorpions in my breast—
 Here, here I feel them! 'Tis in vain to brave
 The host of terrors that invade my soul—
 I might deceive the world, myself I cannot.

Ali. Be calm awhile, my lord; think what you are.

Mah. Ha! what am I? [Turns to the Bodies.

Ye breathless family!

Let your loud-crying wounds say what I am!

Oh, snatch me from that sight! quick, quick transport me
 To nature's loneliest mansion, where the sun
 Ne'er enter'd! where the sound of human tread
 Was never heard—But wherefore? still, I there,
 There still shall find myself—Ay, that's the hell!—
 I'll none on't!— [Draws his Sword.

Ali. Heavens! help—hold him! [Ali, &c. disarm him.

Mah. Paltry dastards!

You fled the foe, but can disarm your master.

Angel of death, whose power I've long proclaim'd,
 Now aid me, if thou canst!—now, if thou canst,
 Draw the kind curtain of eternal night,
 And shroud me from the horrors that beset me!

[Exeunt Mahomet, &c.

Phar. Oh! what a curse is life, when self-conviction
 Flings our offences hourly in our face,
 And turns existence torturer to itself!
 Here let the mad enthusiast turn his eyes,
 And see, from bigotry, what horrors rise!
 Here, in the blackest colours, let him read,
 That zeal, by craft misled, may act a deed,
 By which both innocence and virtue bleed.

} }
[Exeunt.

EPILOGUE.

ORIGINALLY SPOKEN BY MR. GARRICK.

LONG has the shameful license of the age
With senseless ribaldry disgrac'd the stage;
So much indecencies have been in vogue,
They pleaded custom in an epilogue;
As if the force of reason was a yoke
So heavy—they must ease it with a joke;
Disarm the moral of its virtuous way,
Or else the audience go displeas'd away.
How have I blush'd to see a tragic queen
With ill-tim'd mirth disgrace the well-wrote scene,
From all the sad solemnity of woe
Trip nimbly forth—to ridicule a beau;
Then, as the loosest airs she had been gleaning,
Coquet the fan, and leer a double meaning!
Shame on those arts that prostitute the bays!
Shame on the bard who this way hopes for praise!
The bold but honest author of to-night
Disdains to please you if he please not right;
If, in his well-meant scene you chance to find
Aught to ennoble or enlarge the mind,
If he has found the means, with honest art,
To fix the noblest wishes in the heart,
In softer accents to inform the fair
How bright they look when virtue drops the tear,
Enjoy with friendly welcome the repast,
And keep the heartfelt relish to the last.

THE MOCK DOCTOR;

OR,

The dumb Lady cured.

A FARCE.

BY HENRY FIELDING, ESQ.

CORRECTLY GIVEN, FROM COPIES USED IN THE THEATRES,

BY

THOMAS DIBDIN,

OF THE THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

Author of several Dramatic Pieces, &c.

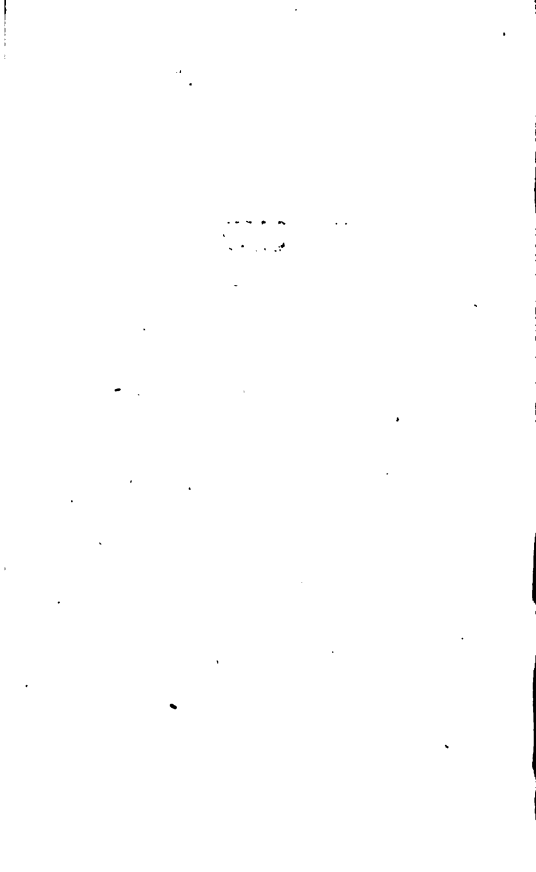


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ROW, LONDON.**

1815.



THE MOCK DOCTOR,

TAKEN from the **MEDICIN MALGRE LUI** of **Moliere**, was produced at **Drury Lane** in **1732**.

The songs (now all omitted as too coarse) were original; and in the dialogue Fielding is thought to have imbibed the true spirit of the French author.

This farce, divested of numberless indelicacies, is still frequently acted, and always a favourite; much more deservedly so, with submission to the warm advocates for our old legitimate dramas, than when first performed.

Were the author and translator living to see **Mr. Bannister's** performance of *Gregory*, it is probable they would not think their farce worse supported than at any part of the long period during which it has kept the stage.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

As originally acted at Drury Lane, in 1733. Drury Lane, 1814.

<i>Sir Jasper</i>	Mr. Shepherd.	Mr. Maddocks.
<i>Leander</i>	Mr. Stopelaer.	Mr. Wallack.
<i>Gregory</i>	Mr. Cibber, jun.	Mr. Bannister.
<i>Robert</i>	Mr. Jones.	Mr. Waldegrave.
<i>James</i>	Mr. Mullart.	Mr. Fisher.
<i>Harry</i>	Mr. Roberts.	Mr. Evans.
<i>Hellebore</i>	Mr. Roberts.	Mr. Sparks.
<i>Dorcas</i>	Miss Raftor.	Miss Mellon.
<i>Charlotte</i>	Miss Williams.	Mrs. Scott.
<i>Maid</i>	Mrs. Meara.	Miss Jones.

SCENE—*Partly in a country Town, and partly in a Wood.*

ACT THE FIRST.



SCENE I. A Wood.

Enter DORCAS and GREGORY.

Greg. I TELL you no, I won't comply; and it is my business to talk, and to command.

Dor. And I tell you, you shall conform to my will; and that I was not married to you to suffer your ill humours.

Greg. O the intolerable fatigue of matrimony! Aristotle never said a better thing in his life, than when he told us, "that a wife is worse than a devil."

Dor. Hear the learned gentleman, with his Aristotle.

Greg. And a learned man I am too. Find me out a maker of faggots, that's able, like myself, to reason upon things, or that can boast such an education as mine.

Dor. An education!

Greg. Ay, hussy, a regular education; first at the charity-school, where I learn'd to read; then I waited on a gentleman at Oxford, where I learn'd—very near as much as my master; from whence I attended a tra-

velling physician six years, under the facitious denomination of a Merry Andrew, where I learn'd physic.

Dor. O that thou hadst follow'd him still! Curs'd be the hour wherein I answer'd the parson "I will."

Greg. And curs'd be the parson that ask'd me the question!

Dor. You have reason to complain of him indeed, who ought to be on your knees every moment returning thanks to heaven for that great blessing it sent you, when it sent you myself.—I hope you have not the assurance to think you deserv'd such a wife as me?

Greg. No, really I don't think I do. Come, come, madam, it was a lucky day for you when you found me out.

Dor. Lucky indeed! a fellow who eats every thing I have.

Greg. That happens to be a mistake; for I drink some part on't.

Dor. That has not even left me a bed to lie on.

Greg. You'll rise the earlier.

Dor. And who from morning till night is eternally in an alehouse.

Greg. It's genteel; the squire does the same.

Dor. Pray, sir, what are you willing I shall do with my family?

Greg. Whatever you please.

Dor. My four little children, that are continually crying for bread.

Greg. Give 'em a rod! best cure in the world for crying children.

Dor. And do you imagine, sot——

Greg. Harkye, my dear, you know my temper is not over and above passive, and that my arm is extremely active.

Dor. I laugh at your threats, poor beggarly, insolent fellow.

Greg. Soft object of my wishing eyes, I shall play with your pretty ears.

Dor. Touch me if you dare, you insolent, impudent, dirty, lazy, rascally——

Greg. Oh, ho, ho! you will have it then, I find.

[Beats her.

Dor. O murder! murder!

Enter SQUIRE ROBERT.

Squire R. What's the matter here? Fie upon you! fie upon you, neighbour, to beat your wife in this scandalous manner.

Dor. Well, sir, and I have a mind to be beat, and what then?

Squire R. O dear, madam! I give my consent, with all my heart and soul.

Dor. What's that to you, saucebox? Is it any business of yours?

Squire R. No certainly, madam.

Dor. Here's an impertinent fellow for you, won't suffer a husband to beat his own wife!

Squire R. Neighbour, I ask your pardon heartily. Here, take and thrash your wife; beat her as you ought to do.

Greg. No, sir, I won't beat her.

Squire R. O, sir, that's another thing.

Greg. I'll beat her when I please, and will not beat her when I do not please. She is my wife, and not yours.

Squire R. Certainly.

Dor. Give me the stick, dear husband.

Squire R. Well, if ever I attempt to part husband and wife again, may I be beaten myself. [Exit.

Greg. Come, my dear, let us be friends.

Dor. What, after beating me, so?

Greg. 'Twas but in jest.

Dor. I desire you will crack your jests on your own bones, not on mine.

Greg. Pshaw! you know you and I are one, and I beat one half of myself when I beat you.

Dor. Yes, but for the future I desire you will beat the other half of yourself.

Greg. Come, my pretty dear, I ask pardon; I'm sorry for't.

Dor. For once I pardon you.—But you shall pay for it. [Aside.

Greg. Pshaw! pshaw! child, these are only little affairs, necessary in friendship; four or five good blows with a cudgel between your very fond couples, only tend to heighten the affections. I'll now to the wood, and I promise thee to make a hundred faggots before I come home again. [Exit.

Dor. If I am not reveng'd for those blows of yours!—Oh, that I could but think of some method to be reveng'd on him! Hang the rogue, he's quite insensible of cuckoldom.

Enter HARRY and JAMES.

Harry. Were ever two fools sent on such a message as we are, in quest of a dumb doctor?

James. Blame your own cursed memory, that made you forget his name. For my part, I'll travel through the world, rather than return without him; that were as much as a limb or two were worth.

Harry. Was ever such a cursed misfortune! to lose the letter? I should not even know his name, if I were to hear it.

Dor. Can I find no invention to be reveng'd?—Hey-day! who are these?

James. Harkye, mistress, do you know where—where—where doctor What-d'ye-call-him lives?

Dor. Doctor who?

James. Doctor——doctor——what's his name?

Dor. Hey! what has the fellow a mind to banter me?

Harry. Is there no physician hereabouts famous for curing dumbness?

Dor. I fancy you have no need of such a physician, Mr. Impertinence.

Harry. Don't mistake us, good woman, we don't mean to banter you; we are sent by our master, whose daughter has lost her speech, for a certain physician who lives hereabouts; we have lost our direction, and 'tis as much as our lives are worth to return without him.

Dor. There is one doctor Lazy lives just by, but he has left off practising. You would not get him a mile to save the lives of a thousand patients.

James. Direct us but to him; we'll bring him with us one way or other, I warrant you.

Harry. Ay, ay, we'll have him with us, though we carry him on our backs.

Dor. Ha! heaven has inspir'd me with one of the most admirable inventions to be reveng'd on my hang-dog! [*Aside*].—I assure you, if you can get him with you, he'll do your young lady's business for her; he's reckon'd one of the best physicians in the world, especially for dumbness.

Harry. Pray tell us where he lives.

Dor. You'll never be able to get him out of his own house; but if you watch hereabouts, you'll certainly meet with him, for he very often amuses himself here with cutting wood.

Harry. A physician out wood?

James. I suppose he amuses himself in searching after herbs, you mean?

Dor. No, he's one of the most extraordinary men in the world: he goes dressed like a common clown; for there is nothing he so much dreads as to be known for a physician.

James. All your great men have some strange oddities about 'em.

Dor. Why he will suffer himself to be beat, before he will own himself to be a physician; and I'll give you my word, you'll never make him own himself one, unless you both take a good cudgel, and thrash him into it; 'tis what we are all forced to do when we have any need of him.

James. What a ridiculous whim is here!

Dor. Very true; and in so great a man.

James. And is he so very skilful a man?

Dor. Skilful! why he does miracles. About half a year ago, a woman was given over by all her physicians, nay, she had been dead some time; when this great man came to her, as soon as he saw her, he pour'd a little

drop of something down her throat—he had no sooner done it, than she got out of her bed, and walk'd about the room, as if there had been nothing the matter with her.

Both. Oh, prodigious!

Dor. 'Tis not above three weeks ago, that a child of twelve years old fell from the top of the house to the bottom, and broke its skull, its arms, and legs.—Our physician was no sooner drubb'd into making him a visit, than having rubb'd the child all over with a certain ointment, it got upon its legs, and run away to play.

Both. Oh, most wonderful!

Harry. Hey! 'Gad, James, we'll drab him out of a pot of this ointment.

James. But can he cure dumbness?

Dor. Dumbness! why the curate of our parish's wife was born dumb, and the doctor, with a sort of wash, washed her tongue till he set it a going, so that in less than a month's time she out-talked her husband.

Harry. This must be the very man we were sent after.

Dor. Yonder is the very man I speak of.

James. What, that he yonder?

Dor. The very same.—He has spied us, and taken up his bill.

James. Come, Harry, don't let us lose one moment.—Mistress, your servant; we give you ten thousand thanks for this favour.

Dor. Be sure and make good use of your sticks.

James. He shan't want that. [Exit.

SCENE II. *Another Part of the Wood.*

GREGORY discovered at Work.

Greg. Pox on't! 'tis most confounded hot weather. Hey! who have we here?

Enter JAMES and HARRY.

James. Sir, your most obedient humble servant.

Greg. Sir, your servant.

James. We are mighty happy in finding you here.

Greg. Ay, like enough.

James. 'Tis in your power, sir, to do us a very great favour.—We come, sir, to implore your assistance in a certain affair.

Greg. If it be in my power to give you any assistance, masters, I am very ready to do it.

James. Sir, you are extremely obliging. But, dear sir, let me beg you'd be cover'd; the sun will hurt your complexion.

Harry. For heaven's sake, sir, be cover'd.

Greg. These should be footmen by their dress, but should be courtiers by their ceremony. [*Aside.*]

James. You must not think it strange, sir, that we come thus to seek after you; men of your capacity will be sought after by the whole world.

Greg. Truly, gentlemen, though I say it, that should not say it, I have a pretty good hand at a faggot.

James. O dear sir!

Greg. You may, perhaps, buy faggots cheaper elsewhere; but if you find such in all this country, you shall have mine for nothing. To make but one word then with you, you shall have mine for ten shillings a hundred.

James. Don't talk in that manner, I desire you.

Greg. I could not sell 'em a penny cheaper, if 'twas to my father.

James. Dear sir, we know you very well; don't jest with us in this manner.

Greg. Faith, master, I am so much in earnest, that I can't bate one farthing.

James. O pray, sir, leave this idle discourse.—Can a person like you, amuse himself in this manner? Can a learned and famous physician, like you, try to disguise himself to the world, and bury such fine talents in the woods?

Greg. The fellow's a fool. [*Aside.*]

James. Let me entreat you, sir, not to dissemble with us.

Harry. It is in vain, sir; we know what you are.

Greg. Know what you are! what do you know of me?

James. Why, we know you, sir, to be a very great physician.

Greg. Physician in your teeth! I a physician!

James. The fit is on him. [*Aside*] Sir, let me beseech you to conceal yourself no longer, and oblige us to you know what.

Greg. Devil take me, if I know what, sir.—But I know this, that I'm no physician.

James. We must proceed to the usual remedy, I find. [*Aside*]—And so you are no physician?

Greg. No.

James. You are no physician?

Greg. No, I tell you.

James. Well, if we must, we must. [*They beat him.*]

Greg. Oh, oh! gentlemen, gentlemen! what are you doing? I am—I am—whatever you please to have me.

James. Why will you oblige us, sir, to this violence?

Harry. Why will you force us to this troublesome remedy?

James. I assure you, sir, it gives me a great deal of pain.

Greg. I assure you, sir, and so it does me. But pray, gentlemen, what is the reason that you have a mind to make a physician of me?

James. What! do you deny your being a physician again?

Greg. And the devil take me, if I am.

Harry. You are no physician?

Greg. May I be hang'd, if I am. [*They beat him*] Oh! —Oh!—Dear gentlemen; oh! for heaven's sake; I am a physician, and an apothecary too, if you'll have me; I had rather be any thing than be knock'd o'the head.

James. Dear sir, I am rejoic'd to see you come to your senses; I ask pardon ten thousand times for what you have forc'd us to.

Greg. Perhaps I am deceiv'd myself; and am a phy-

sician without knowing it. But, dear gentlemen, are you certain I'm a physician?

James. Yes, the greatest physician in the world.

Greg. Indeed!

Harry. A physician that has cur'd all sorts of distempers.

Greg. The devil I have!

James. That has made a woman walk about the room after she was dead six hours.

Harry. That set a child upon its legs immediately after it had broke 'em.

James. That made the curate's wife, who was dumb, talk faster than her husband.

Harry. Lookye, sir, you shall have content; my master will give you whatever you will demand.

Greg. Shall I have whatever I will demand?

James. You may depend upon it.

Greg. I am a physician without doubt—I had forgot it, but I begin to recollect myself.—Well—and what is the distemper I am to cure?

James. My young mistress, sir, has lost her tongue.

Greg. The devil take me if I have found it.—But come, gentlemen, if I must go with you, I must have a physician's habit; for a physician can no more prescribe without a full wig than without a fee. [Exit.

ACT THE SECOND.



SCENE I. SIR JASPER'S House.

Enter SIR JASPER and JAMES.

Sir J. Where is he? Where is he?

James. Only recruiting himself after his journey. You need not be impatient, sir, for were my young lady dead, he'd bring her to life again.—He makes no more of bringing a patient to life, than other physicians do of killing him.

Sir J. 'Tis strange so great a man should have those unaccountable odd humours you mention'd.

James. 'Tis but a good blow or two, and he comes immediately to himself.—Here he is.

Enter GREGORY and HARRY.

Harry. Sir, this is the doctor.

Sir J. Dear sir, you're the welcomest man in the world.

Greg. Hippocrates says, we should both be cover'd.

Sir J. Ha! does Hippocrates say so? In what chapter, pray?

Greg. In his chapter of hats.

Sir J. Since Hippocrates says so, I shall obey him.

Greg. Doctor, after having exceedingly travell'd in the highway of letters——

Sir J. Doctor! Pray whom do you speak to?

Greg. To you, doctor.

Sir J. Ha, ha!——I am a knight, thank the king's grace for it; but no doctor.

Greg. What, you're no doctor?

Sir J. No, upon my word.

Greg. You're no doctor?

Sir J. Doctor! no.

Greg. There—'tis done. [Beats him.

Sir J. Done; in the devil's name, what's done?

Greg. Why, now you are made a doctor of physio—I am sure it's all the degrees I ever took.

Sir J. What devil of a fellow have you brought here?

James. I told you, sir, the doctor had strange whims with him.

Sir J. Whims, quotha!——'Egad, I shall bind his physicianship over to his good behaviour, if he has any more of these whims.

Greg. Sir, I ask pardon for the liberty I have taken.

Sir J. Oh! it's very well, it's very well for once.

Greg. I am sorry for those blows——

Sir J. Nothing at all, nothing at all, sir.

Greg. Which I was oblig'd to have the honour of laying on so thick upon you.

Sir J. Let's talk no more of 'em, sir——My daughter, doctor, is fallen into a very strange distemper.

Greg. Sir, I am overjoy'd to hear it: and I wish with all my heart, you and your whole family had the same occasion for me as your daughter, to show the great desire I have to serve you.

Sir J. Sir, I am oblig'd to you.

Greg. I assure you, sir, I speak from the very bottom of my soul.

Sir J. I do believe you, sir, from the very bottom of mine.

Greg. What is your daughter's name?

Sir J. My daughter's name is Charlot.

Greg. Are you sure she was christen'd Charlot?

Sir J. No, sir, she was christen'd Charlotta.

Greg. Hum! I had rather she should have been christen'd Charlotte. Charlotte is a very good name for a patient; and, let me tell you, the name is often of as much service to the patient as the physician is.

Enter CHARLOTTE.

Sir J. Sir, my daughter's here.

Greg. Is that my patient? Upon my word she carries no distemper in her countenance; and I fancy a healthy young fellow would sit very well upon her.

Sir J. You make her smile, doctor.

Greg. So much the better; 'tis a very good sign when we can bring a patient to smile; it is a sign that the distemper begins to clarify, as we say,—Well, child, what's the matter with you? What's your distemper?

Char. Han, hi, hon, han.

Greg. What do you say?

Char. Han, hi, han, hon.

Greg. What, what, what?

Char. Han, hi, hon——

Greg. Han, hon, honin, ha!——I don't understand a word she says. Han, hi, hon! What the devil of a language is this?

Sir J. Why, that's her distemper, sir. She's become dumb, and no one can assign the cause; and this distemper, sir, has kept back her marriage.

Greg. Kept back her marriage! Why so?

Sir J. Because her lover refuses to have her till she's our'd.

Greg. O lud! was ever such a fool, that would not have his wife dumb!——Would to heaven my wife was dumb, I'd be far from desiring to cure her.—Does

this distemper, this han, hi, hon, oppress her very much?

Sir J. Yes, sir.

Greg. So much the better. Has she any great pains?

Sir J. Very great.

Greg. That's just as I would have it. Give me your hand, child. Hum—ha—a very dumb pulse indeed.

Sir J. You have guess'd her distemper.

Greg. Ay, sir, we great physicians know a distemper immediately: I know some of the college would call this the boree, or the coupee, or the sinkee, or twenty other distempers; but I give you my word, sir, your daughter is nothing more than dumb—So I'd have you be very easy, for there is nothing else the matter with her—If she were not dumb, she would be as well as I am.

Sir J. But I should be glad to know, doctor, from whence her dumbness proceeds?

Greg. Nothing so easily accounted for.—Her dumbness proceeds from her having lost her speech.

Sir J. But whence, if you please, proceeds her having lost her speech?

Greg. All our best authors will tell you, it is the impediment of the action of the tongue.

Sir J. But if you please, dear sir, your sentiments upon that impediment.

Greg. Aristotle has upon that subject said very fine things; very fine things.

Sir J. I believe it, doctor.

Greg. Ah! he was a great man, he was indeed a very great man.—A man, who upon that subject was a man that—But to return to our reasoning: I hold that this impediment of the action of the tongue is caused by certain humours which our great physicians call—humours—humours—Ah! you understand Latin?

Sir J. Not in the least.

Greg. What, not understand Latin?

Sir J. No, indeed, doctor.

Greg. So much the better. [*Aside*] *Cabricius arci thuram cathalimus, singulariter nom. Hæc musa hic, hæc, hoc, genitivo hujus, hunc, hanc musse. Bonus, bona, bonum. Estne oratio Latinus? Etiam. Quia substantivo et adjectivum concordat in generi numerum et casus, sic dicunt, aiunt, prædicant, clamitant, et similibus.*

Sir J. Ah! why did I neglect my studies.

Greg. Besides, sir, certain spirits passing from the left side, which is the seat of the liver, to the right, which is the seat of the heart, we find the lungs, which we call in Latin, whiskerus, having communication with the brain, which we name in Greek, jackbootos, by means of a hollow vein, which we call in Hebrew, periwiggus, meet in the road with the said spirits, which fill the ventricles of the omotaplasumus, and because the said humours have—You comprehend me well, sir? And because the said humours have a certain malignity—Listen seriously, I beg you.

Sir J. I do.

Greg. Have a certain malignity that is caused—Be attentive, if you please.

Sir J. I am.

Greg. That is caus'd, I say, by the acrimony of the humours engender'd in the concavity of the diaphragm; thence it arises, that these vapours, *propria quæ maribus tribuuntur, mascula dicas, ut sunt divorum, Mars, Bacchus, Apollo, virorum.*—This, sir, is the cause of your daughter's being dumb.

Harry. O that I had but his tongue!

Sir J. It is impossible to reason better, no doubt. But, dear sir, there is one thing.—I always thought, till now, that the heart was on the left side, and the liver on the right.

Greg. Ay, sir, so they were formerly, but we have chang'd all that.—The college at present, sir, proceeds upon an entire new method.

Sir J. I ask your pardon, sir.

Greg. Oh, sir! there's no harm; you're not oblig'd to know so much as we do.

Sir J. Very true; but, doctor, what would you have done with my daughter?

Greg. What would I have done with her? Why, my advice is, that you immediately put her into a bed warm'd with a brass warming-pan: cause her to drink one quart of spring water, mix'd with one pint of brandy, six Seville oranges, and three ounces of the best double-refin'd sugar.

Sir J. Why, this is punch, doctor.

Greg. Punch, sir! Ay, sir;—And what's better than punch to make people talk?—Never tell me of your juleps, your gruels, your—your—this, and that, and t'other; which are only arts to keep a patient in hand a long time.—I love to do business all at once.

Sir J. Doctor, I ask pardon; you shall be obey'd.

[Gives him Money.]

Greg. I'll return in the evening, and see what effect it has had on her. Sir Jasper, let me tell you, it were not amiss if you yourself took a little lenitive physio; I shall prepare something for you.

Sir J. Ha, ha, ha! No, no, doctor; I have escaped both doctors and distempers hitherto, and I am resolv'd the distemper shall pay me the first visit.

Greg. Say you so, sir? Why then if I can get no more patients here, I must even seek 'em elsewhere; and so humbly beggo te domine domitii veniam goundi foras.

Sir J. Well, this is a physician of vast capacity, but of exceeding odd humours.

[Exit.]

SCENE II. The Street.

Enter LEANDER.

Lean. Ah, Charlotte! thou hast no reason to apprehend my ignorance of what thou endurest, since I can so easily guess thy torment by my own.—Oh how much more justifiable are my fears, when you have not only the command of a parent, but the temptation of fortune to allure you!

Enter GREGORY.

Greg. Upon my word, this is a good beginning ; and since——

Lean. I have waited for you, doctor, a long time. I'm come to beg your assistance.

Greg. Ay, you have need of assistance indeed ! What a pulse is here ! What do you out o' your bed ?

[Feels his Pulse.]

Lean. Ha, ha, ha ! doctor, you're mistaken ; I am not sick, I assure you.

Greg. How, sir ! not sick ? Do you think I don't know when a man is sick, better than he does himself ?

Lean. Well, if I have any distemper, it is the love of that young lady, your patient, from whom you just now came ; and to whom if you can convey me, I swear, dear doctor, I shall be effectually cur'd.

Greg. Do you take me for a pimp, sir ? a physician for a pimp ?

Lean. Dear sir, make no noise.

Greg. Sir, I will make a noise ; you're an impertinent fellow.

Lean. Softly, good sir !

Greg. I shall show you, sir, that I'm not such a sort of a person, and that you are an insolent, saucy—*[Lean-der gives a Purse]*—I'm not speaking to you, sir ; but there are certain impertinent fellows in the world, that take people for what they are not—which always puts me, sir, into such a passion, that——

Lean. I ask pardon, sir, for the liberty I have taken.

Greg. O dear sir ! no offence in the least.—Pray, sir, how am I to serve you ?

Lean. This distemper, sir, which you are sent for to cure is feign'd, and is an invention of Charlotte's to deliver her from a match she dislikes.

Greg. Hum !—suppose you were to disguise yourself as an apothecary ?

Lean. I'm not very well known to her father, therefore believe I may pass upon him securely.

Greg. Go then, disguise yourself immediately; I'll wait for you here.—Ha! methinks I see a patient.

[*Exit Leander.*]

Enter DORCAS.

Dor. I'm like to pay severely for my frolic, if I have lost my husband by it.

Greg. Oh, physic and matrimony! my wife! What evil stars, in the devil's name, have sent her hither? If I could but persuade her to take a pill or two that I'd give her, I should be a physician to some purpose.—Come hider, sild, leta me feela your pulse.

Dor. What have you to do with my pulse?

Greg. I am de French physicion, my dear; and I am to feela de pulse of de pation.

Dor. Yes, but I am no pation, sir; nor want no physicion, good Dr. Ragou.

Greg. Begar, you must be put-a to bed, and taka de peel; me sal give you de litle peel dat sal cure you, as you have more distempere den evere were hered off.

Dor. What's the matter with the fool? If you feel my pulse any more, I shall feel your ears for you.

Greg. Begar, you must taka de peel.

Dor. Begar, I shall not taka de peel.

Greg. I'll take this opportunity to try her. [*Aside*]
—Maye dear, if you will not letta me cura you, you sal cura me; you sal be my physicion, and I will give you de fee.

[*Holds out a Purse.*]

Dor. Ay, my stomach does not go against those pills; and what must I do for your fee?

Greg. Oh, begar! me vill show you, me vill teacha you what you sal doe; you must come kissa me now, you must come kissa me.

Dor. [*Kisses him*] As I live, my very hang-dog! I've discover'd him in good time, or he had discover'd me.
[*Aside*].—Well, doctor, and are you cur'd now?

Greg. I shall make myself a cuckold presently.
[*Aside*].—Dis is not a propre place, dis is too public; for sud any one pass by while I taka dis physio, it vill preventa de operation.

Dor. What physio, doctore?

Greg. In your ear, dat.

[*Whispers.*

Dor. And in your ear, dat, sirrah. [*Boxing his Ear.*

Greg. What, my dear wife!—Oh, I'll be even with her for this.

[*Aside.*

Enter HELEBORE.

Hel. Are not you the great doctor, just come to this town, so famous for curing dumbness?

Greg. Sir, I am he.

Hel. Then, sir, I should be glad of your advice.

Greg. Let me feel your pulse.

Hel. Not for myself, good doctor; I am myself, sir, a brother of the faculty, what the world calls a mad doctor. I have at present under my care, a patient whom I can by no means prevail with to speak.

Greg. I shall make him speak, sir.

Hel. It will add, sir, to the great reputation you have already acquir'd, and I am happy in finding you.

Greg. Sir, I am as happy in finding you. You see that woman there; she is possess'd with a more strange sort of madness, and imagines every man she sees to be her husband. Now, sir, if you will but admit her into your house—

Hel. Most willingly, sir.

Greg. The first thing, sir, you are to do, is to let out thirty ounces of her blood; then, sir, you are to shave off all her hair, all her air, sir; after which you are to make a very severe use of your rod twice a day; and take a particular care that she have not the least allowance beyond bread and water.

Hel. Sir, I shall readily agree to the dictates of so great a man; nor can I help approving of your method, which is exceeding mild and wholesome.

Greg. My dear, that gentleman will conduct you to my lodging. [*To Dorcas*] Sir, I beg you will take a particular care of the lady. [*To Helebores.*

Hel. You may depend on't, sir, nothing in my power shall be wanting: you have only to inquire for Dr. Helebores.

Dor. 'Twon't be long before I see you, husband?

Hel. Husband! this is as unaccountable a madness as any I have yet met with.

[*Exeunt Helebre and Dorcas.*]

Re-enter LEANDER.

Greg. I think I shall be reveng'd of you now, my dear.—So, sir.

Lean. I think I make a pretty good apothecary now.

Greg. Yes, faith, you're almost as good an apothecary as I'm a physician; and if you please, I'll convey you to the patient.

Lean. If I did but know a few physical hard words—

Greg. A few physical hard words! why, in a few hard words consists the science. Would you know as much as the whole faculty in an instant, sir? Come along, come along.—Hold, let me go first; the doctor must always go before the apothecary. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. SIR JASPER'S House.

Enter SIR JASPER, CHARLOTTE, and Maid.

Sir J. Has she made no attempt to speak yet?

Maid. Not in the least, sir; so far from it, that as she used to make a sort of a noise before, she is now quite silent.

Sir J. [*Looks at his Watch*] 'Tis almost the time the doctor promis'd to return.

Enter GREGORY and LEANDER.

Oh! he is here. Doctor, your servant.

Greg. Well, sir, how does my patient?

Sir J. Rather worse, sir, since your prescription.

Greg. So much the better, 'tis a sign that it operates.

Sir J. Who is that gentleman, pray, with you?

Greg. An apothecary, sir. Mr. Apothecary, I desire you would immediately apply what I prescrib'd. It is, sir, a great and subtle question among the doctors, whether women are more easy to be cured than men.

I beg you would attend to this, sir, if you please.—Some say, no; others say, yes; and for my part, I say both yes and no; forasmuch as the incongruity of the opaque humours that meet in the natural temper of women, are the cause that the brutal part will always prevail over the sensible. One sees that the inequality of their opinions depends on the black movement of the circle of the moon; and as the sun, that darts his rays upon the concavity of the earth, finds—

Char. No, I am not at all capable of changing my opinion.

Sir J. My daughter speaks! my daughter speaks! Oh, the great power of physic! Oh, the admirable physician! How can I reward thee for such a service?

Greg. This distemper has given me a most insufferable deal of trouble.

[Traverses the Stage in a great Heat, Leander following.]

Char. Yes, sir, I have recover'd my speech; but I have recover'd it to tell you, that I never will have any husband but Leander.

[Speaks with great Eagerness, and drives Sir Jasper round the Stage.]

Sir J. But—

Char. Nothing is capable to shake the resolution I have taken.

Sir J. What?

Char. Your rhetoric is in vain; all your discourses signify nothing.

Sir J. I—

Char. I am determin'd; and all the fathers in the world shall never oblige me to marry contrary to my inclinations.

Sir J. I have—

Char. I never will submit to this tyranny; and if I must not have the man I like, I'll die a maid.

Sir J. You shall have Mr. Dapper.

Greg. There, sir, there, I think we have brought her tongue to a pretty tolerable consistency.

Sir J. Consistency, quotha! why, there is no stopping her tongue.—Dear doctor, I desire you would make her dumb again.

Greg. That's impossible, sir; all that I can do to serve you is, I can make you deaf, if you please.

Sir J. And do you think——

Char. All your reasoning shall never conquer my resolution.

Sir J. You shall marry Mr. Dapper this evening.

Char. I'll be buried first.

Greg. Stay, sir, stay; let me regulate this affair; it is a distemper that possesses her, and I know what remedy to apply to it.

Sir J. Is it possible, sir, that you can cure the distempers of the mind?

Greg. Sir, I can cure any thing. Harkye, Mr. Apothecary, you see that the love she has for Leander is entirely contrary to the will of her father, and that there is no time to lose, and that an immediate remedy is necessary: for my part, I know of but one, which is a dose of purgative running-away, mixed with two drachms of pills matrimoniac. Perhaps she will make some difficulty to take them; but as you are an able apothecary, I shall trust to you for the success. Go, make her walk in the garden: be sure lose no time; to the remedy quick, to the remedy specific.

[*Exeunt Leander and Charlotte.*]

Enter DORCAS.

Dor. Where is this villain, this rogue, this pretended physician?

Sir J. Hey-day! what, what, what's the matter now?

Dor. Oh, sirrah! sirrah! would you have destroy'd your wife, you villain? Would you have been guilty of murder, dog?

Greg. Hoity-toity! What mad woman is this?

Sir J. Poor wretch! For pity's sake cure her, doctor.

Greg. Sir, I shall not cure her, unless somebody gives

me a fee. If you will give me a fee, sir Jasper, you shall see me cure her this instant.

Dor. I'll see you, you villain.—Cure me?

Enter JAMES.

James. Oh, sir! undone! undone! your daughter is run away with her lover, Leander, who was here disguis'd like an apothecary; and this is the rogue of a physician who has contriv'd all the affair.

Sir J. How! am I abus'd in this manner? Here, who is there? Bid my clerk bring pen, ink, and paper; I'll send this fellow to jail immediately.

James. Indeed, my good doctor, you stand a very fair chance to be hang'd for stealing an heiress.

Greg. Yes, indeed, I believe I shall take my degrees now.

Dor. And are they going to hang you, my dear husband?

Greg. You see, my dear wife.

Dor. Had you finish'd the faggots, it had been some consolation.

Greg. Leave me, or you'll break my heart.

Dor. No, I'll stay to encourage you at your death—nor will I budge an inch till I've seen you hang'd.

Re-enter LEANDER and CHARLOTTE.

Lean. Behold, sir, that Leander, whom you had forbid your house, restores your daughter to your power, even when he had her in his. I will receive her, sir, only at your hands.—I have received letters, by which I have learn'd the death of an uncle, whose estate far exceeds that of your intended son-in-law.

Sir J. Sir, your virtue is beyond all estates, and I give you my daughter with all the pleasure in the world.—May I beg to know whether you are a physician or not—or what the devil you are?

[To Gregory.]

Greg. I think, sir, after the miraculous cure you have seen me perform, you have no reason to ask whe-

ther I am a physician or no.—And for you, wife, I'll henceforth have you behave with all deference to my greatness.

Dor. Why, thou puff'd-up fool, I could have made as good a physician myself; the cure was owing to the apothecary, not the doctor. [Exit.

EPILOGUE.

WELL, ladies, pray how goes our *doctor* down?
Shall he not ev'n be sent for up to town?
'Tis such a pleasant and *audacious* rogue,
He'd have a *humming* chance to be in vogue.
What, though no *Greek* or *Latin* he command, }
Since he can talk what none can *understand*?
Ah! there are many such physicians in the land.
And what, though he has taken no *dégreés*,
No doctor here can better take—his fees.
Let none his real ignorance despise,
Since he can feel a pulse, and—*look* extremely wise.
Though, like some quack, he shine out in newspapers,
He is a *rare* physician for the *vapours*.
Ah! ladies, in that case he has more knowledge
Than all the *ancient* fellows of the college.
Besides, a *double* calling he pursues,
He writes you bills, and brings you—*billet-doux*.
Doctors, with *some*, are in small estimation,
But *pimps*, *all* own, are useful to the nation.
Physic now slackens, and now hastens death;
Pimping's the surest way of giving breath.
How many maids, who pine away their hours,
And droop, in beauteous spring, like blasted flow'rs,
Had still surviv'd, had they our doctor known; }
Widows, who grieve to death for husbands gone,
And wives, who die for husbands living on,
Would they our mighty doctor's art essay,
I'd warrant he—would put 'em in a way.
Doctors, beware, should once this quack take root,
'Egad, he'd force you all to walk on foot!

MISS IN HER TEENS;

OR,

The Medley of Lovers.

A FARCE.

BY DAVID GARRICK, ESQ.

CORRECTLY GIVEN, FROM COPIES USED IN THE THEATRES,

BY

THOMAS DIBDIN,

Author of several Dramatic Pieces: and

PROMPTER OF THE THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.



Printed at the Chiswick Press,

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1815.



MISS IN HER TEENS,

TAKEN from *La Parisienne* of D'Ancourt, was first acted at Covent Garden in 1747. It may be readily conceived that the inimitable performances of two such actors as Mr. Garrick and Mr. Woodward, in the characters of *Fribble* and *Captain Flash*, would have stamped with celebrity a farce of much less humour than **MISS IN HER TEENS**, which had a very successful run. The parts of *Sir Simon Loveit* and the *Aunt*, mentioned in the original list of characters, have been latterly omitted, as no way necessary to the piece.



PROLOGUE.

WRITTEN BY A FRIEND.

Too long has farce, neglecting nature's laws,
Debas'd the stage, and wrong'd the comic cause;
To raise a laugh has been her sole pretence,
Though dearly purchas'd at the price of sense;
This child of folly gain'd increase with time;
Fit for the place, succeeded *pantomime*;
Reviv'd her honours, join'd her motley band,
And song and low conceit o'er-ran the land.

More gen'rous views inform our author's breast,
From real life his characters are drest;
He seeks to trace the passions of mankind,
And while he spares the person, paints the mind.
In pleasing contrast he attempts to show
The vap'ring bully, and the fribbling beau,
Cowards alike, that full of martial airs,
And this as tender as the silk he wears.
Proud to divert, not anxious for renown,
Oft has the bard essay'd to please the town;
Your full applause out-paid his little art,
He boasts no merit but a grateful heart;
Pronounce your doom, he'll patiently submit,
Ye sov'reign judges of all works of wit!

To you the ore is brought, a lifeless mass,
You give the stamp, and then the coin may pass.

Now whether judgment prompt you to forgive,
Whether you bid this trifling offspring live,
Or with a frown shall send the sickly thing
To sleep whole ages under dulness' wing;
To your known candour we will always trust,
You never were, nor can you be, unjust.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

As originally acted, 1747. Drury Lane, 1808.

<i>Sir Simon Loveit</i> . .	Mr. Taswell.	[Omitted.]
<i>Captain Loveit</i> . . .	Mr. Havard.	Mr. Bartley.
<i>Fribble</i>	Mr. Garrick.	Mr. Russell.
<i>Flash</i>	Mr. Woodward.	Mr. R. Palmer.
<i>Puff</i>	Mr. Yates.	Mr. Purser.
<i>Jasper</i>	Mr. Blakes.	Mr. Fisher.
 <i>Miss Biddy</i>	 Mrs. Green.	 Mrs. Jordan.
<i>Aunt</i>	Mrs. Cross.	[Omitted.]
<i>Tag</i>	Mrs. Clive.	Mrs. Harlowe.

ACT THE FIRST.



SCENE I. A Street.

Enter CAPTAIN LOVEIT and PUFF.

Capt. L. **T**HIS is the place we were directed to ; and now, Puff, if I can get no intelligence of her, what will become of me ?

Puff. And me too, sir—You must consider I am a married man, and can't bear fatigue as I have done.—But pray, sir, why did you leave the army so abruptly, and not give me time to fill my knapsack with common necessities ? Half a dozen shirts and your regimentals are my whole cargo.

Capt. L. I was wild to get away ; and as soon as I obtain'd my leave of absence, I thought every moment an age 'till I returned to the place where I first saw this young, charming, innocent, bewitching creature.

Puff. With fifteen thousand pounds for her fortune—Strong motives, I must confess.—And now, sir, as you are pleased to say you must depend upon my care and abilities in this affair, I think I have a just right to be acquainted with the particulars of your passion, that I may be the better enabled to serve you.

Capt. L. You shall have 'em.—When I first left the university, which is now seven months since, my father, who loves his money better than his son, and would not settle a farthing upon me—

Puff. Mine did so by me, sir—

Capt. L. Purchas'd me a pair of colours at my own request; but before I join'd the regiment, which was going abroad, I took a ramble into the country with a fellow collegian, to see a relation of his who lived in Berkshire.—

Puff. A party of pleasure, I suppose.

Capt. L. During a short stay there I became acquainted with this young creature; she was just come from the boarding-school, and though she had all the simplicity of her age and the country, yet it was mix'd with such sensible vivacity, that I took fire at once.

Puff. I was tinder myself at your age. But pray, sir, did you take fire before you knew of her fortune?

Capt. L. Before, upon my honour.

Puff. Folly and constitution—But on, sir.

Capt. L. I was introduced to the family by the name of Rhodophil (for so my companion and I had settled it); at the end of three weeks I was obliged to attend the call of honour in Flanders.

Puff. Your parting, to be sure, was heart-breaking.

Capt. L. I feel it at this instant.—We vow'd eternal constancy, and I promised to take the first opportunity of returning to her: I did so; but we found the house was shut up; and all the information, you know, that we could get from the neighbouring cottage was, that miss and her aunt were remov'd to town, and liv'd somewhere near this part of it.

Puff. And now we are got to the place of action, propose your plan of operation.

Capt. L. My father lives but in the next street, so I must decamp immediately for fear of discoveries; you are not known to be my servant, so make what inquiries you can in the neighbourhood, and I shall wait at the inn for your intelligence.

Puff. I'll patrol hereabouts, and examine all that pass; but I've forgot the word, sir—miss Biddy—

Capt. L. Bellair.

Puff. A young lady of wit, beauty, and fifteen thousand pounds fortune—But, sir—

Capt. L. What do you say, *Puff*?

Puff. If your honour pleases to consider that I had a wife in town, whom I left somewhat abruptly half a year ago, you'll think it, I believe, but decent to make some inquiry after her first: to be sure it would be some small consolation to me to know whether the poor woman is living, or has made away with herself, or—

Capt. L. Pr'ythee don't distract me; a moment's delay is of the utmost consequence; I must insist upon an immediate compliance with my commands. [*Exit.*]

Puff. The devil's in these fiery young fellows; they think of nobody's wants but their own. He does not consider that I am flesh and blood as well as himself. However, I may kill two birds at once; for I shan't be surprised if I meet my lady walking the streets—But who have we here? Sure I should know that face.

Enter JASPER from a House.

Who's that? My old acquaintance, Jasper?

Jas. What, *Puff*! are you here?

Puff. My dear friend! Well, and now, Jasper, still easy and happy! *Toujours le même!*—What intrigues now? What girls have you ruin'd, and what cuckolds made, since you and I beat up together, eh?

Jas. Faith, business hath been very brisk during the war; men are scarce, you know; not that I can say I ever wanted amusement in the worst of times—But harkye, *Puff*—

Puff. Not a word aloud, I am incognito.

Jas. Why, faith, I should not have known you, if you had not spoke first; you seem to be a little en dishabille too, as well as incognito. Whom do you honour with your service now? Are you from the wars?

Puff. Piping hot, I assure you; fire and smoke will tarnish; a man that will go into such service as I have been in, will find his clothes the worse for wear, take my word for it: But how is it with you, friend Jasper? What you still serve, I see? You live at that house, I suppose?

Jas. I don't absolutely live, but I am most of my time there; I have within these two months entered into the service of an old gentleman, who hired a reputable servant, and dressed him as you see, because he has taken it into his head to fall in love.

Puff. False appetite and second childhood! But pr'ythee what's the object of his passion?

Jas. No less than a virgin of sixteen, I assure you.

Puff. Oh, the toothless old dotard!

Jas. And he mumbles, and plays with her till his mouth waters; and then he chuckles till he cries, and calls it his Bid and his Bidsy, and is so foolishly fond—

Puff. Bidsy! what's that?—

Jas. Her name is Biddy.

Puff. Biddy! What miss Biddy Bellair?

Jas. The same.—

Puff. I have no luck, to be sure. [*Aside*]—Oh! I have heard of her; she's of a pretty good family, and has some fortune, I know. But are things settled? Is the marriage fix'd?

Jas. Not absolutely; the girl, I believe, detests him; but her aunt, a very good, prudent, old lady, has given her consent, if he can gain her niece's; how it will end I can't tell—but I am hot upon't myself.

Puff. The devil! not marriage, I hope.

Jas. That is not yet determined.

Puff. Who is the lady, pray?

Jas. A maid in the same family, a woman of honour, I assure you: she has one husband already, a scoundrel sort of a fellow that has run away from her, and listed for a soldier; so towards the end of the campaign she hopes to have a certificate he's knock'd o'th' head: if not, I suppose we shall settle matters another way.

Puff. Well, speed the plough.—But, harkye, consummate without the certificate, if you can—keep your neck out of the collar—do—I have wore it these two years, and damnably gall'd I am.—

Jas. I'll take your advice; but I must run away to my master, who will be impatient for an answer to his message which I have just delivered to the young lady; so, dear Mr. Puff, I am your most obedient humble servant.

Puff. And I must to our agent's for my arrears. If you have an hour to spare, you'll hear of me at George's, or the Tilt-yard.—Au revoir, as we say abroad. [*Exit Jasper*] Thus we are as civil and as false as our betters; Jasper and I were always the beau monde exactly; we ever hated one another heartily, yet always shake hands—But now to my master, with a head full of news and a heart full of joy. [*Going, starts.*]

Angels and ministers of grace defend me!
It can't be! By heav'ns, it is that fretful porcupine, my wife! I can't stand it; what shall I do? I'll try to avoid her.

Enter TAG.

Tag. It must be he! I'll swear to the rogue at a mile's distance; he either has not seen me, or won't know me; if I can keep my temper I'll try him further. Pray, good sir, if I may be so bold—

Puff. I have nothing for you, good woman; don't trouble me.

Tag. If your honour pleases to look this way—

Puff. The kingdom is over-run with beggars; I suppose the last I gave to has sent this; but I have no more loose silver about me, so pr'ythee, woman, don't disturb me.

Tag. I can hold out no longer; oh, you villain, you! Where have you been, scoundrel? Do you know me now, varlet?

[*Seizes him.*]

Puff. Here watch, watch; zounds I shall have my pocket pick'd.

Tag. Own me this minute, hang-dog, and confess

every thing, or by the rage of an injured woman, I'll raise up the neighbourhood, throttle you, and send you to Newgate.

Puff. Amazement! what, my own dear Tag! Come to my arms, and let me press you to my heart, that pants for thee, and only thee, my true and lawful wife——Now my stars have over-paid me for the fatigue and danger of the field; I have wandered about like Achilles in search of faithful Penelope, and the gods have brought me to this happy spot. [*Embraces her.*]

Tag. The fellow's crack'd, for certain! Leave your bombastic stuff, and tell me, rascal, why you left me, and where you have been these six months, eh?

Puff. We'll reserve my adventures for our happy winter's evenings——I shall only tell you now, that my heart beat so strong in my country's cause, and being instigated by either honour or the devil (I can't tell which), I set out for Flanders, to gather laurels, and lay 'em at thy feet.

Tag. You left me to starve, villain, and beg my bread, you did so.

Puff. I left you too hastily I must confess, and often has my conscience stung me for it.—I am got into an officer's service, have been in several actions; gain'd some credit by my behaviour, and am now return'd with my master to indulge the genteeler passions.

Tag. Don't think to fob me off with this nonsensical talk; what have you brought me home besides?

Puff. Honour, and immoderate love.

Tag. I could tear your eyes out.

Puff. Temperance, or I walk off.

Tag. Temperance, traitor, temperance! What can you say for yourself? Leave me to the wide world——

Puff. Well I have been in the wide world too, han't I? What would the woman have?

Tag. Reduce me to the necessity of going to service.

[*Cries.*]

Puff. Why I'm in service too, your lord and master an't I, you sancy jade you?——Come, where dost live,

hereabouts? Hast got good vails? Dost go to market? Come, give me a kiss, darling, and tell me where I shall pay my duty to thee.

Tag. Why there. I live, at that house.

[Pointing to the House Jasper came out of.]

Puff. What, there? that house?

Tag. Yes, there, that house.—

Puff. Huzza! We're made for ever, you slut you! Huzza! Every thing conspires this day to make me happy—Prepare for an inundation of joy! My master is in love with your miss Biddy over head and ears, and she with him: I know she is courted by some old fool, and her aunt is not against the match; but now we are come, the town will be reliev'd; and the governor brought over: in plain English, our fortune is made; my master must marry the lady, and the old gentleman may go to the devil.

Tag. Hey-day! What's all this?

Puff. Say no more, the dice are thrown, doublets for us; away to your young mistress, while I run to my master; tell her Rhodophil! Rhodophil! will be with her immediately; then if her blood does not mount to her face like quicksilver in a weatherglass, and point to extreme hot, believe the whole to be a lie, and your husband no politician.

Tag. This is news indeed! I have had the place but a little while, and have not quite got into the secrets of the family; but part of your story is true, and if you bring your master, and miss is willing, I warrant we'll be too hard for the old folks.

Puff. I'll about it straight!—but hold, Tag, I had forgot—Pray how does Mr. Jasper do?

Tag. Mr. Jasper!—What do you mean? I—I—I—

Puff. What, out of countenance, child; oh, fie! Speak plain, my dear—and the certificate, when comes that eh, love?

Tag. He has sold himself and turn'd conjurer, or he would never have known it. [Aside.]

Puff. Are not you a jade? Are you not a Jewbel?—
Arn't you a—

Tag. O ho, temperance, or I walk off——

Puff. I know I am not finish'd yet, and so I am easy ; but more thanks to my fortune than your virtue, madam.

Tag. Away to your master, and I'll prepare his reception within.

Puff. Shall I bring the certificate with me? [Exit.

Tag. Go, you graceless rogue, you richly deserve it.
[Exit.

SCENE II. A Chamber..

Enter BIDDY.

Bid. How unfortunate a poor girl am I! dare not tell my secret to any body, and if I don't I'm undone—Heigho! [Sighs.

Enter TAG.

Pray, Tag, is my aunt gone to her lawyer about me? Heigho!

Tag. What's that sigh for, my dear young mistress?

Bid. I did not sigh, not I—— [Sighs.

Tag. Nay, never gulp 'em down, they are the worst things you can swallow. There's something in that little heart of yours, that swells it and puffs it, and will burst it at last, if you don't give it vent.

Bid. What would you have me tell you? [Sighs.

Tag. Come, come, you are afraid I'll betray you, but you had as good speak, I may do you some service you little think of.

Bid. It is not in your power, Tag, to give me what I want. [Sighs.

Tag. Not directly, perhaps; but I may be the means of helping you to it; as for example——If you should not like to marry the old man your aunt designs for you, one may find a way to break——

Bid. His neck, Tag.

Tag. Or the match; either will do, child.

Bid. I don't care which indeed, so I was clear of him——I don't think I'm fit to be married.

Tag. To him you mean——you have no objection to marriage, but the man, and I applaud you for it: But come, courage, miss, never keep it in; out with it all——

Bid. If you'll ask me any questions, I'll answer 'em; but I can't tell you any thing of myself, I shall blush if I do.

Tag. Well then—In the first place, pray tell me, miss Biddy Bellair, if you don't like somebody better than old sir Simon Loveit?

Bid. Heigho!

Tag. What's heigho, miss?

Bid. When I say heigho! it means yes.

Tag. Very well; and this somebody is a young handsome fellow?

Bid. Heigho!

Tag. And if you were once his, you would be as merry as the best of us?

Bid. Heigho!

Tag. So far so good; and since I have got you to wet your feet, souse over head at once, and the pain will be over.

Bid. There—then [*A long Sigh*] Now help me out, Tag, as fast as you can.

Tag. When did you hear from your gallant?

Bid. Never since he went to the army.

Tag. How so?

Bid. I was afraid the letters would fall into my aunt's hands, so I would not let him write to me; but I had a better reason then.

Tag. Pray let's hear that too.

Bid. Why, I thought if I should write to him and promise him to love nobody else, and should afterwards change my mind, he might think I was inconstant, and call me a coquette.

Tag. What a simple innocent it is! [*Aside*] And have you chang'd your mind, miss?

Bid. No indeed, Tag, I love him the best of any of 'em.

Tag. Of any of 'em! Why have you any more?

Bid. Pray don't ask me.

Tag. Nay, miss, if you only trust me by halves, you can't expect—

Bid. I will trust you with every thing.—When I

parted with him I grew melancholy; so in order to divert me, I have let two others court me till he returns again.

Tag. Is that all, my dear? Mighty simple, indeed.

[*Aside.*

Bid. One of 'em is a fine blust'ring man, and is called captain Flash; he's always talking of fighting and wars; he thinks he's sure of me, but I shall balk him; we shall see him this afternoon, for he press'd strongly to come, and I have given him leave, while my aunt's taking her afternoon's nap.

Tag. And who is the other, pray?

Bid. Quite another sort of a man; he speaks like a lady for all the world, and never swears as Mr. Flash does, but wears nice white gloves, and tells me what ribands become my complexion, where to stick my patches, who is the best milliner, where they sell the best tea, and which is the best wash for the face and the best paste for the hands; he is always playing with my fan, and showing his teeth; and whenever I speak he pats me—so—and cries—The devil take me, miss Biddy, but you'll be my perdition—Ha, ha, ha!

Tag. Oh, the pretty creature! and what do you call him, pray?

Bid. His name is Fribble, and you shall see him too; for by mistake I appointed them at the same time; but you must help me out with 'em.

Tag. And suppose your favourite should come too?

Bid. I should not care what became of the others.

Tag. What's his name?

Bid. It begins with an R—h—o—

Tag. I'll be hang'd if it is not Rhodophil.

Bid. I am frighten'd at you! You are a witch.

Tag. I am so, and I can tell your fortune too. Look me in the face. The gentleman you love most in the world will be at our house this afternoon; he arriv'd from the army this morning, and dies till he sees you.

Bid. Is he come, Tag? Don't joke with me—

Tag. Not to keep you longer in suspense, you must

know, the servant of your Strephon, by some unaccountable fate or other, is my lord and master; he has just been with me, and told me of his master's arrival and impatience——

Bid. Oh, my dear, dear Tag, you have put me out of my wits—I am all over in a flutter. I shall leap out of my skin—I don't know what to do with myself—Is he come, Tag?—I am ready to faint—I'd give the world I had put on another dress to-day.

Tag. I assure you, miss, you look charmingly!

Bid. Do I indeed, though? I'll alter my hair immediately.

Tag. We'll go to dinner first, and then I'll assist you.

Bid. Dinner! I can't eat a morsel—I don't know what's the matter with me—my ears tingle, my heart beats, my face flushes, and I tremble every joint of me—I must run in and look at myself in the glass this moment.—— [Exit.

Tag. Yes, she has it, and deeply too; this is no hypocrisy——

Not art but nature now performs her part,

And every word's the language of the heart. [Exit.

ACT THE SECOND.



SCENE I. *The same.*

Enter CAPTAIN LOVEIT, BIDDY, TAG, and PUFF.

Capt. L. To find you still constant, and to arrive at such a critical juncture, is the height of fortune and happiness.

Bid. Nothing shall force me from you; and if I am secure of your affections——

Puff. I'll be bound for him, madam, and give you any security you can ask.

Tag. Every thing goes on to our wish, sir; I just now had a second conference with my old lady, and she was so convinced by my arguments, that she return'd instantly to the lawyer to forbid the drawing out of any writings at all, and she is determin'd never to thwart miss's inclinations, and left it to us to give the old gentleman his discharge at the next visit.

Capt. L. Shall I undertake the old dragon.

Tag. If we have occasion for help, we shall call for you.

Bid. I expect him every moment, therefore I'll tell you what, Rhodophil, you and your man shall be lock'd up in my bed-chamber till we have settled matters with the old gentleman.

Capt. L. Do what you please with me.

Bid. You must not be impatient though.

Capt. L. I can undergo any thing with such a reward in view; one kiss and I'll be quite resign'd—And now show me the way. [*Exeunt.*]

Tag. Come, sirrah, when I have got you under lock and key I shall bring you to reason.

Puff. Are your wedding-clothes ready, my dove? The certificate's come.

Tag. Go follow your captain, sirrah—March—You may thank heav'n I had patience to stay so long.

[*Exit, with Puff.*]

Re-enter BIDDY.

Bid. I was very much alarm'd for fear my two gallants should come in upon us unawares; we should have had sad work if they had; I find I love Rhodophil vastly, for though my other sparks flatter me more, I can't abide the thoughts of 'em now—I have business upon my hands enough to turn my little head; but, 'egad, my heart's good, and a fig for dangers—Let me see, what shall I do with my two gallants? I must, at least, part with 'em decently.—Suppose I set 'em together by the ears?—The luckiest thought in the world! For if they won't quarrel (as I believe they won't) I can break with them for cowards, and very justly dismiss 'em my service; and if they will fight, and one of 'em should be kill'd, the other will certainly be hang'd or run away; and so I shall very handsomely get rid of both.

Re-enter TAG.

Well, Tag, are they safe?

Tag. I think so; the door's double locked, and I have the key in my pocket.

Bid. That's pure; but have you given them any thing to divert 'em?

Tag. I have given the captain one of your old gloves to mumble; but my Strephon is diverting himself with the more substantial comforts of a cold ven'son pasty.

Bid. What shall we do with the next that comes?

Tag. If Mr. Fribble comes first, I'll clap him up into my lady's store-room; I suppose he is a great maker of marmalade himself, and will have an opportunity of making some critical remarks upon our pastry and sweetmeats.

Bid. When one of 'em comes, do you go and watch for the other, and as soon as you see him, run in to us and pretend it is my aunt, and so we shall have an excuse to lock him up till we want him.

Tag. You may depend upon me.—Here is one of 'em——

Enter FRIBBLE.

Bid. Mr. Fribble, your servant——

Frib. Miss Biddy, your slave——I hope I have not come upon you abruptly; I should have waited upon you sooner, but an accident happen'd that discompos'd me so, that I was oblig'd to go home again to take drops.

Bid. Indeed you don't look well, sir.—Go, Tag, and do as I bid you.

Tag. I will, madam.

[*Erit.*

Bid. I have set my maid to watch my aunt, that we mayn't be surpris'd by her.

Frib. Your prudence is equal to your beauty, miss; and I hope your permitting me to kiss your hands, will be no impeachment to your understanding.

Bid. I hate the sight of him. [*Aside*]—I was afraid I should not have had the pleasure of seeing you; pray let me know what accident you met with, and what's the matter with your hand. I shan't be easy till I know.

Frib. Well, I vow, miss Biddy, you're a good creeter——I'll endeavour to muster up what little spirits I have, and tell you the whole affair——Hem!——But first you must give me leave to make you a present of a small pot of my lip-salve: my servant made it this morning; the ingredients are innocent, I assure you; nothing but the best virgin-wax, conserve of roses, and lily of the valley water.

Bid. I thank you, sir; but my lips are generally red, and when they an't, I bite 'em.

Frib. I bite my own sometimes, to pout 'em a little; but this will give them a softness, colour, and an agreeable moister—Thus let me make an humble offering at that shrine where I have already sacrificed my heart.

[*Kneels and gives the Lip-salve.*]

Bid. Upon my word that's very prettily express'd; you are positively the best company in the world—I wish he was out of the house.

[*Aside.*]

Frib. But to return to my accident, and the reason why my hand is in this condition—I beg you'll excuse the appearance of it, and be satisfied that nothing but mere necessity could have forc'd me to appear thus muffled before you.

Bid. I am very willing to excuse any misfortune that happens to you, sir.

[*Courtesies.*]

Frib. You are vastly good, indeed—Thus it was—Hem!—You must know, miss, there is not an animal in the creation I have so great an aversion to, as those hackney-coach fellows—As I was coming out of my lodgings, says one of 'em to me,—“Would your honour have a coach?”—“No, man,” said I, “not now,” with all the civility imaginable.—“I'll carry you and your doll too,” said he, “miss Margery, for the same price.”—Upon which the masculine beasts about us fell a laughing; then I turn'd round in a great passion, “Curse me,” says I, “fellow, but I'll trounce thee.”—And as I was holding out my hand in a threatening posture—thus—he makes a cut at me with his whip, and striking me over the nail of my little finger, it gave me such exquisite torter that I fainted away; and while I was in this condition, the mob pick'd my pocket of my purse, my scissars, my mecca smelling-bottle, and my huswife.

Bid. I shall laugh in his face. [*Aside*].—I am afraid you are in great pain; pray sit down, Mr. Fribble; but I hope your hand is in no danger?

[*They sit.*]

Frib. Not in the least, ma'am; pray don't be apprehensive—A milk poultice, and a gentle sudorific to-night, with a little manna in the morning, I am confident will relieve me entirely.

Bid. But pray, Mr. Fribble, do you make use of a huswife?

Frib. I can't do without it, ma'am; there is a club of us, all young bachelors, the sweetest society in the world; and we meet three times a week at each others lodgings, where we drink tea, hear the chat of the day, invent fashions for the ladies, make models of 'em, and cut out patterns in paper. We were the first inventors of knotting, and this fringe is the original produce and joint labour of our little community.

Bid. And who are your pretty set, pray?

Frib. There's Phil. Whiffle, Jacky Wagtail, my lord Trip, Billy Dimple, air Dilbery Diddle, and your humble——

Bid. What a sweet collection of happy creatures!

Frib. Indeed, and so we are, miss——But a prodigious fracas disconcerted us some time ago at Billy Dimple's——Three drunken naughty women of the town burst into our club-room, curst us all, threw down the china, broke six looking-glasses, scalded us with the slop-bason, and scratch'd poor Phil. Whiffle's cheek in such a manner, that he has kept his bed these three weeks.

Bid. Indeed, Mr. Fribble, I think all our sex have great reason to be angry; for if you are so happy now you are bachelors, the ladies may wish and sigh to very little purpose.

Frib. You are mistaken, I assure you; I am prodigiously rallied about my passion for you, I can tell you that, and am look'd upon as lost to our society already; he, he, he!

Bid. Pray, Mr. Fribble, now you have gone so far, don't think me impudent if I long to know how you intend to use the lady who has been honour'd with your affections?

Frib. Not as most other wives are used, I assure you; all the domestic business will be taken off her hands; I shall make the tea, comb the dogs, and dress the children myself; so that though I'm a commoner, Mrs. Fribble will lead the life of a woman of quality; for

she will have nothing to do, but lie in bed, play at cards, and scold the servants.

Bid. What a happy creature she must be!

Frib. Do you really think so? Then pray let me have a little serious talk with you—Though my passion is not of a long standing, I hope the sincerity of my intentions—

Bid. Ha, ha, ha!

Frib. Go, you wild thing. [*Pats her*] The devil take me but there is no talking to you—How can you use me in this barbarous manner: if I had the constitution of an alderman it would sink under my sufferings.—human nater can't support it.

Bid. Why, what would you do with me, Mr. Fribble?

Frib. Well, I vow I'll beat you if you talk so—Don't look at me in that manner—Flesh and blood can't bear it—I could—but I won't grow indecent—

Bid. But pray, sir, where are the verses you were to write upon me? I find if a young lady depends too much upon such fine gentlemen as you, she'll certainly be disappointed.

Frib. I vow the flutter I was put into this afternoon has quite turn'd my senses—here they are though—and I believe you'll like 'em.

Bid. There can be no doubt of it. [*Courtesies.*]

Frib. I protest, miss, I don't like that courtesy—Look at me, and always rise in this manner. [*Rises*] But, my dear creeter, who put on your cap to-day? They have made a fright of you, and it is as yellow as old lady Crowfoot's neck.—When we are settled, I'll dress your head myself.

Bid. Pray read the verses to me, Mr. Fribble.

Frib. I obey—Hem!—William Fribble, esq. to miss Biddy Bellair—greeting.

No ice so hard, so cold as I,
 'Till warm'd and soften'd by your eye;
 And now my heart dissolves away
 In dreams by night, in sighs by day;
 No brutal passion fires my breast,
 Which loathe the object when possess'd;

But one of harmless, gentle kind,
Whose joys are center'd—in the mind;
Then take with me love's better part,
His downy wing, but not his dart.

How do you like 'em?

Bid. Ha, ha, ha! I swear they are very pretty—but I don't quite understand 'em.

Frib. These light pieces are never so well understood in reading as singing; I have set 'em myself, and will endeavour to give 'em you—La—la—I have an abominable cold, and can't sing a note; however the tune's nothing; the manner's all. [*Sings.*

No ice so hard, &c.

Enter TAG, running.

Tag. Your aunt, your aunt, your aunt, madam!

Frib. What's the matter?

Bid. Hide, hide Mr. Fribble, Tag, or we are ruin'd.

Frib. Oh! for heaven's sake, put me any where, so I don't dirty my clothes.

Bid. Put him into the store-room, Tag, this moment.

Frib. Is it a damp place, Mrs. Tag? The floor is boarded, I hope?

Tag. Indeed it is not, sir.

Frib. What shall I do? I shall certainly catch my death! Where's my cambric handkerchief, and my salts? I shall certainly have my hysterics! [*Runs in.*

Bid. In, in, in—So now let the other come as soon as he will; I did not care if I had twenty of 'em, so they would but come one after another.

Re-enter TAG.

Was my aunt coming?

Tag. No, 'twas Mr. Flash, I suppose, by the length of his stride, and the cock of his hat. He'll be here this minute—What shall we do with him?

Bid. I'll manage him, I warrant you, and try his courage; be sure you are ready to second me—we shall have pure sport.

Tag. Hush! here he comes.

Enter FLASH, singing.

Flash. Well, my blossom, here am I! What hopes for a poor dog, eh? How! the maid here! then I've lost the town, damme! Not a shilling to bribe the governor; she'll spring a mine, and I shall be blown to the devil.

Bid. Don't be asham'd, Mr. Flash; I have told Tag the whole affair, and she's my friend, I can assure you.

Flash. Is she? then she won't be mine, I am certain. [*Aside*] Well, Mrs. Tag, you know, I suppose, what's to be done: this young lady and I have contracted ourselves; and so, if you please to stand bridemaid, why we'll fix the wedding-day directly.

Tag. The wedding-day, sir?

Flash. The wedding-day, sir? Ay, sir, the wedding-day, sir; what have you to say to that, sir?

Bid. My dear captain Flash, don't make such a noise; you'll wake my aunt.

Flash. And suppose I did, child, what then?

Bid. She'd be frighten'd out of her wits.

Flash. At me, miss! frighten'd at me? Tout au contraire, I assure you; you mistake the thing, child; I have some reason to believe I am not quite so shocking. [*Affectedly.*

Tag. Indeed, sir, you flatter yourself: but pray, sir, what are your pretensions?

Flash. The lady's promises, my own passion, and the best mounted blade in the three kingdoms. If any man can produce a better title, let him take her; if not, the d—! mince me, if I give up an atom of her.

Bid. He's in a fine passion, if he would but hold it. [*Aside.*

Tag. Pray, sir, hear reason a little.

Flash. I never do, madam; it is not my method of proceeding; here is my logic! [*Draws his Sword*] Sa, sa—my best argument is cart over arm, madam, ha, ha; [*Laughs*] and if he answers that, madam, through my small guts, my breath, blood, and mistress are all at his service.—Nothing more, madam.

Bid. This'll do, this'll do.

Tag. But, sir, sir, sir!

Flash. But, madam, madam, madam! I profess blood, madam; I was bred up to it from a child; I study the book of fate, and the camp is my university; I have attended the lectures of prince Charles upon the Rhine, and Bathiani upon the Po, and have extracted knowledge from the mouth of a cannon; I'm not to be frighten'd with squibs, madam, no, no.

Bid. Pray, dear sir, don't mind her; but let me prevail with you to go away this time—Your passion is very fine, to be sure; and when my aunt and Tag are out of the way, I'll let you know when I'd have you come again.

Flash. When you'd have me come again, child? And suppose I never would come again, what do you think of that now, ha? You pretend to be afraid of your aunt; your aunt knows what's what too well to refuse a good match when 'tis offer'd—Lookye, miss, I am a man of honour; glory is my aim; I have told you the road I am in; and do you see here, child? [*Showing his Sword*] no tricks upon travellers.

Bid. But pray, sir, hear me.

Flash. No, no, no; I know the world, madam: I am as well known at Covent-garden, as the dial, madam; I'll break a lamp, bully a constable, bam a justice, or bilk a box-keeper, with any man in the liberties of Westminster. What do you think of me now, madam?

Bid. Pray don't be so furious, sir.

Flash. Come, come, come, few words are best; somebody's happier than somebody, and I am a poor, silly fellow; ha, ha!—That's all——Look you, child, to be short (for I'm a man of reflection), I have but a bagatelle to say to you: I am in love with you up to hell and desperation; may the sky crush me if I am not——But since there is another more fortunate than I, adieu, Biddy! Prosperity to the happy rival, patience to poor Flash; but the first time we meet—gunpowder be my perdition, but I'll have the honour to cut a throat with him.

Bid. [*Stopping him*] You may meet with him now, if you please.

Flash. Now, may I?—Where is he? I'll sacrifice the villain! [Aloud.

Tag. Hush! he's but in the next room.

Flash. Is he? Ram me [Low] into a mortar-piece, but I'll have vengeance; my blood boils to be at him—Don't be frighten'd, miss!

Bid. No, sir, I never was better pleas'd, I assure you.

Flash. I shall soon do his business.

Bid. As soon as you please; take your own time.

Tag. I'll fetch the gentleman to you immediately.

[Going.

Flash. [Stopping her] Stay, stay a little; what a passion I am in!—Are you sure he is in the next room?—I shall certainly tear him to pieces—I would fain murder him like a gentleman too—Besides, this family shan't be brought into trouble upon my account.—I have it—I'll watch for him in the street, and mix his blood with the puddle of the next kennel. [Going.

Bid. [Stopping him] No, pray, Mr. Flash, let me see the battle; I shall be glad to see you fight for me; you shan't go indeed. [Holding him.

Tag. [Holding him] Oh, pray let me see you fight; there were two gentlemen fit yesterday, and my mistress was never so diverted in her life—I'll fetch him out. [Exit.

Bid. Do, stick him, stick him, captain Flash; I shall love you the better for it.

Flash. D——n your love; I wish I was out of the house. [Aside.

Bid. Here he is—Now speak some of your hard words, and run him through—

Flash. Don't be in fits now. [Aside to Biddy.

Bid. Never fear me.

Enter TAG and FRIBBLE.

Tag. [To Fribble] Take it on my word, sir, he is a bully, and nothing else.

Frib. [Frightened] I know you are my good friend; but perhaps you don't know his disposition.

Tag. I am confident he is a coward.

Frib. Is he? Nay, then I'm his man.

Flash. I like his looks; but I'll not venture too far at first.

Tag. Speak to him, sir.

Frib. I will—I understand, sir—hem—that you—by Mrs. Tag here—sir—who has inform'd me—hem—that you would be glad to speak with me—Dammee!

[Turns off.]

Flash. I can speak to you, sir—or to any body, sir—or I can let it alone, and hold my tongue—if I see occasion, sir, dammee!

[Turns off.]

Bid. Well said, Mr. Flash, be in a passion.

Tag. [To *Fribble*] Don't mind his looks; he changes colour already; to him, to him.

[Pushes him.]

Frib. Don't hurry me, Mrs. Tag, for heaven's sake! I shall be out of breath before I begin, if you do.—Sir—[To *Flash*] if you can't speak to a gentleman in another manner, sir, why then I'll venture to say, you had better hold your tongue—Oons!

Flash. Sir, you and I are of different opinions.

Frib. You and your opinion may go to the devil—Take that.

[Turns off to Tag.]

Tag. Well said, sir, the day's your own.

Bid. What's the matter, Mr. Flash? Is all your fury gone? Do you give me up?

Frib. I have done his business.

[Struts about.]

Flash. Give you up, madam! No, madam, when I am determin'd in my resolutions I am always calm; 'tis our way, madam; and now I shall proceed to business—Sir, I beg to say a word to you in private.

Frib. Keep your distance, fellow, and I'll answer you—That lady has confessed a passion for me; and as she has delivered up her heart into my keeping, nothing but my 'art's blood shall purchase it. Damnation!

Tag. Bravo! bravo!

Flash. If those are the conditions, I'll give you earnest for it directly. [Draws] Now, villain, renounce all right and title this minute, or the torrent of my rage will overflow my reason, and I shall annihilate the nothingness of your soul and body in an instant.

Frib. I wish there was a constable at hand to take us both up; we shall certainly do one another a prejudice.

Tag. No, you won't indeed, sir; pray bear up to him; if you would but draw your sword, and be in a passion, he would run away directly.

Frib. Will he? [*Draws his Sword*] Then I can no longer contain myself—Hell and the furies! Come on, thou savage brute!

Tag. Go on, sir.

[*Here they stand in fighting Postures, while Biddy and Tag push them forward.*]

Flash. Come on.

Bid. Go on.

Frib. Come on, rascal.

Tag. Go on, sir.

Enter CAPTAIN LOVEIT and PUFF.

Capt. L. What's the matter, my dear?

Bid. If you won't fight, here's one that will. Oh, Rhodophil, these two sparks are your rivals, and have pester'd me these two months with their addresses; they forced themselves into the house, and have been quarrelling about me, and disturbing the family; if they won't fight, pray kick them out of the house.

Capt. L. What's the matter, gentlemen?

[*They both keep their fencing Posture.*]

Flash. Don't part us, sir.

Frib. No, pray, sir, don't part us; we shall do you a mischief.

Capt. L. Puff, look to the other gentleman, and call a surgeon.

Bid. Tag. Ha, ha, ha!

Puff. Bless me! how can you stand under your wounds, sir?

Frib. Am I hurt, sir?

Puff. Hurt, sir! why you have—let me see—pray stand in the light—one, two, three, through the heart; and let me see—hum—eight through the small guts! Come, sir, make it up the round dozen, and then we'll part you.

All. Ha, ha, ha!

Capt. L. Come here, Puff.

[Whispers, and looks at Flash.]

Puff. 'Tis the very same, sir.

Capt. L. [To Flash] Pray, sir, have I not had the pleasure of seeing you abroad?

Flash. I have serv'd abroad.

Capt. L. Had not you the misfortune, sir, to be missing at the last engagement in Flanders?

Flash. I was found among the dead in the field of battle.

Puff. He was the first that fell, sir; the wind of a cannon-ball struck him flat upon his face; he had just strength enough to creep into a ditch, and there he was found after the battle in a most deplorable condition.

Capt. L. Pray, sir, what advancement did you get by the service of that day?

Flash. My wounds rendered me unfit for service, and I sold out.

Puff. Stole out, you mean.—We hunted him by scent to the water-side; thence he took shipping for England; and, taking the advantage of my master's absence, has attack'd the citadel, which we are luckily come to relieve, and drive his honour into the ditch again.

All. Ha, ha, ha!

Frib. He, he, he!

Capt. L. And now, sir, how have you dar'd to show your face in open day, or wear even the outside of a profession you have so much scandaliz'd by your behaviour? I honour the name of a soldier, and as a party concerned am bound not to see it disgrac'd. As you have forfeited your title to honour, deliver up your sword this instant.

Flash. Nay, good captain——

Capt. L. No words, sir.

[Takes his Sword.]

Frib. He's a sad scoundrel; I wish I had kick'd him.

Capt. L. The next thing I command——leave this house, change the colour of your clothes and fierceness of your looks, appear from top to toe the wretch, the very wretch thou art:—If e'er I meet thee in the military dress again, or if you put on looks that belie the

native baseness of thy heart, be it where it will, this shall be the reward of thy impudence and disobedience.

[Kicks him; he runs off.]

Bid. Oh, my dear Rhodophil!

Frib. What an infamous rascal it is! I thank you, sir, for this favour; but I must after and cane him.

[Going, he is stopped by the Captain.]

Capt. L. One word with you too, sir.

Frib. With me, sir!

Capt. L. You need not tremble; I won't use you roughly.

Frib. I am certain of that, sir; but I am sadly troubled with weak nerves.

Capt. L. Thou art of a species too despicable for correction; therefore be gone; and if I see you here again, your insignificancy shan't protect you.

Frib. I am obliged to you for your kindness; well, if ever I have any thing to do with intrigues again!—

[Exit.]

All. Ha, ha, ha!

Puff. Shall I ease you of your trophy, sir?

Capt. L. Take it, Puff, as a small recompense for thy fidelity; thou canst better use it than its owner.

Puff. I wish your honour had a patent to take such trifles from every pretty gentleman that could spare 'em; I would set up the largest outler's shop in the kingdom.

Capt. L. Well said, Puff.

Bid. But pray, Mr. Fox, how did you get out of your hole? I thought you was lock'd in.

Capt. L. I shot the bolt back when I heard a noise; and thinking you was in danger, I broke my confinement without any other consideration than your safety.

[Kisses her Hand.]

Bid. I'm afraid the town will be ill-natur'd enough to think I have been a little coquettish in my behaviour; but I hope, as I have been constant to the captain, I shall be excused diverting myself with pretenders.

Ladies, to fops and braggarts ne'er be kind,

No charms can warm 'em, and no virtues bind;

Each lover's merit by his conduct prove,

Who fails in honour, will be false in love. [Exeunt.]

EPILOGUE.

BY THE SAME HAND AS THE PROLOGUE.

SPOKEN BY MRS. PRITCHARD.

Good folks, I'm come at my young lady's bidding,
To say, you all are welcome to her wedding.
Th' exchange she made what mortal here can blame?
Show me the maid that would not do the same.
For sure the greatest monster ever seen,
Is doating sixty coupled to sixteen!
When wintry age had almost caught the fair,
Youth, clad in sunshine, snatch'd her from despair;
Like a new *Semele* the virgin lay,
And clasp'd her lover in the blaze of day.
Thus may each maid, the toils almost entrapp'd in,
Change *old sir Simon* for the *brisk young captain*.

I love these men of arms; they know their trade:
Let dastards sue, the sons of fire invade!
They cannot bear around the bait to nibble,
Like pretty, powder'd, patient *Mr. Fribble*:
To dangers bred, and skilful in command,
They storm the strongest fortress sword in hand!
Nights without sleep, and floods of tears when waking,
Show'd poor miss *Biddy* was in piteous taking;
She's now quite well; for maids in that condition,
Find the young lover is the best physician;
And without helps of art or books of knowledge,
They cure more women, faith, than all the college!
But to the point—I come with low petition,
For, faith, poor *Bayes* is in a sad condition;
*The huge, tall hangman** stands to give the blow,
And only waits your pleasures—Ay, or no.
If you should—*pit, box, and gallery*, 'egad,
Joy turns his senses, and the man runs mad!
But if your ears are shut, your hearts are rock,
And you pronounce the sentence—Block to block,
Down kneels the bard, and leaves you, when he's dead,
The empty tribute of an author's head.

* Alluding to *Bayes'* prologue in the *Rehearsal*.

C. Whittingham, Printer, Chiswick.

THE
M I S E R.

A Comedy.

BY HENRY FIELDING.

CORRECTLY GIVEN, FROM COPIES USED IN THE THEATRES,

BY

THOMAS DIBDIN,

Author of several Dramatic Pieces, &c.

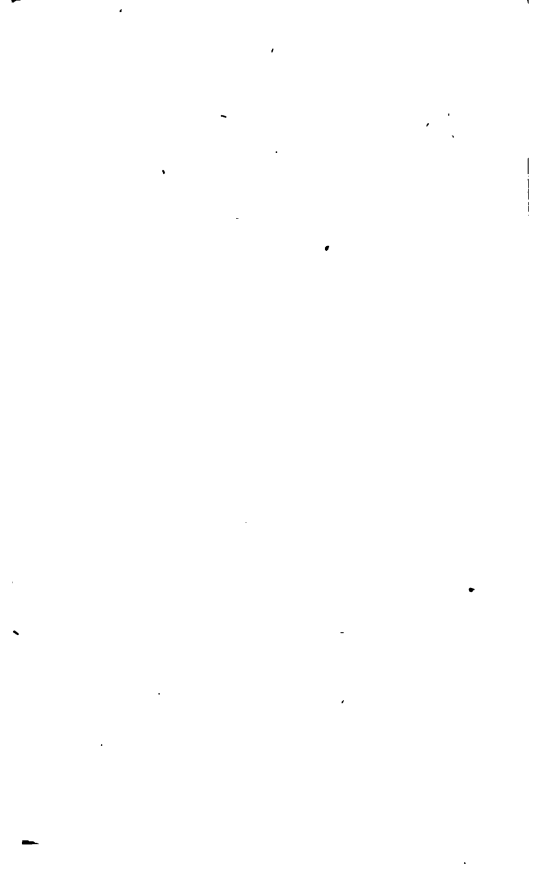


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**FOR SHERWOOD, NEELY, AND JONES, PATERNOSTER
ROW, LONDON.**

1818.



THE MISER,

PROFESSEDLY taken from L'AVARE of Moliere, by the unrivalled author of Tom Jones, has, as Mr. Murphy observes, "the value of a copy from a great painter, by an eminent hand." It was first acted at Drury Lane Theatre, in 1732, at which time it was very greatly received, and has ever since, at each of our theatres, been a frequent and most welcome source of attraction. It is here given as received at Covent Garden in 1792, in three acts, in which form it afterwards introduced Mr. Emery to a London audience.



PROLOGUE.

WRITTEN BY A FRIEND.

Too long the slighted comic muse has mourn'd,
Her face quite alter'd and her art o'erturn'd ;
That force of nature now no more she sees
With which so well her Johnson knew to please :
No characters from nature now we trace,
All serve to empty books of common-place :
Our modern bards who to assemblies stray
Frequent the park, the visit, or the play,
Regard not what fools do, but what wits say,
Just they retail each quibble to the town,
That surely must admire what is its own.
Thus, without characters from nature got,
Without a moral or without a plot,
A dull collection of insipid jokes,
Some stole from conversation, some from books,
Provided lords and ladies give 'em vent,
We call high comedy, and seem content.
But to regale with other sort of fare,
To-night our author treats you with Moliere ;
Moliere ! who nature's inmost secrets knew,
Whose justest pen like Kneller's pencil drew ;
In whose strong scenes all characters are shown,
Not by low jests, but actions of their own.
Happy our English bard if your applause
Grant he has not injur'd the French author's cause ;
From that alone arises all his fear :
He must be safe if he has sav'd Moliere,

}

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

As originally revised in three Acts at Covent Garden.

	1792.	1799.
<i>Lovegold</i>	Mr. Quick.	Mr. Emery.
<i>Frederic</i>	Mr. Farren.	Mr. Whitfield.
<i>Ramilie</i>	Mr. Fawcett.	Mr. Farley.
<i>Furnish</i>	Mr. Ledger.	Mr. Street.
<i>Sparkle</i>	Mr. Evatt.	Mr. Abbott.
<i>Sattin</i>	Mr. Rawson.	Mr. Lee.
<i>Lawyer</i>	Mr. Rock.	Mr. Whitmore.
<i>List</i>	Mr. Powell.	Mr. Wilde.
<i>Servant</i>	Mr. Simmons.	
<i>James</i>	Mr. Rees.	Mr. Rees.
 <i>Mrs. Wisely</i>	 Mrs. Platt.	 Mrs. Platt.
<i>Mariana</i>	Mrs. Mountain.	Mrs. Dibdin.
<i>Luppet</i>	Mrs. Matlocks.	Mrs. Matlocks.

ACT THE FIRST.



SCENE I. LOVEGOLD's House.

Enter LOVEGOLD and RAMILIE.

Love. ANSWER me not, sirrah, but get out of my house.

Ram. Sir, I am your son's servant, and not your's, and I won't get out of the house, sir, unless I am turned out by my proper master, sir.

Love. Sirrah, I'll turn your master out after you, like an extravagant rascal as he is; he has no need of a servant while he is in my house—and here he dresses out a fellow at more expense than a prudent man might clothe a family at. It's plain enough what use he keeps you for; but I will have no spy upon my affairs, no rascal continually prying into all my actions, devouring all I have, and hunting about in every corner to see what he may steal.

Ram. Steal! a likely thing, indeed, to steal from a man who locks up every thing he has, and stands sentry upon it day and night!

Love. I'm all over in a sweat lest this fellow should

suspect something of my money. [*Aside*] Hark'e, rascal, come hither: I would advise you not to run about the town, and tell every body you meet that I have money hid.

Ram. Why, have you any money hid, sir?

Love. No, sirrah, I don't say I have; but you may raise such a report nevertheless.

Ram. 'Tis equal to me whether you have money hid or no, since I cannot find it.

Love. D'ye mutter, sirrah? get you out of my house, I say, get you out this instant.

Ram. Well, sir, I am going.

Love. Come back;—let me desire you to carry nothing away with you.

Ram. What should I carry?

Love. That's what I would see. Turn your pockets inside out, if you please; but you are too practised a rogue to put any thing there. These damn'd bags have had many a good thing in them, I warrant you.

Ram. Give me my bag, sir; I am in the most danger of being robb'd.

Love. Come, come, be honest, and return what thou hast taken from me.

Ram. Ay, sir, that I could do with all my heart; for I have taken nothing from you but some boxes on the ear.

Love. And hast thou really stolen nothing?

Ram. No, really, sir.

Love. Then get out of my house while 'tis all well, and go to the devil.

Ram. Ay, any where from such an old covetous curmudgeon.

Love. So there's one plague gone. Now I will go pay a visit to the dear casket. [*Erit.*]

Enter FREDERIC behind.

In short, I must find some safer place to deposit those three thousand guineas in, which I received yesterday; three thousand guineas are a sum—Oh, heavens! I have betray'd myself! my passion has transported me to talk

aloud, and I have been overheard. How now! what's the matter?

Fred. The matter, sir!

Love. Yes, the matter, sir. I suppose you can repeat more of my words than these; I suppose you have overheard——

Fred. What, sir?

Love. That——

Fred. Sir!

Love. What I was just now saying.

Fred. Pardon me, sir, I really did not.

Love. Well, I see you did overhear something, and so I will tell you the whole: I was saying to myself, in this great scarcity of money, what a happiness it would be to have three thousand guineas by one: I tell you this that you might not misunderstand me, and imagine that I said I had three thousand guineas.

Fred. I enter not into your affairs, sir.

Love. But I have an affair of consequence to mention to you. Pray, sir, you, who are a fine gentleman, and converse much amongst the ladies—what think you of a certain young lady called Mariana?

Fred. Mariana, sir!

Love. Ay, what do you think of her?

Fred. Think of her, sir!

Love. Why do you repeat my words? Ay, what do you think of her?

Fred. Why, I think her the most charming woman in the world!

Love. Would she not be a desirable match?

Fred. So desirable, that, in my opinion, her husband will be the happiest of mankind.

Love. There is one thing I'm a little afraid of, that is, that she has not quite as much fortune as one might fairly expect.

Fred. Oh, sir! consider but her merit, and you may easily make an abatement in her fortune. For heaven's sake, sir, don't let that prevent your design. Fortune is nothing in comparison with her beauty and merit.

Love. Pardon me there; however, there may be some

matters found, perhaps, to make up some little deficiency; and if you would, to oblige your father, retrench your extravagances on this occasion, perhaps the difference in some time might be made up.

Fred. My dearest father! I'll bid adieu to all extravagance for ever.

Love. Thou art a dutiful good boy; and, since I find you have the same sentiments with me, provided she can but make out a pretty tolerable fortune, I am even resolved to marry her.

Fred. Ha! you resolved to marry Mariana!

Love. Ay, to marry Mariana.

Fred. Who? you!—you, sir!

Love. Yes, I, I, I.

Fred. I beg you will pardon me, sir; a sudden dizziness has seized me, and I must beg leave to retire.

[*Exit.*

Love. What the devil's the matter with the boy.

Enter JAMES, as a Coachman.

Where have you been? I have wanted you above an hour.

James. Whom did you want, sir, your coachman or your cook? for I am both one and t'other.

Love. I want my cook, sir.

James. I thought indeed it was not your coachman, for you have had no great occasion for him since your last pair of geldings were starv'd; but your cook, sir, shall wait upon you in an instant. [*Pulls off his great Coat, and appears the Cook*] Now, sir, I am ready for your commands.

Love. I am engaged this evening to give a supper.

James. A supper, sir! I have not heard the word this half year—a dinner, indeed, now and then—but for a supper, I'm almost afraid, for want of practice, my hand is out.

Love. Leave off your jesting, and see that you provide me a good supper.

James. That may be done with a good deal of money, sir.

Love. Is the devil in you? always money! Can you say nothing else but money? My children, my servants, my relations, can pronounce nothing but money!

James. Well, sir, but how many will there be at table?

Love. About eight or ten—but I'll have supper drest but for eight—for if there be enough for eight, there is enough for ten.

James. Suppose, sir, at one end a handsome soup, at the other a fine Westphalia ham and chickens; on one side a fillet of veal, on the other a turkey, or rather a bustard, which may be had for about a guinea.

Love. Zounds! the fellow is providing an entertainment for my lord mayor and the court of aldermen.

James. Then a ragout—

Love. I'll have no ragous—Would you burst the good people, you dog?

James. Then, pray, sir—say what you will have.

Love. Why, see and provide something to cloy their stomachs—let there be two good dishes of soup-maigre—a large suet pudding—some dainty fat pork pie—(very fat)—a fine, small, lean, breast of mutton, and a large dish with two artichokes. There—that's plenty, and variety.

James. O dear!—

Love. Plenty and variety.

James. Bnt, sir, you must have some poultry.

Love. No, I'll have none.

James. Indeed, sir, you should.

Love. Well, then—kill the old hen, for she has done laying.

James. Lord, sir, how the folks will talk of it—indeed people say enough of you already.

Love. Eh! why what do the people say, pray?

James. Ah, sir, if I could be assured you would not be angry.

Love. Not at all; for I am always glad to hear what the world says of me.

James. Why, sir, since you will have it then, they make a jest of you every where—nay of your servants

on your account.—One says, you pick a quarrel with them quarterly, or when they leave you, in order to find an excuse to pay them no wages.

Love. Pah! pah!

James. Another says, that you were taken one night stealing your own oats from your own horses.

Love. That must be a lie—for I never allow them any.

James. In a word, you are the by-word every where—and you are never mentioned, but by the names of Covetous—Stingy—Scraping old—

Love. Get along, you impudent villain!

James. Nay, sir—you said you would not be angry.

Love. Get out.

[*Exit James.*]

Enter LAPPET.

Love. Who's there?—Ah, is that you, Lappet?

Lap. I should rather ask if it be you, sir? Why, you look so young and vigorous—

Love. Do I, do I?

Lap. Why, you grow younger and younger every day, sir; you never look'd half so young in your life, sir, as you do now. Why, sir, I know fifty young fellows, of five and twenty, that are older than you are.

Love. That may be, that may be, Lappet, considering the lives they lead; and yet I am a good ten years above fifty.

Lap. Well! and what's ten years above fifty? 'tis the very flower of a man's age. Why, sir, you are now in the very prime of your life.

Love. Very true, that's very true, as to understanding; but I am afraid, could I take off twenty years 'twould do me no harm with the ladies, Lappet. How goes on our affair with Mariana? have you mentioned any thing about what her mother can give her? for, now-a-days, nobody marries a woman, unless she brings something with her besides her petticoat.

Lap. Sir! why, sir, this young lady will be worth to you as good a thousand pounds a-year as ever was sold.

Love. How! a thousand pounds a-year?

Lap. Sir, she'll bring you in marriage a vast store of sobriety, the inheritance of a great love for simplicity of dress, and a vast acquired fund of hatred for play; there's your thousand a-year!

Love. In short, Lappet, I must touch, touch, touch, something real.

Lap. Never fear, you shall touch something real. I have heard them talk of a certain country where she has a very pretty freehold, which shall be put into your hands.

Love. Nay, if it were a copyhold I should be glad to touch it: but there is another thing that disturbs me. You know this girl is young, and young people generally love one another's company: it would ill agree with a person of my temper to keep an assembly for all the young rakes and flaunting girls in town.

Lap. Ah, sir, how little do you know of her! this is another peculiarity that I had to tell you of: she has a most terrible aversion for all young people, and loves none but persons of your years. I would advise you, above all things, to take care not to appear too young; she insists on sixty at least: she says fifty years is not able to content her.

Love. This humour is a little strange, methinks. To say the truth, had I been a woman I should never have loved young fellows.

Lap. I believe you. Pretty sort of stuff indeed to be in love with young fellows! pretty masters indeed, with their fine complexions! Now, I should be glad to taste the savour that is in any of them.

Love. And do you really think me pretty tolerable?

Lap. Tolerable! you are ravishing! if your picture was drawn by a good hand, sir, it would be invaluable! Turn about a little, if you please: there, what can be more charming! Let me see you walk; there's a person for you! tall, straight, free, and degagée! Why, sir, you have no fault about you.

Love. Not many; hem, hem; not many, I thank heaven; only a few rheumatic pains now and then, and a small catarrh that seizes me sometimes.

Lap. Ah, sir, that's nothing; your calarrh sits very well upon you, and you cough with a very good grace.

Love. But tell me, what does Mariana say of my person?

Lap. She has a particular pleasure in talking of it; and I assure you, sir, I have not been backward on all such occasions to blazon forth your merit, and to make her sensible how advantageous a match you will be to her.

Love. You did very well, and I am obliged to you.

Lap. But, sir, I have a small favour to ask of you—I have a lawsuit depending, which I am on the very brink of losing for want of a little money; [*He looks gravely*] and you could easily procure my success if you had the least friendship for me. You can't imagine, sir, the pleasure she takes in talking of you. [*He looks pleased.*] Ah! how you will delight her! how your venerable mien will charm her! she will never be able to withstand you.—But indeed, sir, this lawsuit will be of a terrible consequence to me. [*He looks grave again*] I am ruined if I lose it, which a very small matter might prevent. Ah, sir, had you but seen the raptures with which she has heard me talk of you! [*He resumes his gaiety*] How pleasure sparkled in her eyes at the recital of your good qualities! In short, to discover a secret to you, which I promised to conceal, I have worked up her imagination, till she is downright impatient of having the match concluded.

Love. Lappet, you have acted a very friendly part; and I own that I have all the obligations in the world to you.

Lap. I beg you would give me this little assistance, sir; [*He looks serious*] it will set me on my feet, and I shall be eternally obliged to you.

Love. Farewell; I'll go and finish my dispatches.

Lap. I assure you, sir, you could never assist me in a greater necessity.

Love. I must go and give some orders about a particular affair——

Lap. I would not importune you, sir, if I was not forced by the last extremity.

Love. I expect the tailor—about turning my coat. Don't you think this coat will look well enough turn'd, with new buttons, for a wedding-suit?

Lap. For pity's sake, sir, don't refuse me this small favour: I shall be undone, indeed, sir: if it were but so small a matter as ten pounds, sir.

Love. I think I hear the tailor's voice.

Lap. If it were but five pounds, sir; but three pounds, sir; nay, sir, a single guinea would be of service for a day or two.

[As he offers to go out on either Side she intercepts him.]

Love. I must go; I can't stay. Hark, there, somebody calls me. I'm very much oblig'd to you; indeed I am very much oblig'd to you; I'll do for you, Lappet—you shall never know what I'll do for you. *[Exit.]*

Lap. Go to the gallows, to the devil, like a covetous good-for-nothing villain as you are! Ramilie is in the right. *[Exit.]*

ACT THE SECOND.



SCENE I. *A Chamber.*

Enter RAMILIE, meeting LAPPET.

Ram. Well, madam, what success?

Lap. Never was a person of my function so used—All rhetoric avail'd nothing; while I was talking to him about the lady he smil'd and was pleas'd, but the moment I mentioned money to him his countenance chang'd, and he understood not one word that I said. But now, Ramilie, what do you think this affair is that I am transacting?

Ram. Nay, Mrs. Lappet, now you are putting too severe a task upon me. How is it possible, in the vast variety of affairs which you honour with taking into your hands, that I should be able to guess which is so happy to employ your immediate thoughts?

Lap. Let me tell you, then, sweet sir! that I am transacting an affair between your master's mistress and his father.

Ram. What affair, pr'ythee?

Lap. What should it be but the old one, matrimony? In short, your master and his father are rivals.

Ram. I am glad on't, and I wish the old gentleman success with all my heart.

Lap. How! are you your master's enemy?

Ram. No, madam, I am so much his friend, that I had rather he should lose his mistress than his humble servant, which must be the case; for I am determined against a married family. I will never be servant to any man who is not his own master. But is the old gentleman in love?

Lap. Oh, profoundly! delightfully! oh, that you had but seen him as I have! with his feet tottering, his eyes watering, his teeth chattering! his old trunk was shaken with a fit of love, just as if it had been a fit of an ague.

Ram. He will have more cold fits than hot, I believe. Well, if you do succeed in your undertaking, you will allow this, I hope, that I first put it into your head.

Lap. Yes, it is true you did mention it first; but I thought of it first, I am sure; I must have thought of it; but I will not lose a moment's time; for notwithstanding all I have said, young fellows are devils. Besides, this has a most plausible tongue, and should he get access to Mariana, may do in a few minutes what I shall never be able to undo as long as I live. [*Exit.*]

Ram. There goes the glory of all chambermaids, match her who can. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II. LOVEGOLD'S House.

Enter LOVEGOLD and FREDERIC, meeting Mrs. WISELY and MARIANA.

Mrs. W. Mr. Lovegold—my daughter.

Love. Pray give me leave, young lady: I have been told you have no great aversion to spectacles: it is not that your charms do not sufficiently strike the naked eye, or that they want addition; but it is with glasses we look at the stars; and I'll maintain you are a star

of beauty; that is, the finest, brightest, and most glorious of all stars.

Mar. I shall never be able to hold it out, unless you keep him at a greater distance.

Love. [*Listening*] I shall make the fellow keep his distance, madam. Hark'e, you Mr. Spendall, why don't you come and make this lady some acknowledgment for the great honour she does your father.

Fred. My father has indeed, madam, much reason to be vain of his choice: you will be doubtless a very great honour to our family; notwithstanding which, I cannot help saying, that if it were in my power, I believe I should make no scruple of preventing the match.

Mar. I believe it, indeed: were they to ask the leave of their children, few parents would marry twice.

Love. Why, you ill-bred blockhead, is that the compliment you make your mother-in-law?

Fred. Well, sir, since you will have me talk in another style—Suffer me, madam, to put myself in the place of my father; and believe me, when I swear to you, I never saw any one half so charming; that I can imagine no happiness equal to that of pleasing you; that to be called your husband, would be to my ears a title more blest, more glorious, than that of the greatest of princes.

Love. Hold, hold, sir! softly, if you please!

Fred. I am only saying a few civil things, sir, for you to this lady.

Love. Your humble servant, sir! I have a tongue to say civil things with myself: I have no need of such an interpreter as you are, sweet sir!

Mar. If your father could not speak better for himself than his son can for him, I am afraid he would meet with little success.

Love. I don't ask you, ladies, to drink any wine before supper, lest it should spoil your stomachs.

Fred. I have taken the liberty to order some sweet-meats, sir, and tokay in the next room: I hope the ladies will excuse what is wanting.

Mrs. W. There was no necessity for such a collation.

Fred. [*To Mariana*] Did you ever see, madam, so fine a brilliant as that on my father's finger.

Mar. It seems, indeed, to be a very fine one.

Fred. You cannot judge of it, madam, unless you were to see it nearer. If you will give me leave, sir. [*Takes it off from his Father's Finger and gives it to Mariana*] There is no seeing a jewel while it is on the finger.

Mrs. W. and Mar. It is really a prodigious fine one.

Love. 'Tis none of mine, 'tis only a pawn.

Fred. [*Preventing Mariana, who is going to return it*] No, madam, it is already in the best hands. My father, madam, intends it as a present to you, therefore I hope you will accept it.

Love. Present! I!

Fred. Is it not, sir, your request to this lady, that she would wear this bauble for your sake?

Love. [*To Frederic*] Is the devil in you?

Fred. He makes signs to me that I would entreat you to accept it.

Mar. I shall not, upon my word.

Fred. He will not receive it again.

Love. I shall run stark staring mad!

Mar. I must insist on returning it.

Fred. It would be cruel in you to refuse him; let me entreat you, madam, not to shooke my poor father to such a degree.

Mrs. W. It is ill-breeding, child, to refuse so often.

Love. Oh, that the devil would but fly away with this fellow!

Fred. See, madam, what agonies he is in, lest you should return it——It is not my fault, dear sir! I do all I can to prevail with her—but she is obstinate——For pity's sake, madam, keep it.

Love. [*To Frederic*] Infernal villain!

Fred. My father will never forgive me, madam, unless I succeed: on my knees I entreat you.

Love. The out-throat!

Mrs. W. Daughter, I protest you make me ashamed

of you. Come, come, put up the ring, since Mr. Lovegold is so uneasy about it.

Mar. Your commands, madam, always determine me, and I shall refuse no longer.

Love. I shall be undone! I wish I was buried while I have one farthing left.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir, there is a man at the door who desires to speak with you.

Love. Tell him I am busy—bid him come another time—bid him leave his business with you.

Serv. Must he leave the money he has brought with him, sir? *[Exit Servant.]*

Love. No, no, stay—tell him I come this instant. I ask pardon ladies, I'll wait on you again, immediately. *[Exit.]*

Fred. Will you please, ladies, to walk into the next room, and taste the collation I was mentioning?

Mrs. W. Really, sir, this is an unnecessary trouble; but since the tokay is provided I will taste one glass.

Mar. I'll wait on you, madam. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE III. *A Hall in LOVEGOLD'S House.*

Enter FREDERIC and RAMILIE.

Fred. How! Lappet my enemy! and can she attempt to forward Mariana's marriage with my father?

Ram. Sir, upon my honour it is true.

Fred. Go, and fetch Lappet hither; I'll try if I can't bring her over.

Ram. Bring her over! a fig for her, sir! I have a plot worth fifty of yours. I'll blow her up with your father: I'll make him believe just the contrary of every word she has told him.

Fred. Can you do that?

Ram. Never fear it, sir; I warrant my lies keep even pace with hers. But, sir, I have another plot; I don't question but before you sleep I shall put you in possession of some thousands of your father's money.

Fred. But I am afraid that will be carrying the jest too far.

Ram. Sir, I will undertake to make it out, that robbing him is a downright meritorious act. Besides, sir, if you have any qualms of conscience you may return it him again: your having possession of it will bring him to any terms.

Fred. Well, well, I believe there is little danger of thy stealing any thing from him; so about the first affair; it is that only which causes my present pain.

Ram. Fear nothing, sir, whilst Ramilie is your friend. *[Exit.]*

Fred. If impudence can give a title to success, I am sure thou hast a good one. Ha! Lappet.

Enter LAPPET.

Lap. Hey-day! Mr. Frederic, you stand with your arms across, and look as melancholy as if there was a funeral going on in the house instead of a wedding.

Fred. Mistress, undo immediately what you have done, prevent this match which you have forwarded, or, by all the devils which inhabit that heart of yours——

Lap. For heaven's sake, sir! you do not intend to kill me?

Fred. What could drive your villany to attempt to rob me of the woman I dote on more than life? what could urge thee, when I trusted thee with my passion, when I have paid the most extravagant usury for money to bribe thee to be my friend, what could sway thee to betray me?

Lap. As I hope to be sav'd, sir, whatever I have done was intended for your service.

Fred. It is in vain to deny it; I know thou hast used thy utmost art to persuade my father into this match.

Lap. Be but appear'd, sir, and let me recover out of this terrible fright you have put me into, and I will engage to make you easy yet. Sir! I never did any thing yet so effectually, but that I have been capable of undoing it; nor have I ever said any thing so positively but that I have been able as positively to unsay it again.

As for truth, I have neglected it so long, that I often forget which side of the question it is of: besides, I look on it to be so very insignificant towards success, that I am very indifferent whether it is for me or against me.

Fred. Let me entreat you, dear madam, to consider how very precious our time is, since the marriage is intended this very evening.

Lap. That cannot be, nor it shall not be.

Fred. How! how will you prevent it?

Lap. By an infallible rule I have. But, sir, you was mentioning a certain little word called money, just now. I should not repeat it to you, sir, but that really one goes about a thing with so much better a will, and one has so much better luck in it too, when one has got some little matter by it.

Fred. Here take all the money I have in my pocket, and on my marriage with Mariana thou shalt have fifty more.

Lap. That is enough, sir; if they were half-married already I would unmarry them again. I am impatient till I am about it. [*Exit Frederic*] Oh, there is nothing like gold to quicken a woman's capacity! Ha! here he is!

Enter LOVEGOLD.

Lap. Oh, unhappy miserable creature that I am! what shall I do? whither shall I go?

Love. What's the matter, Lappet?

Lap. To have been innocently assisting in betraying so good a man! so good a master! so good a friend!

Love. Lappet, I say.

Lap. I shall never forgive myself; I shall never outlive it; I shall never eat, drink, sleep—

[*Runs against him.*]

Love. One would think you were walking in your sleep now. What can be the meaning of this?

Lap. Oh, sir!—you are undone, sir! and I am undone!

Love. How! what! has any one robb'd me? Have I lost any thing?

Lap. No, sir; but you have got something.

Love. What! what!

Lap. A wife, sir!

Love. No, I have not yet.

Lap. How, sir! are you not married?

Love. No.

Lap. That is the happiest word I ever heard come out of your mouth.

Love. I have, for some particular reasons, put off the match for a few days.

Lap. Yes, sir; and for some particular reasons you shall put off the match for a few years.

Love. What do you say?

Lap. Oh, sir! this affair has almost determined me never to engage in matrimonial matters again. I have been finely deceived in this lady! I told you, sir, she had an estate in a certain country; but I find it is all a cheat, sir; the devil of any estate has she.

Love. How! not any estate at all! how can she live then?

Lap. Nay, sir, heaven knows how half the people in this town live.

Love. However, it is an excellent good quality in a woman to be able to live without an estate. She that can make something out of nothing will make a little go a great way. I am sorry she has no fortune; but considering all her saving qualities, Lappet—

Lap. All an imposition, sir; she is the most extravagant wretch upon earth.

Love. How! how! extravagant?

Lap. I tell you, sir, she is downright extravagance itself.

Love. How was it possible for you to be deceived in her?

Lap. Alas, sir! she would have deceived the devil—she would have deceived even you: for, sir, during a whole fortnight, since you have been in love with her, she has made it her whole business to conceal her extravagance, and appear thrifty.

Love. That is a good sign though, Lappet; let me

tell you, that it is a good sign; right habits, as well as wrong, are got by affecting them: and she who could be thrifty a whole fortnight, gives lively hopes that she may be brought to be so as long as she lives.

Lap. She loves play to distraction; it is the only visible way in the world she has of a living.

Love. She must win then, Lappet; and play, when people play the best of the game, is no such very bad thing; I'd play myself if I was sure of winning. Besides, as she plays only to support herself, when she can be supported without it, she may leave it off.

Lap. To support her extravagance, in dress particularly; why, don't you see, sir, she is dress'd out to-day like a princess?

Love. It may be an effect of prudence in a young woman to dress in order to get a husband; and as that is apparently her motive, when she is married that motive ceases: and, to say the truth, she is in discourse a very prudent young woman.

Lap. Think of her extravagance.

Love. A woman of the greatest modesty.

Lap. And extravagance.

Love. She has really a very fine set of teeth.

Lap. She will have all the teeth out of your head.

Love. I never saw finer eyes.

Lap. She will eat you out of house and home.

Love. Charming hair.

Lap. She will ruin you.

Love. Sweet kissing lips, swelling breasts, and the finest shape that ever was embraced.

[Catching Lappet in his Arms.]

Lap. Oh, sir! I am not the lady.—Was ever such an old goat! *[Aside]* Well, sir, I see you are determined on the match, and so I desire you will pay me my wages. I cannot bear to see the ruin of a family in which I have lived so long, that I have contracted as great a friendship for it as if it was my own: I can't bear to see waste, riot, and extravagance; to see all the wealth a poor, honest, industrious gentleman has been raising all his life-time, squandered away, in a year or two, in

feasts, balls, music, cards, clothes, jewels—It would break my heart to see my poor old master eat out by a set of singers, fiddlers, milliners, mantua-makers, mercers, toymen, jewellers, fops, cheats, rakes—to see his guineas fly about like dust, all his ready money paid in one morning to one tradesman, his whole stock in the funds spent in one half year, all his land swallowed down in another, all his old gold, nay, the very plate which he has had in his family time out of mind, which has descended from father to son ever since the flood! to see even that disposed of! What will they have next, I wonder, when they have had all that he is worth in the world, and left the poor old man without any thing to furnish his old age with the necessaries of life?—Will they be contented then? or will they tear out his bowels, and eat them too! [*Both burst into Tears*] The laws are cruel, to put it in the power of a wife to ruin her husband in this manner—And will any one tell me that such a woman as this is handsome?—What are a pair of shining eyes, when they must be bought with the loss of all one's shining old gold?

Love. Oh, my poor old gold!

Lap. Perhaps she has a fine set of teeth.

Love. My poor plate that I have hoarded with so much care!

Lap. Or I'll grant she may have a most beautiful shape.

Love. My dear lands and tenements!

Lap. What are the roses on her cheeks, or lilies in her neck?

Love. My poor India bonds, bearing at least three and a half per cent!

Lap. A fine excuse, indeed, when a man is ruined by his wife, to tell us he married a beauty!

Enter Lawyer.

Law. Sir, the contract is ready; my client has sent for the counsel on the other side, and he is now below examining it.

Love. Get you out of my doors, you villain! you

and your client too; I'll contract you, with a plague.
[Beats Lawyer off] I am very much obliged to you, Lappet; indeed I am very much obliged to you.

Lap. I am sure, sir, I have a very great satisfaction in serving you, and I hope you will consider of that little affair that I mentioned to you to-day about my lawsuit.

Love. I am very much obliged to you.

Lap. I hope, sir, you will not suffer me to be ruined, when I have preserved you from it.

Love. Hey!

[Appearing deaf.

Lap. You know, sir, that in Westminster-hall money and right are always on the same side.

Love. Ay, so they are; very true, so they are; and therefore no one can take too much care of his money.

Lap. The smallest matter of money, sir, would do me an infinite service.

Love. Hey! what?

Lap. A small matter of money, sir, would do me a great kindness.

Love. Oho! I have a very great kindness for you; indeed I have a very great kindness for you.

Lap. Dence take your kindness!—I'm only losing time; there's nothing to be got out of him; so I'll even to Frederic, and see what the report of my success will do there. Ah, would I were married to thee myself!

[Aside and exit.

Love. What a prodigious escape have I had! I cannot look at the precipice without being giddy.

Enter RAMILIE.

Who is that? Oh! is it you, sirrah? how dare you enter within these walls?

Ram. Truly, sir, I can scarcely reconcile it to myself: I think, after what has happened, you have no great title to my friendship; but I don't know how it is, sir, there is something or other about you which strangely engages my affections, and which, together with the friendship I have for your son, won't let me suffer you to be imposed upon; and to prevent that, sir, is the

whole and sole occasion of my coming within your doors. Did not a certain lady, sir, called Mrs. Lappet, depart from you just now?

Love. What if she did, sirrah?

Ram. Has she not, sir, been talking to you about a young lady whose name is Mariana?

Love. Well, and what then?

Ram. Why, then, sir, every single syllable she has told you has been neither more nor less than a most confounded lie, as is, indeed, every word she says; for I don't believe, upon a modest calculation, she has told six truths since she has been in the house. She is made up of lies; her father was an attorney, and her mother was chambermaid to a maid of honour.

Love. She comes of a damn'd lying family.

Ram. The first word she spoke was a lie, and so will be the last. I know she has pretended a great affection for you, that's one lie; and every thing she has said of Mariana is another.

Love. How! how! are you sure of this?

Ram. Why, sir, she and I laid the plot together; that one time indeed I myself was forced to deviate a little from the truth, but it was with a good design; the jade pretended to me that it was out of friendship to my master; that it was, because she thought such a match would not be at all to his interest; but, alas! sir, I know her friendship begins and ends at home, and that she has friendship for no person living but herself. Why, sir, do but look at Mariana, sir, and see whether you can think her such a sort of woman as she has described her to you.

Love. Indeed she has appeared to me always in a different light. I do believe what you say. I will go and deny all that I said to the lawyer, and put an end to every thing this moment.—I knew it was impossible she could be such a sort of a woman; and for this piece of intelligence I'll give you—I'll give you—No—I'll forgive you all your faults. [Exit.

Ram. And I will go find out my master, make him

the happiest of mankind, squeeze his purse, and then get drunk for the honour of all party-coloured politicians.

[Exit.

SCENE IV. *The Hall.*

Enter FREDERIC and LAPPET.

Fred. Excellent Lappet! I shall never think I have sufficiently rewarded you for what you have done.

Lap. I have only done half the business yet: I have, I believe, effectually broke off the match with your father. Now, sir, I shall make up the matter between you and her.

Fred. Do but that, dear girl! and I'll coin myself into guineas.

Enter RAMILIE.

Ram. Oh, madam, I little expected to have found you and my master together after what has happened; I did not think you had had the assurance——

Fred. Peace, Ramilie! all is well, and Lappet is the best friend I have in the world.

Ram. Yes, sir, all is well, indeed; no thanks to her; happy is the master that has a good servant; a good servant is certainly the greatest treasure in the world. I have done your business for you, sir; I have frustrated all she has been doing, deny'd all she has been telling him: in short, sir, I observed her ladyship in a long conference with the old gentleman, mightily to your interest, as you may imagine; no sooner was she gone, than I steps in, and made the old gentleman believe every single syllable she had told him to be a most confounded lie; and away he is gone, fully determined to put an end to the affair.

Lap. And sign the contract! so now, sir, you are ruined without reprieve.

Fred. Death and damnation! fool! villain!

Ram. Hey-day! what is the meaning of this? have I done any more than you commanded me?

Fred. Nothing but my cursed stars could have contrived so damned an accident.

Ram. You cannot blame me, sir, whatever has happened.

Fred. I don't blame you, sir, nor myself, nor any one. Fortune has marked me out for misery; but I will be no longer idle: since I am to be ruined, I'll meet my destruction.

[*Exit.* *Lap. and Ram. stand some time in silence, looking at each other.*

Lap. I give you joy, sir, of the success of your negotiation: you have approved yourself a most able person truly; and I dare swear, when your skill is once known, you will not want employment: but, sirrah! how durst you go and betray me to your master, for he has told me all? Never see my face again. [*Exit.*

Ram. Now I'll to my lurking place. I'm sure this old rogue has money hid in the garden; if I can but discover it, I shall handsomely quit all scores with the old gentleman, and make my master a sufficient return for the loss of his mistress. [*Exit.*

ACT THE THIRD.



SCENE I. LOVEGOLD's Garden.

Enter RAMILIE, with a strong Box, meeting FREDERIC.

Ram. Follow me, sir, follow me this instant.

Fred. What's the matter?

Ram. Follow me, sir; we are in the right box; the business is done.

Fred. What's done?

Ram. I have it under my arm, sir—here it is!

Fred. What! what!

Ram. Your father's soul, sir—his money—Follow me, sir, this moment. *[Exeunt.]*

Enter LOVEGOLD, in the the utmost Distraction.

Love. Thieves! thieves! assassination! murder! I am undone! all my money is gone! who is the thief? where is the villain? where shall I find him? Give me my money again, villain! *[Catching himself by the Arm]* I am distracted! I know not where I am, nor what I am, nor what I do! Oh, my money, my money! Ha! what say you? Alack-a-day! here is no one. The vil-

Iain must have watched his time carefully; he must have done ~~it~~ while I was signing that damn'd contract. I will go to a justice, and have all my house put to their oaths, my servants, my children, my mistress, and myself too; all the people in the house, and in the street, and in the town, I will have them all executed; I will hang all the world, and if I don't find my money, I'll hang myself afterwards. [Exit.

SCENE II. *A Chamber. Table and Chairs.*

MARIANA, MRS. WISELY, FURNISH, SATTIN, and
SPARKLE, *discovered.*

Mar. You will take care, Mr. Furnish, and let me have those two beds with the utmost expedition.

Fur. I shall take particular care, madam; I shall put them both in hand to-morrow morning; I shall put off some work, madam, on that account.

Mar. Oh, Mr. Sattin! have you brought those gold stuffs I ordered you?

Sat. Yes, madam, I have brought your ladyship some of the finest patterns that were ever made.

Mar. Well, Mr. Sparkle, have you the necklace and ear-rings with you?

Spar. Yes, madam, and I defy any jeweller in town to show you their equals; they are, I think, the finest water I ever saw; they are finer than the duchess of Glitter's, which have been so much admired: I have brought you a solitaire, too, madam—my lady Raffle bought the fellow of it yesterday.

Mar. Sure it has a flaw in it, sir.

Spar. Has it, madam? then there never was a brilliant without one: I am sure, madam, I bought it for a good stone, and, if it be not a good stone, you shall have it for nothing.

Enter LOVEGOLD.

Love. It's lost, it's gone, it's irrecoverable! I shall never see it more!

Mar. And what will be the lowest price of the necklace and ear-rings?

Spar. If you were my sister, madam, I could not bate you one farthing of three thousand guineas.

Love. What do you say of three thousand guineas, villain! have you my three thousand guineas?

Mrs. W. Bless me, Mr. Lovegold! what's the matter?

Love. I am undone! I am ruined! my money is stolen! my dear three thousand guineas that I received but yesterday, are taken away from the place I had put them in, and I shall never see them again!

Mar. Don't let them make you uneasy; you may possibly recover them; or if you should not, the loss is but a trifle.

Love. How! a trifle! do you call three thousand guineas a trifle?

Mrs. W. She sees you so disturbed, that she is willing to make as light of your loss as possible, in order to comfort you.

Love. To comfort me! can she comfort me by calling three thousand guineas a trifle? But tell me, what were you saying of them? have you seen them?

Spar. Really sir, I do not understand you; I was telling the lady the price of a necklace and a pair of earrings, which are cheap at three thousand guineas.

Love. How! what? what?

Mar. I can't think them very cheap; however, I am resolved to have them; so let him have the money, sir, if you please.

Love. I am in a dream!

Mar. You will be paid immediately, sir. Well, Mr. Sattin, and pray what is the highest priced gold-stuff you have brought?

Sat. Madam, I have one of twelve pounds a yard.

Mar. It must be pretty at that price; let me have a dress cut off.

Love. You shall cut off my head first! What are you doing? are you mad?

Mar. I am only preparing a proper dress to appear in as your wife.

Love. Sirrah, offer to open any of your pickpocket trinkets here, and I'll make an example of you.

Mar. Mr. Lovegold, give me leave to tell you this is a behaviour I don't understand: you give me a fine pattern before marriage of the usage I am to expect after it.

Love. Here are fine patterns of what I am to expect after it!

Mar. I assure you, sir, I shall insist on all the privileges of an English wife: I shall not be taught to dress by my husband; I am myself the best judge of what you can afford; and if I do stretch your purse a little, it is for your honour, sir; the world will know it is your wife that makes a figure.

Love. Can you bear to hear this, madam?

Mrs. W. I should not countenance my daughter in any extravagance, sir;—she will never run you into unnecessary expenses; so far from it, that if you will but generously make her a present of five thousand pounds to fit herself out at first in clothes and jewels, I dare swear you will not have any other demand on those accounts—I don't know when.

Mar. No, unless a birth-night suit or two, I shall scarce want any thing more this twelvemonth.

Love. I am undone, plundered, murdered! however, there is one comfort, I am not married yet.

Mar. And free to choose whether you will marry at all or no.

Mrs. W. The consequence, you know, will be no more than poor ten thousand pounds, which is all the forfeiture of the breach of contract.

Love. But, madam, I have one way yet: I have not bound my heirs and executors, and so if I hang myself, I am off the bargain—in the mean while I'll try if I cannot rid my house of this nest of thieves—Get out of my doors, you outpurses.

Spar. Pay me for my jewels, sir, or return 'em me.

Love. Give him his baubles, give them him.

Mar. I shall not, I assure you. You need be under no apprehension, sir; you see Mr. Lovegold is a little disordered at present, but if you will come to-morrow, you shall have your money.

Spar. I'll depend on your ladyship, madam.

[*Exit, followed by Satin.*]

Love. Who the devil are you? what have you to do here?

Fur. I am an upholsterer, sir, and I am come to new furnish your house.

Love. Out of my doors this instant, or I will disfigure your head for you; I'll beat out your brains.

[*Exit Furnish.*]

Mrs. W. Sure, sir, you are mad.

Love. I was when I signed the contract. Oh, that I had never learnt to write my name!

Mar. I suppose, sir, you expect to be finely spoken of abroad for this! you will get an excellent character in the world by this behaviour.

Mrs. W. Is this your gratitude to a woman who has refused so much better offers on your account?

Love. Oh, would she had taken them! Give me up my contract, and I will gladly resign all right and title whatsoever.

Mrs. W. It is too late now; the gentlemen have had their answers; a good offer refused once, is not to be had again.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Madam, the tailor, whom your ladyship sent for, is come.

Mar. Bid him come in. [*Exit Servant*] This is an instance of the regard I have for you. I have sent for one of the best tailors in town to make you a new suit of clothes, that you may appear like a gentleman; for as it is for your honour that I should be well dressed, so it is for mine that you should. Come, madam, we will go in and give further orders concerning the entertainment. [*Excunt Mrs. Wisely and Mariana.*]

Enter LIST.

Love. Oh, Lappet, Lappet! the time thou hast prophesied of, is come to pass!

List. I am your honour's most humble servant. My name is List: I presume I am the person you sent for

—The laceman will be here immediately. Will your honour be pleased to be taken measure of first, or look over the patterns? if you please we will take measure first. I do not know, sir, who was so kind as to recommend me to you, but I believe I shall give you entire satisfaction. I may defy any tailor in England to understand the fashion better than myself; the thing is impossible, sir. I always visit France twice a year; and, though I say it, that should not say it—Stand upright, if you please, sir—

Love. I'll take measure of your back, sirrah—I'll teach such pickpockets as you are to come here—Out of my doors, you villain.

List. Hey-day, sir! did you send for me for this, sir?—I shall bring you in a bill without any clothes. [*Exit.*]

Enter LAPPET.

Lap. Where is my poor master? Oh, sir, I cannot express the affliction I am in to see you devoured in this manner! How could you, sir, when I told you what a woman she was, how could you undo yourself with your eyes open?

Love. Poor Lappet! had I taken your advice I had been happy.

Lap. And I too, sir; for a-lack-a-day! I am as miserable as you are; I feel every thing for you, sir; indeed I shall break my heart upon your account.

Love. I shall be much obliged to you if you do, Lappet.

Lap. How could a man of your sense, sir, marry in so precipitate a manner?

Love. I am not married! I am not married!

Lap. Not married!

Love. No, no, no!

Lap. All's safe yet. No man is quite undone till he is married.

Love. I am, I am undone. Oh, Lappet! I cannot tell it thee. I have given her a bond, a bond, a bond! of ten thousand pounds to marry her!

Lap. You shall forfeit it.

Love. Forfeit what? my life, and soul, and blood, and heart!

Lap. You shall forfeit it——

Love. I'll be buried alive sooner—No, I am determined I'll marry her first, and hang myself after to save my money.

Lap. I see, sir, you are undone; and if you should hang yourself, I could not blame you.

[*Knocking without.*]

Love. Dear Lappet, see what it is—I shall be undone in an hour. [*Exit Lappet*] Oh! Oh! Why did not I die a year ago? What a deal of money I should have sav'd, had I died a year ago!

Re-enter LAPPET.

Lap. Oh, sir! I am scarce able to tell you. It is spread about the town that you are married, and your wife's creditors are coming in whole flocks. There is one single debt for five thousand pounds, which an attorney is without to demand.

Love. Oh! oh! oh! let them cut my throat.

Lap. Think what an escape you have had! think if you had married her.

Love. I am as bad as married to her.

Lap. It is impossible, sir; nothing can be so bad: what, you are to pay her ten thousand pounds—Well—and ten thousand pounds are a sum; they are a sum, I own it—they are a sum! but what is such a sum compared with such a wife? if you marry her, in one week you will be in a prison, sir.

Love. If I am I can keep my money; they can't take that from me.

Lap. Suppose, sir, it were possible, (not that I believe it is) but suppose it were possible to make her abate a little; suppose one could bring her to eight thousand.

Love. Eight thousand devils take her——

Lap. But, dear sir! consider, nay, consider immediately, for every minute you lose, you lose a sum—Be resolute, sir; consider every guinea you give saves you a score.

Love. Well, if she will consent to, to, to, eight hundred—But try, do try, if you can make her bate any thing of that—if you can—you shall have a twentieth part of what she bates for yourself.

Lap. Why, sir, if I could get you off at eight thousand and you ought to leap out of your skin for joy.

Love. I wish I was out of my skin.

[*Knocking without.*

Lap. So, so, more duns, I suppose—Go but into the kitchen, sir, or the hall, and it will have a better effect on you than all I can say.

Love. What shall I do? Part with eight thousand pounds! I shall run distracted either way! [Exit.

Lap. Ah! would we could once prove you so, you old covetous good-for-nothing.

Enter MARIANA.

Mar. Well, what success?

Lap. It is impossible to tell; he is just gone into the kitchen, where, if he is not frightened into our design, I shall begin to despair. They say fear will make a coward brave, but nothing can make him generous; the very fear of losing all he is worth, will scarce bring him to part with a penny.

Mar. And have you acquainted neither Frederic nor Harriet with my intentions?

Lap. No, I assure you. Ah, madam, had I not been able to have kept a secret, I had never brought about those affairs that I have.

Re-enter LOVEGOLD.

Love. I am undone! I am undone! I am eat up! I am devoured! I have an army of cooks in my house.

Lap. Dear madam, consider—I know eight thousand pounds are a trifle; I know they are nothing; my master can very well afford them; they will make no hole in his purse; and, if you should stand out, you will get more.

Love. [Putting his Hand before Lappet's Mouth] You lie, you lie, you lie, you lie, you lie, she never could get more—never should get more; it is more

than I am worth; it is an immense sum! and I will be starved, drowned, shot, hanged, burnt, before I part with a penny of it!

Lap. For heaven's sake, sir, you will ruin all—— Madam, let me beg you, entreat you, to bate these two thousand pounds. Suppose a lawsuit should be the consequence, I know my master would be cast; I know it would cost him an immense sum of money, and that he would pay the charges of both in the end; but you might be kept out of it a long time. Eight thousand pounds now are better than ten five years hence.

Mar. No; the satisfaction of my revenge on a man who basely departs from his word, will make me amends for the delay, and whatsoever I suffer, as long as I know his ruin will be the consequence, I shall be easy.

Love. Bloody-minded wretch!

Lap. Why, sir, since she insists on it, what does it signify? You know you are in her power, and it will be only throwing away more money to be compelled to it at last: why, sir, get rid of her at once; what are two thousand pounds? Why, sir, the court of chancery will eat it up for a breakfast: it has been given for a mistress, and will you not give it to be rid of a wife? Besides, sir——

[They whisper.]

Love. How? and will you swear a robbery against her? that she robbed me of what I shall give her?

Lap. Depend on it, sir.

Love. I'll break open the bureau, to make it look the more likely.

Lap. Do so, sir; but lose no time! give it her this moment. *[Aside]* Madam, my master has consented, and if you have the contract he is ready to pay the money.

Mar. Here is the contract.

Love. I'll break open the bureau. *[Aside to Lappet.]*

Lap. Do, sir.

Love. But won't that spoil the lock?

Lap. Pshaw, sir, never mind the lock.

Love. I'll fetch you the money—'tis all I'm worth in the world.

[Exit.]

Mar. Sure he will never be brought to it yet.

Lap. I warrant him: but you are to pay dearer for it yet than you imagine, for I am to swear a robbery against you. What will you give me, madam, to buy off my evidence?

Mar. And is it possible that the old rogue would consent to such a villany?

Lap. Ay, madam; for half that sum he would hang half the town. But, truly, I can never be made amends for all the pains I have taken on your account. Were I to receive a single guinea a lie for every one I have told this day, it would make me a pretty tolerable fortune.

Re-enter LOVEGOLD, with the Notes.

Love. Here, here they are—all in bank notes—all the money I am worth in the world—I have sent for a constable! she must not go out of sight before we have her taken into custody. [*Aside to Lappet.*

Lap. You have done very wisely.

Love. [*Counting the Notes as he gives them*] One, two, three, four, five, six, eight.

Mar. No, sir, there are only seven.

Love. [*Gives her another*] Eight—nine—ten—Give me my contract!

Mar. There, sir, is your contract. [*Lovegold tears it*] Now, sir, I have nothing to do but to make myself as easy as I can in my loss.

Love. Oh! my money, my money, my money!

Enter FREDERIC.

Fred. If this lady does not make you amends for the loss of your money, resign over all pretensions in her to me, and I will engage to get it restored to you.

Love. How, sirrah? are you a confederate? have you helped to rob me?

Fred. Softly, sir, or you shall never see your guineas again.

Love. I resign her over to you entirely, and may you both starve together! so go fetch my gold!

Mar. You are easily prevailed upon, I see, to resign

right which you have not. But were I to resign over myself, it would hardly be the man's fortune to starve, whose wife brought him ten thousand pounds.

Love. Bear witness, she has confessed she has the money, and I shall prove she stole it from me.—Lappet is my evidence; she broke open my bureau with a great kitchen poker.

Lap. I hope I shall have all your pardons, and particularly yours, madam, whom I have most injured.

Love. A fig for her pardon! you are doing a right action.

Lap. Then, if there was any robbery, you must have robbed yourself. This lady can only be a receiver of stolen goods, for I saw you give her the money with your own hands.

Love. How! I! you! what! what!

Lap. And I must own it, with shame I must own it—that the money you gave her in exchange for the contract I promised to swear she had stolen from you.

Love. I am undone, undone, undone!

Fred. No, sir, your three thousand guineas are safe yet.

Love. But my ten thousand—where are they?

Mar. Where they ought to be, in the hands of one who, I think, deserves them. [*Gives them to Frederic.*]

Love. Sirrah! give me my notes, give me my notes!

Fred. You must excuse me, sir; I can part with nothing I receive from this lady.

Lap. Be pacified, sir; I think the lady has acted nobly, in giving that back again into your family which she might have carried out of it.

Love. My family be hanged! if I am robbed, I don't care who robs me. I would as soon hang my son as another—and I will hang him if he does not restore me all I have lost; for I would not give half that sum to save the whole world.—I will go and employ all the lawyers in town; for I will have my money again, if law, justice, or injustice, will get it me. [*Exit.*]

Fred. I am resolved we will get the better of him now; but oh, Mariana! your generosity is much greater

in bestowing this sum than my happiness in receiving it. From what we have seen lately, I think riches are rather to be feared than wished ; at least, I am sure avarice, which too often attends wealth, is a greater evil than any that is found in poverty. Misery is generally the end of all vice, but it is the very mark at which avarice seems to aim : the miser endeavours to be wretched.

He hoards eternal cares within his purse,
And, what he wishes most, proves most his curse.
[*Exeunt.*]

EPILOGUE.

WRITTEN BY COLLEY CIBBER, ESQ.

OUR author's shure bewitch'd! the senseless rogue
Insists no good play wants an epilogue.
Suppose that true, said I, what's that to this?
Is yours a good one?—No, but Moliere's is, }
He cry'd, and zounds! no epilogue was tack'd to his.
Besides, your modern epilogues, said he,
Are but ragouts of smut and ribaldry,
Where the false jests are dwindled to so few,
There's scarce one *double entendre* left that's new;
Nor would I in that lovely circle raise
One blush to gain a thousand coxcombs' praise:
Then for the threadbare jokes of cit and wit, }
Whose foreknown rhyme is echo'd from the pit
Till of their laugh the galleries are bit,
Then to reproach the critics with illnature,
And charge their malice to his stinging satire;
And thence appealing to the nicer boxes,
Though talking stuff might dash the Drury doxies:
If these, he cry'd, the choice ingredients be
For epilogues, they shall have none from me.
Lord, sir! says I, the gall'ry will so bawl;
Let 'em, he cry'd; a bad one's worse than none at all.
Madam, these things than you I'm more expert in, }
Nor do I see no epilogue much hurt in.
Zounds! when the play is ended—drop the curtain. }





M I D A S.

AN

English Burletta.

BY KANE O'HARA.

CORRECTLY GIVEN, FROM COPIES USED IN THE THEATRES,

BY

THOMAS DIBDIN,

Author of several Dramatic Pieces: and

PROMPTER OF THE THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

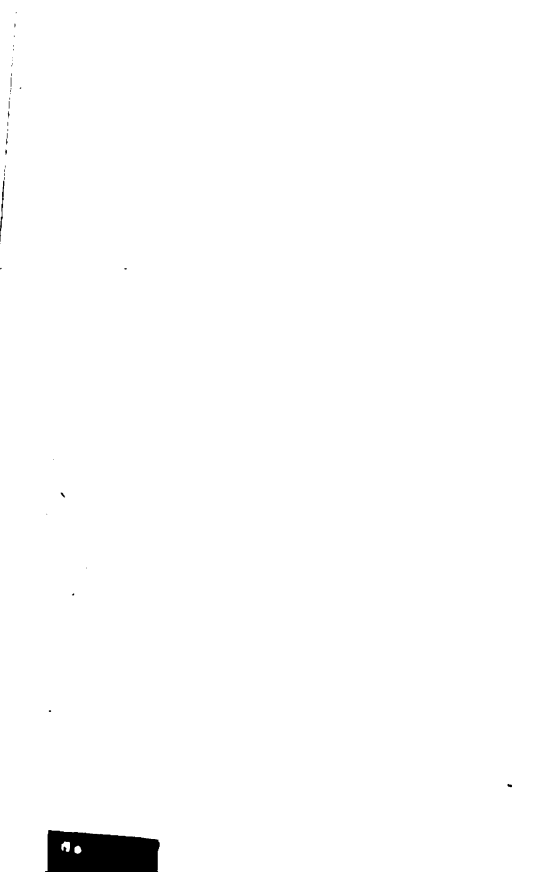


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1815.



MIDAS

MADE its first appearance at Covent Garden in 1764, with less success than its present popularity might lead us to imagine. When first brought out, it was performed as an opera ; but soon found its proper station as an afterpiece. The judicious selection of the airs, added to the point and humour of the versification, contributed to render what was merely meant as a burlesque on the sublime heathen mythology of the Italian opera, a standing dish for the lovers of the drama, who never retire from it dissatisfied with their entertainment.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

As originally acted at Covent Garden, 1764.

<i>Jupiter</i>	Mr. Legg.
<i>Juno</i>	Mr. Stephens.
<i>Apollo</i>	Mr. Matlocks.
<i>Momus</i>	Mr. Dibdin.
<i>Mercury</i>	Mr. Baker.
<i>Pan</i>	Mr. Dunstall.

MORTALS.

<i>Midas</i>	Mr. Shuter.
<i>Dametas</i>	Mr. Fawcett.
<i>Sileno</i>	Mr. Beard.
<i>Mysis</i>	Miss Poitier.
<i>Daphne</i>	Miss Miller.
<i>Nysa</i>	Miss Hallam.
<i>Oracle</i>	Mr. Waylen.

Drury Lane, 1804.

Covent Garden, 1814.

<i>Jupiter</i>	Mr. Sedgwick.	Mr. Tinney.
<i>Juno</i>	Mrs. Harlowe.	Miss Logan.
<i>Apollo</i>	Mr. Kelly.	Mr. Sinclair.
<i>Pan</i>	Mr. Caulfield.	Mr. Emery.
<i>Mars</i>	Mr. Rhodes.	Mr. Higman.
<i>Bacchus</i>	Mr. Jones.	Mr. Duruset.
<i>Mercury</i>	Mr. Gibbons.	Mr. Heath.
<i>Cupid</i>	Master West.	Master Wilson.
<i>Minerva</i>	Miss Saunders.	Mrs. Davies.
<i>Venus</i>	Miss Bristow.	Mrs. Norman.
<i>Bellona</i>	Miss Williams.	
<i>Luna</i>	Miss Arne.	
<i>Hebe</i>	Miss Watson.	

MORTALS.

<i>Midas</i>	Mr. Suett.	Mr. Liston.
<i>Dametas</i>	Mr. Wathen.	Mr. Taylor.
<i>Sileno</i>	Mr. Dignum.	Mr. Fawcett.
<i>Mysis</i>	Miss Tyrer.	Mrs. Liston.
<i>Daphne</i>	Mrs. Mountain.	Mrs. Stirling.
<i>Nysa</i>	Mrs. Bland.	Miss Bolton.

Graces, Attendants, Chorusses, &c. &c.

SCENE—First on Mount OLYMPUS, afterwards on the Pastures of LYDIA.

ACT THE FIRST.



SCENE I. *The Curtain rising discovers the heathen Deities, seated amidst the Clouds, in full Council: they address JUPITER in the following Chorus.*

JOVE, in his chair,
Of the sky lord may'r,
With his nods
Men and gods
Keep in awe;
When he winks,
Heaven shrinks;
When he speaks,
Hell squeaks;
Earth's globe is but his law.
Cock of the school,
He bears despotic rule;
His word,
Though absurd,
Must be law.

Even Fate,
 Though so great,
 Must not prate;
 His bald pate
 Jove would cuff,
 He's so bluff,
 For a straw.
 Cow'd deities,
 Like mice in cheese,
 To stir must cease,
 Or gnaw.

Jup. [*Rising*] Immortals, you have heard your plaintive sov'reign,
 And culprit Sol's high crimes. Shall we who govern,
 Brook spies upon us? Shall Apollo trample
 On our commands? We'll make him an example.
 As for you, Juno, curb your prying temper, or
 We'll make you, to your cost know—we're your emperor.

Juno. I'll take the law. [*To Jupiter*] My proctor,
 with a summons,
 Shall cite you, sir, t'appear at Doctors' Commons.

Jup. Let him—but first I'll chase from heaven you varlet;

Juno. What, for detecting you and your vile harlot!

AIR.

Think not, lewd Jove,
 Thus to wrong my chaste love;
 For, spite of your rakehelly godhead,
 By day and by night,
 Juno will have her right,
 Nor be, of dues nuptial, defrauded.
 I'll ferret the haunts
 Of your female gallants;
 In vain you in darkness enclose them;
 Your favourite jades,
 I'll plunge to the shades,
 Or into cows metamorphose them.

Jup. Peace, termagant—I swear by Styx, our thunder
Shall hurl him to the earth—Nay, never wonder,
I've sworn it, gods.

Apollo. Hold, hold, have patience,
Papa—No bowels for your own relations!

AIR.

Be by your friends advised,
Too harsh, too hasty dad!
Maugre your bolts and wise head,
The world will think you mad.
What worse can Bacchus teach men,
His roaring bucks, when drunk,
Than break the lamps, beat watchmen,
And stagger to some punk?

Jup. You saucy scoundrel—there, sir.—Come, disorder;
Down, Phœbus, down to earth, we'll hear no further.
Roll, thunders, roll; blue lightnings flash about him.
The blab shall find our sky can do without him.

[Thunder and Lightning. Jupiter darts a Bolt at him; he falls—Jupiter re-assumes his Throne, and the Gods all ascend together, singing the initial Chorus.]

Jove, in his chair, &c.

SCENE II.

A campaign Country, with a distant Village; violent Storm of Thunder and Lightning. A Shepherd sleeping in the Field is roused by it, and runs away frightened, leaving his Cloak, Hat, and Guitar behind him.

APOLLO (as cast from Heaven) falls to the Earth, with a rude Shock, and lies for a while stunned; at length he begins to move, rises, advances, and, looking forward, speaks.

Apol. Zooks! what a crush! a pretty, decent tumble!
Kind usage, Mr. Jove—sweet sir, your humble.

Well, down I am ;—no bones broke, though sore pepper'd!

Here doom'd to stay.—What can I do?—turn shepherd—

[Puts on the Cloak, &c.

A lucky thought—In this disguise, Apollo

No more, but Pol the swain, some flock I'll follow.

No doubt I, with my voice, guitar, and person,

Among the nymphs to kick up some diversion.

Enter SILENO.

Sil. Whom have we here? a sightly clown!—and sturdy:

Hum—plays, I see, upon the hurdy-gurdy.

Seems out of place—a stranger—all in tatters;

I'll hire him—he'll divert my wife and daughters.

—Whence, and what art thou, boy?

Pol. An orphan lad, sir.

Pol is my name—a shepherd once my dad, sir!

I'th' upper parts here—though not born to serving,

I'll now take on, for faith I'm almost starving.

Sil. You've drawn a prize i'th' lottery.—So have I too;

Why—I'm the master you could best apply to.

DUETT.—SILENO and POL.

Sil. Since you mean to hire for service,

Come with me, you jolly dog;

You can help to bring home harvest,

Tend the sheep, and feed the hog.

Fa, la, la.

With three crowns, your standing wages,

You shall daintily be fed;

Bacon, beans, salt beef, cabbages,

Buttermilk, and oaten bread.

Fa, la, la.

Come, strike hands, you'll live in clover,

When we get you once at home;

And when daily labour's over,

We'll dance to your strum-strum.

Fa, la, la.

Pol. I strike hands, I take your offer,
 Further on I may fare worse;
Zooks, I can no longer suffer
 Hungry guts and empty purse.
Fa, la, la.

<i>Sil.</i> Do strike hands; 'tis kind I offer;	} <i>Together.</i>
<i>Pol.</i> I strike hands, and take your offer;	
<i>Sil.</i> Further seeking you'll fare worse;	
<i>Pol.</i> Further on I may fare worse.	
<i>Sil.</i> Pity such a lad should suffer,	
<i>Pol.</i> Zooks, I can no longer suffer,	
<i>Sil.</i> Hungry guts and empty purse,	
<i>Pol.</i> Hungry guts and empty purse,	
	<i>Fa, la, la.</i>

[*Exeunt, dancing and singing.*]

SCENE III. SILENO'S Farm-house.

Enter DAPHNE and NYSA.

Daph. But, Nysa, how goes on squire Midas's courtship?

Nysa. Your sweet Dametas, pimp to his great worship,

Brought me from him a purse;—but the conditions—
 I've cur'd him I believe of such commissions.

Daph. The moon calf! This must blast him with my father.

Nysa. Right. So we're rid of the two frights together.

Both. Ha, ha, ha!—ha, ha, ha!

Enter MYSIS.

Mysis. Hey-day! what mare's nest's found?—For ever grinning:

Ye rantipoles—is't thus you mind your spinning?

AIR.

Girls are known
To mischief prone,
 If ever they be idle.
Who would rear
Two daughters fair,
 Must hold a steady bridle.
For here they skip,
And there they trip,
 And this and that way sidle.
Giddy maids,
Poor silly jades,
 All after men are gadding;
They flirt pell-mell,
Their train to swell,
 To coxcomb, coxcomb adding :
To ev'ry fop
They're cock-a-hoop,
 And set their mothers madding.

Enter SILENO, introducing POL.

Sil. Now, dame and girls, no more let's hear you
grumble
At too hard toil ;—I chanc'd just now to stumble
On this stout drudge—and hir'd him—fit for labour.
To 'em, lad—then he can play, and sing, and caper.

Mysis. Fine rubbish to bring home ; a strolling
thrummer !

What art thou good for ? speak, thou ragged mummer ?
[*To Pol.*

Nysa. Mother, for shame——

Mysis. Peace, saucebox, or I'll maul you.

Pol. Goody, my strength and parts you undervalue,
For his or your work, I'm brisk and handy.

Daph. A sad cheat else——

Mysis. What you, you jack-a-dandy ?

AIR.—POL.

Pray, goody, please to moderate the rancour of your tongue :

Why flash those sparks of fury from your eyes?
Remember, when the judgment's weak, the prejudice is strong :

A stranger why will you despise?

Ply me,

Try me,

Prove, 'ere you deny me :

If you cast me

Off, you blast me

Never more to rise.

Pray, goody, &c.

Mysis. Sirrah, this insolence deserves a drubbing.

Nysa. With what sweet temper he bears all her snubbing!

Sil. Oons, no more words.—Go, boy, and get your dinner. [Exit Pol.]

Fie, why so cross-grain'd to a young beginner?

Nysa. So modest!

Daph. So genteel!

Sil. [To *Mysis*] Not pert, nor lumpish.

Mysis. Would he were hang'd!

Nysa. *Daph.* La! mother, why so frumpish?

QUARTETTO.—*NYSA, DAPHNE, MYNIS, and SILENO.*

Nysa. Mamma, how can you be so ill-natur'd
To the gentle, handsome swain?

Daph. To a lad so limb'd, so featur'd,
Sure 'tis cruel to give pain.

Sure 'tis cruel, &c.

Mysis. Girls, for you, my fears perplex me,
I'm alarm'd on your account :

Sil. Wife, in vain you tease and vex me,
I will rule, depend upon't.

Nysa. Ah! ah!

Daph. Mamma!

Mid. I've heard of that Pol's tricks, of his sly tampering,
To fling poor Pan, but soon I'll send him scampering.
'Sblood, I'll commit him—drive him to the gallows!
Where is old Pan?

Dam. Tipling, sir, at th' alehouse.

Mid. Run fetch him—we shall hit on some expedient,
To rout this Pol.

Dam. I fly; [*Going, returns*] sir, your obedient.

[*Exit.*]

Mid. What boots my being squire,
Justice of peace, and quorum;
Churchwarden—Knight o'the shire,
And *oustos rotulorum*;
If saucy little Nisa's heart rebellious,
My squireship slights, and hankers after fellows?

AIR.

Shall a paltry clown, not fit to wipe my shoes,
Dare my amours to cross?
Shall a peasant minx, when Justice Midas woos,
Her nose up at him toss?
No: I'll kidnap—then possess her:
I'll sell her Pol a slave, get *mundungus* in exchange:
So glut to the height of pleasure,
My love and my revenge.
No: I'll kidnap, &c.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE V. *A Village Alehouse Door.*

PAN is discovered sitting at a Table, with a Tankard, Pipes, and Tobacco before him; his Bagpipes lying by him.

Pan. Jupiter wenches and drinks,
He rules the roast in the sky;
Yet he's a fool if he thinks
That he's as happy as I;
Juno rates him,
And grates him,

And leads his highness a weary life ;
 I have my lass,
 And my glass,
 And stroll a bachelor's merry life.
 Let him fluster,
 And bluster,
 Yet cringe to his harridan's furbelow ;
 To my fair tulips,
 I glue lips,
 And clink the cannikin here below.

Enter DAMETAS.

Dam. There sits the old soaker—his pate troubling little
 How the world wags : so he gets drink and vittle.—
 Hoa, master Pan—'Gad, you've trod on a thistle !
 You may pack up your all, sir, and go whistle. .
 The wenches have turn'd tail—to you buck ranter :
 Tickled by his guitar—they scorn your chanter.

AIR.

All round the maypole how they trot,
 Hot
 Pot,
 And good ale have got ;
 Routing,
 Shouting,
 At you flouting,
 Fleering,
 Jeering,
 And what not.
 There is old Sileno frisks like a mad
 Lad,
 Glad
 To see us sad :
 Cap'ring,
 Vap'ring ;
 While Pol, scraping,
 Coaxes
 The lasses
 As he did the dad.
 Round about, &c.

Enter MYSIS.

Mysis. O Pan! the devil to pay—both my sluts frantic!
Both in their tantrums, for yon cap'ring antic.
But I'll go seek 'em all—and if I find 'em,
I'll drive 'em—as if old nick were behind 'em. [*Going.*]

Pan. Soa, soa,—don't flounce;

Avast—disguise your fury.

Pol we shall trounce;

Midas is judge and jury.

AIR—MYSIS.

Sure I shall run with vexation distracted,
'To see my purposes thps counteracted!
This way or that way, or which way soever,
All things run contrary to my endeavour.

Daughters projecting

Their ruin and shame,

Fathers neglecting

The care of their fame;

Nursing in bosom a treacherous viper;

Here's a fine dance—but 'tis he pays the piper.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI. *A Wood and Lawn near SILENO's Farm;
Flocks grazing at a distance.*

*A tender slow Symphony: DAPHNE crosses, melancholy
and silent; NYSA watching her.*

Nysa. O ho; is it so—Miss Daphne in the dumps?
Mum—snug's the word—I'll lead her such a dance
Shall make her stir her stumps.

To all her secret haunts,

Like a shadow I'll follow and watch her;

And, faith, mamma shall hear on't if I catch her.

[*Retires.*]

Re-enter DAPHNE.

Daph. La; how my heart goes pit-a-pat; what thump-
ing,

E'er since my father brought us home this bumpkin.

AIR.

He's as tight a lad to see to,
As e'er stept in leather shoe;
And what's better, he'll love me too,
And to him I'll prove true blue.
Though my sister casts a hawk's eye,
I defy what she can do;
He o'erlook'd the little doxy,
I'm the girl he means to woo.
Hither I stole out to meet him,
He'll no doubt my steps pursue;
If the youth prove true, I'll fit him;
If he's false—I'll fit him too.

Enter POL.

Pol. Think o'the devil—'tis said,
He's at your shoulder——
This wench was running in my head,
And pop—behold her.

AIR.

Lovely nymph assuage my anguish:
At your feet a tender swain,
Prays you will not let him languish,
One kind look would ease his pain.
Did you know the lad who courts you,
He not long needs sue in vain:
Prince of song, of dance, of sports—you
Scarce will meet his like again.

Daph. Sir: you're such an olio,
Of perfection in folio,
No damsel can resist you:
Your face so attractive,
Limbs so supple and active,
That by this light,
At the first sight,
I could have run and kiss'd you.

AIR.

If you can caper, as well as you can modulate,
 With the addition of that pretty face,
 Pan, who was held by our shepherds a god o'late
 Will be kick'd out, and you set in his place.
 His beard so frowsy, his gestures so awkward are,
 And his bagpipe has so drowsy a drone,
 That if they find you, as I did, no backwarder,
 You may count on all the girls as your own.

Mysis. [*From within*] Pol, Pol, make haste, come
 hither.

Pol. Death, what a time to call;
 Oh! rot your old lungs of leather.

B'ye Daph.

Daph. B'ye Pol.

[*Exit Pol. Nysa comes forward.*]

Nysa. Marry come up, forsooth,
 Is't me, you forward vixen,
 You choose to play your tricks on;
 And could your liquorish tooth
 Find none but my sweetheart to fix on?

Daph. Marry come up again,
 Indeed, my dirty cousin!
 Have you a right to every swain?

Nysa. Ay, though a dozen.

DUETT.—DAPHNE and NYSA.

Daph. My minikin miss, do you fancy that Pol
 Can ever be caught by an infant's dol?

Nysa. Can you, miss Maypole, suppose he will fall
 In love with the giantess of Guildhall?

Daph. Pigmy elf,

Nysa. Colossus itself,

Both. You will lie till you're mouldy upon the shelf.

Daph. You stump o'th' gutter, you hop o'my thumb,
 A husband for you must from Lilliput come.

Nysa. You stalking steeple, you gawky stag,
 Your husband must come from Brogdignag.

Daph. Sour grapes,

Nysa. Lead apes ;

Both. I'll humble your vanity, mistress *Trapes*.

Daph. Miss, your assurance,

Nysa. And, miss, your high airs

Daph. Is past all endurance,

Nysa. Are at their last pray'rs.

Daph. No more of those freedoms, miss *Nysa*, I beg.

Nysa. Miss *Daphne's* conceit must be lower'd a peg.

Daph. { Poor spite!

Nysa. { Pride hurt!

Daph. { Liver white!

Nysa. { Rare sport!

Daph. { Do show your teeth, spitfire, do, but you
can't bite ;

Nysa. { This haughtiness soon will be laid in the dirt.

Poor spite, &c.

Pride hurt, &c. [Exit, squabbling.

ACT THE SECOND.



SCENE I. *A Grove.*

Enter NYSSA, followed by MIDAS.

Mid. Turn, tygress, turn; nay fly not—
I have thee at a why not.
How comes it, little Nysy,
That heart to me so icy
Should be to Pol like tinder,
Burnt up t' a very cinder?

Nysa. Sir, to my virtue ever steady;
Firm as a rock
I scorn your shock;
But why this attack?
A miss can you lack
Who have a wife already?

Mid. Ay, there's the curse—but she is old and sickly;
And would my Nysa grant the favour quickly,
Would she yield now—I swear by the lord Harry,
The moment madam's coffin'd—Her I'll marry.

AIR.

O what pleasures will abound,
 When my wife is laid in ground!
 Let earth cover her,
 We'll dance over her,
 When my wife is laid in ground.
 Oh how happy should I be,
 Would little Nisa pig with me!
 How I'd minble her,
 Touze and tumble her,
 Would little Nysa pig with me.

Nysa. Young birds alone are caught with chaff,
 At your base scheme I laugh.

Mid. Yet take my vows.—

Nysa. I would not take your bond, sir,—

Mid. Half my estate—

Nysa. No, nor the whole—my fond sir. [Exit.

Mid. Well, master Pol I'll tickle,
 For him, at least, I have a rod in pickle:
 When he's in limbo,
 Not thus our hoity-toity miss
 Will stick her arms a-kimbo.

Enter PAN.

Pan. So, squire, well met—I flew to know your business.

Mid. Why, Pan, this Pol we must bring him on his knees.

Pan. That were a feat indeed;—a feat to brag on.

Mid. Let's home—we'll there concert it as we wag on;
 I'll make him skip—

Pan. As St. George did the dragon.

AIR*.

If into your hen-yard
 The treacherous reynard

* This song is omitted in the representation.

Steals sily, your poultry to ravage,
With gun you attack him,
With beagles you track him,
All's fair to destroy the fell savage.
So Pol, who comes picking
Up my tender chicken,
No means do I scruple to banish;
With power I'll o'erbear him,
With fraud I'll ensnare him,
By hook or by crook he shall vanish.

[*Exeunt.*]SCENE II. *A Lawn before MIDAS's House.**Enter NYSA.*

Nysa. Good luck! what is come o'er me?
Daphne has stepp'd before me!
Envy and love devour me.
Pol dotes upon her phiz hard!
'Tis that sticks in my gizzard.
Midas appears now twenty times more hideous:
Ah, *Nysa*, what resource?—a cloister.
Death alive—yet thither must I run,
And turn a nun,
Prodigious!

AIR.

In these greasy old tatters
His charms brighter shine:
Then his guitar he clatters
With tinkling divine:
But my sister,
Ah! he kiss'd her,
And me he pass'd by;
I'm jealous
Of the fellow's
Bad taste and blind eye.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE III. MIDAS'S Parlour.

MIDAS, MYNIS, and PAN discovered in consultation
over a large Bowl of Punch, Pipes, and Tobacco.

Mid. Come, Pan, your toast——

Pan. Here goes, our noble umpire.

Mysis. And Pol's defeat—I'll pledge it in a bumper.

Mid. Hang him, in every scheme that whelp has
cross'd us.

Mysis. Sure he's the devil himself;

Pan. Or doctor Faustus.

Mysis. Ah! squire—for Pan would you but stoutly
stickle,

This Pol would soon be in a wretched pickle.

Pan. You reason right——

Mid. His toby I shall tickle.

Mysis. Look, squire, I've sold my butter, here the
price is

At your command, do but this job for Mysis.

Count 'em—six guineas and an old Jacobus,

Keep Pan, and shame that scape-grace coram nobis.

Mid. Goody, as 'tis your request,

I pocket this here stuff;

And as for that there peasant,

Trust me, I'll work his buff.

At the musical struggle

I'll bully and juggle;

My award's

Your sure card;

Blood, he shall fly his country—that's enough.

Pan. Well said, my lad of wax.

Mid. Let's end th' tankard,

I have no head for business till I've drank hard.

Pan. Nor have my guts brains in them till they're
addle,

When I'm most recky, I best sit my saddle.

Mid. Well, come, let's take one bouze, and roar a catch,
Then part to our affairs.

Pan. A match.

Mysis. A match.

TRIO.—MIDAS, PAN, and MY SIS.

Mid. Master Pol
And his toll de roll loll,
I'll buffet away from the plain, sir.

Pan. And I'll assist
Your worship's fist
With all my might and main, sir.

Mysis. And I'll have a thump,
Though he is so plump,
And make such a wounded racket.

Mid. I'll bluff,

Pan. I'll rough,

Mysis. I'll huff,

Mid. I'll cuff,

All. And I'll warrant we pepper his jacket.

Mid. For all his cheats,
And wenching feats,
He shall rue on his knees 'em.

O skip, by goles,
As high as Paul's,
Like ugly witch on besom;
Arraign'd he shall be,
Of treason to me!

Pan. And I with my davy will back it,
I'll swear,

Mid. I'll snare,

Mysis. I'll tear,

All. O rare!

And I'll warrant we pepper his jacket.

SCENE IV. *A Landscape.*

Enter SILENO and DAMETAS, in warm Argument.

Sil. My Daph, a wife for thee; the squire's base
pander!

To the plantations sooner would I send her.

Dam. Sir, your good wife approv'd my offers.

Sil. Name her not, hag of Endor,

What know she of thee but thy coffers? [apes,

Dam. And shall this ditch-born whelp, this jack-an-
By dint of congees and of scrapes—

Sil. These are thy slanders and that canker'd hag's—

Dam. A thing made up of pilfer'd rags;—

Sil. Richer than thou with all thy brags
Of flocks, and herds, and money bags.

DUETT.—*SILENO and DAMETAS.*

Sil. If a rival thy character draw,
In perfection he'll find out a flaw;
With black he will paint,
Make a de'il of a saint,
And change to an owl a maccaw.

Dam. Can a father pretend to be wise,
Who his friend's good advice would despise?
Who, when danger is nigh,
Throws his spectacles by,
And blinks through a green girl's eyes?

Sil. You're an impudent pimp and a grub.

Dam. You are fool'd by a beggarly scrub;
Your betters you shub.

Sil. Who will lend me a club,
This insolent puppy to drub?
You're an impudent pimp and a grub,

Dam. You're cajol'd by a beggarly scrub,

Sil. Who will rot in a powdering tub,

Dam. Whom the prince of impostors I dub;

Sil. A guinea for a club,

Dam. You're bald pate you'll rub,

Sil. This muckworm to drub.

Dam. When you find that your cub,

Sil. Rub off, sirrah, rub, sirrah, rub.

Dam. Is debauch'd by a whipp'd syllabub. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter MYSIS, attended by DAPHNE and NYSA.

Mysis. Soh!—you attend the trial—we shall drive
Your vagabond— [hence]

Sil. I smoke your foul contrivance.

Daph. Ah, Nys, our fate depends upon this issue—

Nysa. Daph—for your sake my claim I here forego;
And with your Pol much joy I wish you.

Daph. O, gemini, say'st thou me so?
Dear creature, let me kiss you.

Nysa. Let's kneel, and beg his stay, papa will back us.

Daph. Mamma will storm.

Nysa. What then? she can but whack us.

QUINTETTO.—*DAPHNE, NYSA, MY SIS, SILENO, and
DAMÆTAS.*

Daph. Mother, sure you never

Will endeavour

To disserve

From my favour

So sweet a swain;

None so clever

E'er trod the plain.

Nysa. Father, hopes you gave her,

Don't deceive her,

Can you leave her

Sunk for ever

In pining care?

Haste and save her

From black despair.

Daph. Think of his modest grace,

His voice, shape, and face;

Nysa. Hearts alarming,

Daph. Bosoms warming,

Nysa. Wrath disarming,

Daph. With his soft lay :

Nysa. He's so charming,

Ay, let him stay.

Both. He's so charming, &c.

Mysis. Sluts, are you lost to shame?

Sil. Wife, wife, be more tame.

Mysis. This is madness!

Sil. Sober sadness!

Mysis. I with gladness

Could see him swing,

For his badness.

Sil. 'Tis no such thing.

Dam. Must Pan resign to this for his employment?

Must I to him yield of Daph the enjoyment?

Mysis. Ne'er while a tongue I brandish,
Fop outlandish,
Daph shall blandish.

Dam. Will you reject my income,
Herds and clinkum?

Sil. Rot and sink 'em.

Dam. Midas must judge.

Mysis. And Pol must fly.

Sil. Zounds, Pol shan't budge:

Mysis. You lie.

Dam. You lie.

Mysis. }
Dam. } You lie, you lie*.
Sil. }

Nysa. Pan's drone is fit for wild rocks and bleak
mountains;

Daph. Pol's lyre suits best our cool grots and clear
fountains.

Nysa. Pol is young and merry,

Daph. Light and airy,

Sil. As a fairy.

Nysa. Pan is old and musty;

Daph. Stiff and fusty;

Sil. Sour and crusty.

Daph. Can you banish Pol?

Nysa. No, no, no, no.

Let Pan fall.

Daph. Ay, let him go.

Nysa. }
Daph. } Ay, let him go.
Sil. }

*Enter MIDAS, enraged, attended by a Crowd of Nymphs
and Swains.*

Mid. Peace, ho! Is hell broke loose? what mean this
jawing?

Under my very nose this clapper-clawing!

* The remainder of this stanza is omitted in the representation.

AIR.

What the devil's here to do,
 Ye loggerheads and gipsies?
 Sirrah you, and hussy you,
 And each of you tipsy is:
 But I'll as sure pull down your pride as
 A gun, or as I'm justice Midas.

Chorus. O, tremendous justice Midas!
 Who shall oppose wise justice Midas?

AIR.—MIDAS.

I'm given to understand that you are all in a pother here;
 Disputing whether Pan or Pol shall pipe to you another
 year.

Dare you think your clumsy ears so proper to decide, as
 The delicate ears of justice Midas?

Chorus. O, tremendous, &c.

Mid. So you allow it then—ye mobbish rabble?—

Enter POL and PAN severally.

Oh, here comes Pol and Pan—now stint your gabble.
 Fetch my great chair—I'll quickly end this squabble.

AIR.

Now I'm seated,
 I'll be treated

Like the sophi on his throne;

In my presence,
 Scoundrel peasants

Shall not call their souls their own.

My behest is,
 He who best is,

Shall be fix'd musician chief;

Ne'er the loser
 Shall show nose here,

But be transported like a thief.

Chorus. O tremendous, &c.

Dam. Masters, will you abide by this condition?

Pan. I ask no better.

Pol. I'm all submission.

Pan. Strike up, sweet sir.

Pol. Sir, I attend your leisure.

Mid. Pan, take the lead,

Pan. Since 'tis your worship's pleasure

AIR.

A pox on your pother about this or that;
Your shrieking or squeaking, a sharp or a flat;
I'm sharp by my bumpers, you're a flat, master Pol;
So here goes a set-to at toll de roll loll.

When beauty her rack of poor lovers would hamper,
And after miss Will-o'-the-Wisp the fools scamper;
Ding dong, in sing song, they the lady extol:
Pray what's all this fuss for, but——toll de roll loll.

Mankind are a medley——a chance-medley race;
All start in full cry, to give dame fortune chase:
There's catch as catch can, hit or miss, luck is all;
And luck's the best tune of life's toll de roll loll.

I've done, please your worship, 'tis rather too long;
[*Mid.* Not at all.]

I only meant life is but an old song:
The world's but a tragedy, comedy, droll;
Where all act the scene of toll de roll loll.

Mid. By jingo, well perform'd for one of his age;
Now, hang dog, don't you blush to show your visage?

Pol. Why, master Midas, for that matter,

'Tis enough to dash one.

To hear the arbitrator;

In such unseemly fashion,

One of the candidates bespatter,

With so much partial passion.

[*Midas falls asleep.*]

AIR.

Ah, happy hours, how fleeting,
Ye danc'd on down away;
When my soft vows repeating,
At Daphne's feet I lay!

But from her charms when sunder'd,
As Midas' frowns presage;
Each hour will seem an hundred;
Each day appear an age.

Mid. Silence—this just decree, all, at your peril,
Obedient hear—else I shall use you very ill.

THE DECREE.

Pan shall remain,
Pol quit the plain.

Chorus. O, tremendous, &c.

Mid. All bow with me to mighty Pan—enthrone
him—

No pouting—and with festal chorus crown him—
[The Crowd form two Ranks beside the Chair, and
join in the Chorus, whilst Midas crowns him with
Bays.

Chorus. See triumphant sits the bard,
Crown'd with bays, his due reward;
Exil'd Pol shall wander far;
Exil'd, twang his faint guitar;
While with echoing shouts of praise,
We the bagpipe's glory raise.

Mid. 'Tis well.—What keeps you here, you raga-
muffin?

Go trudge—or do you wait for a good cuffing?

Pol. Now all attend—

[Throws off his Disguise, and appears as Apollo.
The wrath of Jove for rapine,
Corruption, lust, pride, fraud, there's no escaping.
Tremble, thou wretch; thou stretch'd thy utmost tether;
Thou and thy tools shall go to pot together.

AIR.

Dunce, I did but sham,
For Apollo I am,
God of music, and king of Parnass;
Thy scurvy decree,
For Pan against me,
I reward with the ears of an ass.

Mid. Detected, balk'd, and small,
On our marrow-bones we fall.

Mysis. Be merciful.

Dam. Be pitiful.

Mid. Forgive us, mighty Sol.—Alas! alas!

FINALE.

Apol. Thou, a Billingsgate quean, [To *Mysis.*

Thou, a pandar obscene, [To *Damætas.*

With strumpets and bailiffs shall class;

Thou, driven from man, [To *Midas.*

Shalt wander with Pan;

He a stinking old goat, thou an ass, an ass, &c.

Be thou squire—his estate [To *Sileno.*

To thee I translate.

To you his strong chests, wicked mass;

[To *Daphne and Nysa.*

Live happy, while I,

Recall'd to the sky,

Make all the gods laugh at Midas.

Daph. Sil. Nysa. } To the bright god of day,
together with the } Let us dance, sing, and play;
other Nymphs and } Clap hands every lad with his
Swains. } lass.

Daph. Now, critics, lie snug,

Not a hiss, groan, or shrug;

Remember the fate of Midas,

Midas;

Remember the fate of Midas.

Chorus. Now, critics, lie snug, &c.





OROONOKO.

A Tragedy.

BY THOMAS SOUTHERN, ESQ.

CORRECTLY GIVEN, FROM COPIES USED IN THE THEATRES,

BY

THOMAS DIBDIN,

OF THE THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE;

Author of several Dramatic Pieces, &c.



Printed at the Chiswick Press,

BY C. WHITTINGHAM;

FOR WHITTINGHAM AND ARLISS, PATERNOSTER
ROW, LONDON.

1815.



OROONOKO

Was produced at Lincoln's-inn Fields in 1696; and has since been reproduced, with various curtailments and alterations, at Covent Garden and at Drury Lane. Mrs. Behn's novel of the same name furnished the plot. Dr. Hawkesworth altered and brought it out at Drury Lane in 1759. Mr. Gentleman also gave a new edition of it to the Edinburgh company in 1760, which was well received. The present is principally from the most generally acted copy, as it was presented in 1785, and partakes of all the other variations.

PROLOGUE.

SENT BY AN UNKNOWN HAND. .

SPOKEN BY MR. POWELL.

As when in hostile times two neighbouring states
Strive by themselves and their confederates:
The war at first is made with awkward skill,
And soldiers clumsily each other kill,
Till time at length their untaught fury tames,
And into rules their heedless rage reclaims:
Then ev'ry science by degrees is made
Subservient to the man-destroying trade:
Wit, wisdom, reading, observation, art;
A well-turn'd head to guide a generous heart.
So it may prove with our contending stages,
If you will kindly but supply their wages:
Which you with ease may furnish, by retrenching
Your superfluities of wine and wenching.
Who'd grudge to spare from riot and hard drinking,
To lay it out on means to mend his thinking?
To follow such advice you should have leisure,
Since what refines your sense refines your pleasure.
Women grown tame by use each fool can get,
But cuckolds all are made by men of wit.
To virgin favours fools have no pretence;
For maidenheads were made for men of sense.
'Tis not enough to have a horse well bred,
To show his mettle he must be well fed;
Nor is it all in provender and breed,
He must be try'd and strain'd to mend his speed.
A favour'd poet, like a pamper'd horse,
Will strain his eye-balls out to win the course.
Do you but in your wisdom vote it fit
To yield due succours to this war of wit,

The buskins with more grace should tread the stage,
Love sigh in softer strains, heroes less rage;
Satire shall show a triple row of teeth,
And comedy shall laugh your fops to death:
Wit shall refine, and Pegasus shall foam,
And soar in search of ancient Greece and Rome.
And since the nation's in the conquering fit,
As you by arms, we'll vanquish France in wit.
The wars were over, could our poets write
With half the spirit that our soldiers fight.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

As originally acted in Lincoln's-inn Fields, 1696.

<i>Aboan</i>	Mr. Powell.
<i>Lieutenant Governor</i>	Mr. Williams.
<i>Oroonoko</i>	Mr. Verbruggen.
<i>Blandford</i>	Mr. Harland.
<i>Hotman</i>	Mr. Sympson.
<i>Stanmore</i>	Mr. Horden.
<i>Jack Stanmore</i>	Mr. Mills.
<i>Daniel</i>	Mr. M. Lee.
<i>Captain Driver</i>	Mr. B. Johnson.
<i>Widow Lackitt</i>	Mrs. Knight.
<i>Charlotte Weldon</i>	Mrs. Verbruggen.
<i>Lucy Weldon</i>	Mrs. Lucas.
<i>Imoinda</i>	Mrs. Rogers.

1736.
Drury Lane.

<i>Aboan</i>	Mr. Palmer.	<i>Covent Garden.</i> Mr. Aickin.
<i>Lieutenant Governor</i>	Mr. Farren.	Mr. Davies.
<i>Oroonoko</i>	Mr. Bannister, jun.	Mr. Pope.
<i>Blandford</i>	Mr. J. Aickin.	Mr. Hull.
<i>Hotman</i>	Mr. Williamses.	Mr. Thompson.
<i>Stanmore</i>	Mr. R. Palmer.	Mr. Cubitt.
<i>Jack Stanmore</i>	Mr. Norris.	Mr. Helme.
<i>Daniel</i>	Mr. Suett.	Mr. Quick.
<i>Captain Driver</i>	Mr. Wrighten.	Mr. Fearon.
<i>Widow Lackitt</i>	Mrs. Hopkins.	Mrs. Webb.
<i>Charlotte Weldon</i>	Miss Collet.	Mrs. Bates.
<i>Lucy Weldon</i>	Miss Simson.	Mrs. Inchbald.
<i>Imoinda</i>	Miss Kemble.	Miss Younge.

Planters, Indians, Negroes, Men, Women, and Children.

SCENE—*SURINAM, a Colony in the West Indies; at the Time of the Action of this Tragedy in the Possession of the English.*

ACT THE FIRST.



SCENE I.

Enter CHARLOTTE WELDON, in Man's Clothes, following LUCY.

Lucy. **W**HAT will this come to? what can it end in? you have persuaded me to leave dear England, and dearer London, the place of the world most worthy living in, to follow you, a husband hunting, into America: I thought husbands grew in these plantations.

Char. Why so they do, as thick as oranges ripening one under another. Week after week they drop into some woman's mouth. 'Tis but a little patience, spreading your apron in expectation, and one of 'em will fall into your lap at last.

Lucy. Ay, say you so, indeed?

Char. But you have left dear London, you say: pray what have you left in London that was very dear to you, that had not left you before?

Lucy. Speak for yourself, sister.

Char. Nay, I'll keep you in countenance. The young fellows, you know, the dearest part of the town, and without whom London had been a wilderness to you and me, had forsaken us a great while.

Lucy. Forsaken us! I don't know that ever they had us.

Char. Forsaken us the worst way, child; that is, did not think us worth having; they neglected us, no longer design'd upon us, they were tir'd of us. Women in London are like the rich silks, they are out of fashion a great while before they wear out—

Lucy. The devil take the fashion, I say.

Char. You may tumble them over and over at their first coming up, and never disparage their price; but they fall upon wearing immediately, lower and lower in their value, till they come to the broker at last. To prevent which, with what youth and beauty were left, some experience, and the small remainder of fifteen hundred pounds a piece, which amounted to bare two hundred between us both, I persuaded you to bring your person for a venture to the Indies. Every thing has succeeded in our voyage: I pass for your brother: one of the richest planters here happening to die just as we landed, I have claimed kindred with him: so without making his will, he has left us the credit of his relation to trade upon: we pass for his cousins, coming here to Surinam chiefly upon his invitation: we live in reputation; have the best acquaintance in the place; and we shall see our account in't, I warrant you.

Lucy. I must rely upon you—

Enter WIDOW LACKITT.

Widow L. Mr. Weldon, your servant. Your servant, Mrs. Lucy, I am an ill visitor, but 'tis not too late I hope to bid you welcome to this side of the world.

[Salutes Lucy.]

Char. 'Gad so, I beg your pardon, widow, I should have done the civilities of my house before: but, as you say, 'tis not too late I hope—

[Going to kiss her.]

Widow L. What! you think now this was a civil way of begging a kiss; and by my troth, if it were, I see no harm in't; 'tis a pitiful favour indeed that is not worth asking for; though I have known a woman speak plainer before now, and not understood neither.

Char. Not under my roof. Have at you, widow—

Widow L. Why that's well said, spoke like a younger

brother, that deserves to have a widow.—[*He kisses her*]
You're a younger brother, I know by your kissing.

Char. How so, pray?

Widow L. Why, you kiss as if you expected to be paid for't. You stick so close, there's no getting rid of you.

Char. I am a-kin to a younger brother.

Widow L. So much the better: we widows are commonly the better for younger brothers.

Lucy. Better or worse, most of you. But you won't be much the better for him, I can tell you. [*Aside.*

Char. I was a younger brother; but an uncle of my mother's has maliciously left me an estate, and I'm afraid spoil'd my fortune.

Widow L. No, no; an estate will never spoil your fortune; I have a good estate myself, thank heaven, and a kind husband that left it behind him.

Char. Thank heaven that took him away from it, widow, and left you behind him.

Widow L. Nay, heaven's will must be done; he's in a better place.

Char. A better place for you, no doubt on't. Now you may look about you; choose for yourself, Mrs. Lackitt, that's your business; for I know you design to marry again.

Widow L. Nay, I'll do nothing rashly: I'll resolve against nothing. The devil, they say, is very busy upon these occasions, especially with the widows. But, if I am to be tempted, it must be with a young man, I promise you—Mrs. Lucy, your brother is a very pleasant gentleman: I came about business to him, but he turns every thing into merriment.

Char. Business, Mrs. Lackitt? Then I know you would have me to yourself. Pray, leave us together, sister. [*Exit Lucy*] What am I drawing upon myself here? [*Aside.*

Widow L. You have taken a very pretty house here; every thing so neat about you already. I hear you are laying out for a plantation.

Char. Why, yes truly, I like the country, and would buy a plantation, if I could reasonably.

Widow L. O! by all means reasonably.

Char. If I could have one to my mind, I would think of settling among you.

Widow L. O! you can't do better. Indeed we can't pretend to have so good company for you as you had in England; but we shall make very much of you. For my own part, I assure you, I shall think myself very happy to be more particularly known to you.

Char. Dear Mrs. Lackitt, you do me too much honour.

Widow L. Then as to a plantation, Mr. Weldon, you know I have several to dispose of. Mr. Lackitt, I thank him, has left, though I say it, the richest widow upon the place; therefore I may afford to use you better than other people can. You shall have one upon any reasonable terms. Mr. Weldon: well, I like that name of yours exceedingly, Mr. Weldon.

Char. My name!

Widow L. O exceedingly! If any thing could persuade me to alter my own name, I verily believe nothing in the world would do it so soon, as to be called Mrs. Weldon.

Char. I'm glad you like my name.

Widow L. Of all things. But then there's the misfortune, one cannot change one's name without changing one's condition.

Char. You hardly think it worth that, I believe.

Widow L. Think it worth what, sir? changing my condition! indeed, sir, I think it worth every thing. But alas! Mr. Weldon, I have buried my poor dear husband but six weeks; poor dear creature, I lov'd him sincerely: 'tis too soon to think of changing one's condition yet; indeed it is: pray don't desire it of me: not but that you may persuade me to any thing, sooner than any person in the world—

Char. Who, I, Mrs. Lackitt?

Widow L. Indeed you may, Mr. Weldon, sooner than any man living. Lord, there's a great deal in saving a decency: I never minded it before. Well, I am glad you spoke first, to excuse my modesty. Now I will own to you (but I won't confess neither), I have had a great respect for you a great while, I beg your

pardon, sir; and I must declare to you, indeed I must, if you desire to dispose of all I have in the world, in an honourable way, my fortune and person, if you won't understand me without telling you so, are both at your service, 'gad so! another time——

Enter STANMORE.

Stan. So, Mrs. Lackitt, your widowhood's weaning apace; I see which way 'tis going. Weldon, you're a happy man. The women and their favours come home to you.

Widow L. A fiddle of favour, Mr. Stanmore; I am a lone woman, you know it, left in a great deal of business, and business must be followed or lost. I have several stocks and plantations upon my hands, and other things to dispose of, which Mr. Weldon may have occasion for.

Char. We were just upon the brink of a bargain, as you came in.

Stan. Let me drive it on for you.

Char. So you must, I believe, you or somebody for me.

Stan. I'll stand by you: I understand more of this business than you can pretend to.

Char. I don't pretend to it; 'tis quite out of my way indeed.

Stan. If the widow gets you to herself, she will certainly be too hard for you: I know her of old: she has no conscience in a corner; a very Jew in a bargain.

Char. Is this true, widow?

Widow L. Speak as you find, Mr. Weldon; I have offered you very fair! think upon't, and let me hear of you; the sooner the better, Mr. Weldon. [*Exit.*]

Stan. I assure you, my friend, she'll cheat you if she can.

Char. I don't know that, but I can cheat her if I will.

Stan. Cheat her! how?

Char. I can marry her; and then I am sure I have it in my power to cheat her.

Stan. Can you marry her?

Char. Yes, faith, so she says: her pretty person and

fortune (which, one with the other, you know are not contemptible) are both at my service.

Stan. Contemptible! very considerable, 'egad; very desirable; why she's worth twenty thousand pounds, man; a clear estate: no charge upon't, but a boobily son: He indeed was to have half; but his father begot him, and she breeds him up not to know or have more than she has a mind to.

Char. There's a great deal to be made of this—

[*Musing.*

Stan. A handsome fortune may be made on't; and I advise you to't by all means.

Char. To marry her! an old wanton witch! I hate her.

Stan. No matter for that: let her go to the devil for you. She'll cheat her son of a good estate for you: that's a perquisite of a widow's portion always.

Char. I have a design, and will follow her at least, till I have a pennyworth of the plantation.

Stan. I speak as a friend, when I advise you to marry her, for 'tis directly against the interest of my own family. My cousin Jack has belabour'd her a good while that way.

Char. What! honest Jack? I'll not hinder him. I'll give over the thoughts of her.

Stan. He'll make nothing on't; she does not care for him. I'm glad you have her in your power.

Char. I may be able to serve him.

Stan. Here's a ship come into the river; I was in hopes it had been from England.

Char. From England?

Stan. No; I was disappointed; I long to see this handsome cousin of yours: the picture you gave me of her has charmed me.

Char. You'll see whether it has flatter'd her or no, in a little time. If she be recover'd of that illness that was the reason of her staying behind us, I know she will come with the first opportunity. We shall see her, or hear of her death.

Stan. We'll hope the best. The ships from England are expected every day.

Char. What ship is this?

Stan. A rover, a buccaneer, a trader in slaves: that's the commodity we deal in, you know. If you have a curiosity to see our manner of marketing, I'll wait upon you.

Char. We'll take my sister with us. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE II. *An open Place.*

Enter LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR and BLANDFORD.

Lieut. There's no resisting your fortune, Blandford; you draw all the prizes.

Bland. I draw for our lord governor; you know his fortune favours me.

Lieut. I grudge him nothing this time; but if fortune had favour'd me in the last sale, the fair slave had been mine; Clemene had been mine.

Bland. Are you still in love with her?

Lieut. Every day more in love with her.

Enter CAPTAIN DRIVER, teased and pulled about by WIDOW LACKITT and several Planters, at one Door; at another, CHARLOTTE WELDON, dressed in Man's Clothes, LUCY, STANMORE, and JACK STANMORE.

Widow L. Here have I six slaves in my lot, and not a man among them; all women and children; what can I do with 'em, captain?

1 Plan. I have all men in mine. Pray, captain, let the men and women be mingled together, for the good of the plantation.

2 Plan. Ay, ay, a man and a woman, captain, for the good of the plantation.

Capt. D. Let them mingle together, and be damn'd; what care I. Would you have me a pimp for the good of the plantation?

1 Plan. I am a constant customer, captain.

Widow L. I am always ready money to you, captain.

1 Plan. For that matter, mistress, my money is as ready as yours.

Widow L. Pray hear me, captain.

Capt. D. Look you, I have done my part by you ; I have brought the number of slaves I bargain'd for ; if your lots have not pleas'd you, you must draw again among yourselves.

3 Plan. I am contented with my lot.

4 Plan. I am very well satisfied.

3 Plan. We'll have no drawing again.

Widow L. Ay, but——

Capt. D. Do you hear, mistress? you may hold your tongue : for my part, I expect my money.

Widow L. Captain, nobody questions or scruples the payment : but I won't hold my tongue ; 'tis too much to pray and pay too : one may speak for one's own, I hope.

Capt. D. Well, what would you say?

Widow L. I say no more than I can make out.

Capt. D. Out with it then.

Widow L. I say things have not been so fair carried as they might have been. How do I know but you have juggled together in my absence? You drew the lots before I came, I'm sure.

Capt. D. That's your own fault, mistress ; you might have come sooner.

Widow L. Then here's a prince, as they say, among the slaves, and you set him down to go as a common man.

Capt. D. I'll warrant you.

Widow L. Sir, you're a scurvy fellow, to talk at this rate to me. If my husband were alive, gadsbodikins, you would not use me so. Marry come up here, who are you, I trow? You begin to think yourself a captain, forsooth, because we call you so. You forget yourself as fast as you can ; but I remember you ; I know you for a pitiful, paltry fellow as you are, an upstart to prosperity ; one that is but just come acquainted with cleanliness, and that never saw five shillings of your own without deserving to be hang'd for 'em.

Lieut. She has given you a broadside, captain ; you'll stand up to her.

Capt. D. Hang her, I'll come no nearer.

Widow L. By this good light, it would make a woman do a thing she never designed; marry again, though she were sure to repent it, and be revenged of such a——

Jack S. What's the matter, Mrs. Lackitt; can I serve you?

Widow L. No, no, you can't serve me: you are for serving yourself, I'm sure. Pray go about your business. Lord! how can you be so troublesome; nay, so unconscionable, to think that every rich widow must throw herself away upon a young fellow that has nothing?

Stan. Jack, you are answer'd, I suppose.

Jack S. I'll have another pluck at her.

Widow L. Mr. Weldon, I am a little disconcerted; but pray bring your sister to dine with me. 'Gad's my life, I'm out of all patience with that pitiful fellow: my flesh rises at him; I can't stay in the place where he is.
[Exit.]

Bland. Captain, you have used the widow very familiarly.

Capt. D. This is my way; I have no design, and therefore am not over civil. If she had ever a handsome daughter to wheedle her out of, or if I could make any thing of her booby son——

Char. I may improve that hint, and make something of him.
[Aside.]

Lieut. She's very rich.

Capt. D. I'm rich myself. She has nothing that I want; I have no leaks to stop. Old women are fortune-menders. I have made a good voyage, and would reap the fruits of my labour. We plough the deep, my masters, but our harvest is on shore. I am for a young woman.

Stan. Look about, captain; there's one ripe, and ready for the sickle.

Capt. D. A woman indeed: I will be acquainted with her: who is she?

Char. My sister, sir.

Capt. D. Would I were a-kin to her; if she were my sister, she should never go out of the family. What

say you, mistress? You expect I should marry you, I suppose?

Lucy. I shan't be disappointed, if you don't.

[Turns away.]

Char. She won't break her heart, sir.

Capt. D. But I mean——

[Follows her.]

Char. And I mean—[Goes between him and Lucy]
that you must not think of her without marrying.

Capt. D. I mean so too.

Char. Why then your meaning's out.

Capt. D. You're very short.

Char. I will grow, and be taller for you.

Capt. D. I shall grow angry and swear.

Char. You'll catch no fish then.

Capt. D. I don't well know whether he designs to affront me or no.

Stan. No, no, he's a little familiar; 'tis his way.

Capt. D. Say you so? nay, I can be as familiar as he, if that be it. Well, sir, look upon me full. What say you? how do you like me for a brother-in-law?

Char. Why yes, faith, you'll do my business, [Turning him about] if we can agree about my sister's.

Capt. D. I don't know whether your sister will like me or not: I can't say much to her; but I have money enough: and if you are her brother, as you seem to be a-kin to her, I know that will recommend me to you.

Char. This is your market for slaves; my sister is a free woman, and must not be disposed of in public. You shall be welcome to my house, if you please; and, upon better acquaintance, if my sister likes you, and I like your offers——

Capt. D. Very well, sir, I'll come and see her.

Lieut. Where are the slaves, captain? they are long a coming.

Bland. And who is this prince that's fallen to my lot for the lord governor? Let me know something of him, that I may treat him accordingly: who is he?

Capt. D. He's the devil of a fellow, I can tell you; a prince every inch of him; you have paid dear enough for him for all the good he'll do you: I was forced to elap him in irons, and did not think the ship safe nei-

ther. You are in hostility with the Indians, they say ; they threaten you daily : you had best have an eye upon him.

Bland. But who is he ?

Lieut. And how do you know him to be a prince ?

Capt. D. He is son and heir to the great king of Angola, a mischievous monarch in those parts, who, by his good will, would never let any of his neighbours be in quiet. This son was his general, a plaguy fighting fellow. I have formerly had dealings with him for slaves, which he took prisoners, and have got pretty roundly by him. But the wars being at an end, and nothing more to be got by the trade of that country, I made bold to bring the prince along with me.

Lieut. How could you do that ?

Bland. What ! steal a prince out of his own country ! impossible !

Capt. D. 'Twas hard indeed ; but I did it. You must know this Oroonoko——

Bland. Is that his name ?

Capt. D. Ay, Oroonoko.

Lieut. Oroonoko.

Capt. D. Is naturally inquisitive about the men and manners of the white nations. Because I could give him some account of the other parts of the world, I grew very much into his favour : in return of so great an honour, you know, I could do no less, upon my coming away, than invite him on board me. Never having been in a ship, he appointed his time, and I prepared my entertainment. He came the next evening, as private as he could, with about some twenty along with him. The punch went round ; and as many of his attendants as would be dangerous, I sent dead drunk on shore ; the rest we secured ; and so you have the prince Oroonoko.

Bland. Unheard of villany !

Stan. Barbarous treachery !

Lieut. But, captain, methinks you have taken a great deal of pains for this prince Oroonoko ; why did you part with him at the common rate of slaves ?

Capt. D. Why, lieutenant-governor, I'll tell you, I did design to carry him to England, to have showed him there; but I found him troublesome upon my hands, and I'm glad I'm rid of him—Oh, oh, hark, they come.

Enter black Slaves, Men, Women, and Children, who pass across the Stage by two and two; ABOAN, and others of OROONOKO's Attendants, two and two: OROONOKO last of all in Chains.

Lucy. Are all these wretches slaves?

Stan. All sold, they and their posterity, all slaves.

Lucy. O miserable fortune!

Bland. Most of them know no better; they were born so, and only change their masters. But a prince, born only to command, betrayed and sold, my heart drops blood for him.

Capt. D. Now, governor, here he comes; pray observe him.

Oroo. So, sir, you have kept your word with me.

Capt. D. I am a better Christian, I thank you, than to keep it with a heathen.

Oroo. You are a Christian; be a Christian still. If you have any god that teaches you To break your word, I need not curse you more: Let him cheat you, as you are false to me. You faithful followers of my better fortune, We have been fellow-soldiers in the field;

[Embracing his Friends.]

Now we are fellow-slaves. This last farewell.

Be sure of one thing that will comfort us,
Whatever world we are next thrown upon
Cannot be worse than this.

[All the Slaves go off but Oroonoko.]

Capt. D. You see what a horrible Pagan he is, governor; but I took care that none of his followers should be in the same lot with him, for fear they should undertake some desperate action, to the danger of the colony.

Oroo. Live still in fear; it is the villain's curse,
And will revenge my chains; fear even me,

Who have no power to hurt thee. Nature abhors,
And drives thee out from the society
And commerce of mankind, for breach of faith.
Men live and prosper but in mutual trust,
A confidence of one another's truth :
That thou hast violated. I have done ;
I know my fortune, and submit to it.

Lieut. Sir, I am sorry for your fortune, and would help it if I could.

Bland. Take off his chains. You know your condition ; but you are fallen into honourable hands : you are the lord governor's slave, who will use you nobly : in his absence it shall be my care to serve you.

[Blandford applying to him.]

Oroo. I hear you, but I can believe no more.

Lieut. Captain, I'm afraid the world won't speak so honourably of this action of yours, as you would have them.

Capt. D. I have the money ; let the world speak and be damn'd : I care not.

Oroo. I would forget myself. Be satisfied. *[To Bland.]* I am above the rank of common slaves.

Let that content you. The Christian there that knows
For his own sake will not discover more. *[me,*

Capt. D. I have other matters to mind. You have him, and much good may do you with your prince.

[Exit. The Planters pulling and staring at Oroonoko.]

Bland. What would you have there ? You stare as if you never saw a man before. Stand further off.

[Turns them away.]

Oroo. Let them stare on.

I am unfortunate, but not ashamed
Of being so. No, let the guilty blush :
The white man that betray'd me. Honest black
Disdains to change its colour. I am ready :
Where must I go ? Dispose me as you please.
I am not well acquainted with my fortune,
But must learn to know it better : so, I know, you say,
Degrees make all things easy.

Bland. All things shall be easy.

Oroo. Tear off this pomp, and let me know myself :

The slavish habit best becomes me now.
Hard fate, and whips, and chains may overpow'r
The frailer flesh, and bow my body down :
But there's another, nobler part of me,
Out of your reach, which you can never tame.

Bland. You shall find nothing of this wretchedness
You apprehend. We are not monsters all.
You seem unwilling to disclose yourself :
Therefore, for fear the mentioning your name
Should give you new disquiets, I presume
To call you Cæsar.

Oroo. I am myself; but call me what you please.

Stan. A very good name Cæsar.

Lieut. And very fit for his character.

Oroo. Was Cæsar then a slave?

Lieut. I think he was; to pirates too. He was a great
conqueror, but unfortunate in his friends——

Oroo. His friends were Christians?

Bland. No.

Oroo. No! that's strange.

Lieut. And murder'd by 'em.

Oroo. I would be Cæsar then. Yet I will live.

Bland. Live to be happier.

Oroo. Do what you will with me.

Bland. I will wait upon you, attend, and serve you.

[*Exit with Oroonoko.*]

Lucy. Well, if the captain had brought this prince's
country along with him, and would make me queen of
it, I would not have him, after doing so base a thing.

Char. He's a man to thrive in the world, sister: he'll
make you the better jointure.

Lucy. Hang him, nothing can prosper with him.

Stan. Inquire into the great estates, and you'll find
most of them depend upon the same title of honesty:
the men who raise them first are much of the captain's
principles.

Char. Ay, ay, as you say, let him be damn'd for the
good of his family. Come, sister, we are invited to
dinner.

Lieut. Stanmore, you dine with me.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT THE SECOND.



SCENE I. WIDOW LACKITT'S House.

Enter WIDOW LACKITT, and CHARLOTTE WELDON, in Man's Clothes.

Char. This is so great a favour, I don't know how to receive it.

Widow L. O dear sir! you know how to receive, and how to return a favour as well as any body, I don't doubt it; 'tis not the first you have had from our sex, I suppose.

Char. But this is so unexpected.

Widow L. Lord, how can you say so, Mr. Weldon? I won't believe you. Don't I know you handsome gentlemen expect every thing a woman can do for you? and by my troth you're in the right on't. I think one can't do too much for a handsome gentleman; and so you shall find it.

Char. I shall never have such an offer again, that's certain. What shall I do? I am mightily divided—

[Pretending a concern.]

Widow L. Divided. O dear, I hope not so, sir. If I marry, truly, I expect to have you to myself.

Char. There's no danger of that, Mrs. Lackitt: I am divided in my thoughts: my father upon his death-bed obliged me to see my sister disposed of, before I married myself. 'Tis that sticks upon me.

Widow L. Is that all?

Char. All in all to me. The commands of a dying father you know ought to be obeyed.

Widow L. And so they may.

Char. Impossible, to do me any good.

Widow L. They shan't be your hindrance. You would have a husband for your sister, you say: he must be very well to pass too in the world, I suppose.

Char. I would not throw her away.

Widow L. Then marry her out of hand to the sea-captain you were speaking of.

Char. I was thinking of him, but 'tis to no purpose; she hates him.

Widow L. Does she hate him? nay, 'tis no matter, an impudent rascal as he is; I would not advise her to marry him.

Char. Can you think of nobody else?

Widow L. Let me see. Well if I thought you would like of it, I have a husband for her. What do you think of my son?

Char. You don't think of it yourself.

Widow L. I protest but I do: I am in earnest, if you are: he shall marry her within this half hour, if you'll give your consent to it.

Char. I give my consent! I'll answer for my sister, she shall have him: you may be sure I shall be glad to get over the difficulty.

Widow L. No more to be said then, that difficulty is over: but I vow and swear you frighten'd me, Mr. Weldon. If I had not had a son now for your sister, what must I have done, do you think? Were not you an ill-natur'd thing to boggle at a promise? I could break twenty for you.

Char. I am the more obliged to you; but this son will save all.

Widow L. He's in the house; I'll go and bring him myself. *[Going]* You would do well to break the business to your sister. She's within, I'll send her to you—— *[Going again, comes back.]*

Char. Pray do.

Widow L. But, d'you hear? perhaps she may stand upon her maidenly behaviour, and blush, and play the fool, and delay: but don't be answer'd so. What! she is not a girl at these years. Show your authority, and tell her roundly, she must be married immediately. I'll manage my son, I warrant you—— *[Exit hastily.]*

Char. The widow's in haste, I see: I thought I had laid a rub in the road, about my sister: but she has stepp'd over that. She's making way for herself as fast as she can; but little thinks where she is going. I could tell her she is going to play the fool; but people don't love to hear of their faults: besides that is not my business at present.

Enter Lucy.

So, sister, I have a husband for you——

Lucy. With all my heart. I don't know what confinement marriage may be to the men, but I'm sure the women have no liberty without it. I'm for any thing that will deliver me from the care of a reputation, which I begin to find impossible to preserve.

Char. I'll ease you of that care. You must be married immediately.

Lucy. The sooner the better; for I'm quite tir'd of setting up for a husband. The widow's foolish son is the man, I suppose?

Char. I consider'd your constitution, sister; and, finding you would have occasion for a fool, I have provided accordingly.

Lucy. I don't know what occasion I may have for a fool when I'm married; but I find none but fools have occasion to marry.

Char. Since he is to be a fool then, I thought it

better for you, to have one of his mother's making than your own; 'twill save you the trouble.

Lucy. I thank you; you take a great deal of pains for me; but pray tell me what you are doing for yourself all this while?

Char. You are never true to your own secrets, and therefore I won't trust you with mine. Only remember this, I am your eldest sister, and consequently laying my breeches aside, have as much occasion for a husband as you can have. I have a man in my eye, be satisfied.

Enter WIDOW LACKITT, with her Son DANIEL.

Widow L. Come, Daniel, hold up thy head, child; look like a man: you must not take it as you have done. 'Gads my life! there's nothing to be done with twirling your hat, man.

Dan. Why, mother, what's to be done then?

Widow L. Why, look me in the face, and mind what I say to you.

Dan. Marry, who's the fool then? What shall I get by minding what you say to me?

Widow L. Mrs. Lucy, the boy is bashful, don't discourage him; pray come a little forward, and let him salute you.

[Going between Lucy and Daniel.]

Lucy. A fine husband I am to have, truly. *[To Char.]*

Widow L. Come, Daniel, you must be acquainted with this gentlewoman.

Dan. Nay, I'm not proud, that is not my fault: I am presently acquainted when I know the company; but this gentlewoman is a stranger to me.

Widow L. She is your mistress: I have spoke a good word for you; make her a bow, and go and kiss her.

Dan. Kiss her! have a care what you say; I warrant she scorns your words. Such fine folks are not used to be slopp'd and kiss'd. Do you think I don't know that, mother?

Widow L. Try her, try her, man. *[Daniel bows, she thrusts him forward]* Why that's well done; go nearer her.

Dan. Is the devil in the woman? Why so I can go

nearer her, if you would let a body alone. [*To his Mother*] Cry your mercy, forsooth; my mother is always shaming one before company; she would have me as unmaunerly as herself, and offer to kiss you.

[*To Lucy.*]

Char. Why won't you kiss her?

Dan. Why, pray may I?

Char. Kiss her, kiss her, man.

Dan. Marry, and I will. [*Kisses her*] Gadzooks, she kisses rarely! An' please you, mistress, and seeing my mother will have it so, I don't much care if I kiss you again, forsooth.

[*Kisses her again.*]

Lucy. Well, how do you like me now?

Dan. Like you? marry, I don't know; you have bewitched me, I think: I was never so in my born days before.

Widow L. You must marry this fine woman, Daniel.

Dan. Hey-day! marry her! I was never married in all my life. What must I do with her then, mother?

Widow L. You must live with her, eat and drink with her, and sleep with her.

Dan. Nay marry, I shall never sleep, that's certain; she'll break me of my rest, quite and clean, I tell you before hand. As for eating and drinking with her, why I have a good stomach, and can play my part in any company. But how do you think I can go to bed to a woman I don't know?

Char. You shall know her better.

Dan. Say you so, sir?

Char. Kiss her again. [*Daniel kisses Lucy.*]

Dan. Nay, kissing I find will make us presently acquainted. We'll steal into a corner to practice a little, and then I shall be able to do any thing.

Char. The young man mends apace.

Dan. Mother, mother, if you'll stay in the room by me, and promise not to leave me, I don't care for once if I venture to go to bed with her.

Widow L. There's a good child, go in and put on thy best clothes; pluck up a spirit, I'll stay in the room by thee. She won't hurt thee, I warrant thee.

Dan. Nay, as to that matter, I am not afraid of her.

I'll give her as good as she brings. I have a Rowland for her Oliver, and so thou may tell her. [Exit.

Widow L. Mrs. Lucy, we shan't stay for you: you are in readiness I suppose?

Char. She is always ready to do what I would have her, I must say that for my sister.

Widow L. 'Twill be her own another day, Mr. Weldon; we'll marry 'em out of hand, and then——

Char. And then, Mrs. Lackitt, look to yourself——

[Exit.

Enter OROONOKO and BLANDFORD.

Oroo. You know my story, and you say you are A friend to my misfortunes: that's a name Will teach you what you owe yourself and me.

Bland. I'll study to deserve to be your friend. When once our noble governor arrives, With him you will not need my interest: He is too generous not to feel your wrongs. But be assur'd I will employ my pow'r, And find the means to send you home again.

Oroo. I thank you, sir.—My honest, wretched friends! [Sighing.

Their chains are heavy: they have hardly found So kind a master. May I ask you, sir, What is become of them? Perhaps I should not. You will forgive a stranger.

Bland. I'll inquire; And use my best endeavours, where they are, To have 'em gently us'd.

Oroo. Once more I thank you. You offer every cordial that can keep My hopes alive, to wait a better day. What friendly care can do, you have apply'd: But oh! I have a grief admits no cure.

Bland. You do not know, sir——

Oroo. Can you raise the dead? Pursue and overtake the wings of time? And bring about again the hours, the days, The years that made me happy?

Bland. That is not to be done

Oroo. No, there is nothing to be done for me.

[Kneels and kisses the Earth.]

Thou God ador'd! thou ever-glorious sun!

If she be yet on earth, send me a beam

Of thy all-seeing pow'r to light me to her:

Or, if thy sister goddess has preferr'd

Her beauty to the skies, to be a star,

O tell me where she shines, that I may stand

Whole nights, and gaze upon her.

Bland. I am rude, and interrupt you.

Oroo. I am troublesome:

But pray give me your pardon. My swoln heart

Bursts out its passage, and I must complain,

(O! can you think of nothing dearer to me;

Dearer than liberty, my country, friends,

Much dearer than my life?) that I have lost

The tend'rest, best belov'd, and loving wife.

Bland. Alas! I pity you.

Oroo. Do pity me:

Pity's a-kin to love; and every thought

Of that soft kind is welcome to my soul.

I would be pity'd here.

Bland. I dare not ask

More than you please to tell me: but if you

Think it convenient to let me know

Your story, I dare promise you to bear

A part in your distress, if not assist you.

Oroo. Thou honest-hearted man! I wanted such,

Just such a friend as thou art, that would sit

Still as the night, and let me talk whole days

Of my Imoinda. O! I'll tell thee all

From first to last; and pray observe me well.

Bland. I will most heedfully.

Oroo. There was a stranger in my father's court,

Valu'd and honour'd much: he was a white,

The first I ever saw of your complexion.

He chang'd his god for ours, and so grew great;

Of many virtues, and so fam'd in arms,

He still commanded all my father's wars

I was bred under him. One fatal day,

The armies joining, he before me stepp'd,

Receiving in his breast a poison'd dart
Lovell'd at me; he dy'd within my arms.
I've tir'd you already.

Bland. Pray go on.

Oroo. He left an only daughter, whom he brought
An infant to Angola. When I came
Back to the court, a happy conqueror,
Humanity oblig'd me to condole
With this sad virgin for a father's loss,
Lost for my safety. I presented her
With all the slaves of battle, to atone
Her father's ghost. But, when I saw her face,
And heard her speak, I offer'd up myself
To be the sacrifice. She bow'd and blush'd;
I wonder'd and ador'd. The sacred pow'r,
That had subdu'd me, then inspir'd my tongue,
Inclin'd her heart, and all our talk was love.

Bland. Then you were happy.

Oroo. O! I was too happy.
I marry'd her: and, though my country's custom
Indulg'd the privilege of many wives,
I swore myself never to know but her.
O my Imoinda! But it could not last.
Her fatal beauty reach'd my father's ears:
He sent for her to court, where, cursed court!
No woman comes but for his amorous use.
He raging to possess her, she was forc'd
To own herself my wife. The furious king
Started at incest; but, grown desperate,
Not daring to enjoy what he desir'd,
In mad revenge (which I could never learn)
He poison'd her, or sent her far, far off,
Far from my hopes ever to see her more.

Bland. Most barbarous of fathers! the sad tale
Has struck me dumb with wonder.

Oroo. I have done.

I'll trouble you no further: now and then
A sigh will have its way: that shall be all.

Enter STANMORE.

Stan. Blandford, the lieutenant-governor is gone to

your plantation. He desires you would bring the royal slave with you. The sight of his fair mistress, he says, is an entertainment for a prince. He would have his opinion of her.

Oroo. Is he a lover?

Bland. So he says himself. He flatters a beautiful slave that I have, and calls her mistress.

Oroo. Must he then flatter her to call her mistress? I pity the proud man, who thinks himself Above being in love. What, though she be a slave, She may deserve him.

Bland. You shall judge of that when you see her, sir.

Oroo. I go with you. [Exit.

SCENE II. A Plantation.

Enter IMOINDA, followed by the LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR.

Lieut. I have disturb'd you. I confess my faults, My fair Clemene; but begin again, And I will listen to your mournful song, Sweet as the soft complaining nightingale's. Sing, sing again, And let me wonder at the many ways You have to ravish me.

Imo. O I can weep Enough for you and me, if that will please you.

Lieut. You must not weep: I come to dry your tears, And raise you from your sorrow. I may take This pretty hand: I know your modesty Would draw it back: but you would take it ill If I should let it go.

[*She struggles, and gets her Hand from him; then he offers to kiss her.*

Nay, if you struggle with me, I must take——

Imo. You may my life, that I can part with freely.

[Exit.

Enter BLANDFORD, STANMORE, and OROONOKO.

Bland. So, governor, we don't disturb you, I hope?

Your mistress has left you. You were making love. She's thankful for the honour, I suppose.

Lieut. Quite insensible to all I say, and do. When I speak to her, she sighs, or weeps, But never answers me as I would have her.

Stan. There's something nearer than her slavery, that touches her.

Bland. What do her fellow slaves say of her? Can't they find the cause?

Lieut. Some of them, who pretend to be wiser than the rest, and hate her, I suppose for being us'd better than they are, will needs have it that she is with child.

Bland. Poor wretch! if it be so, I pity her. She has lost a husband, that perhaps was dear To her, and then you cannot blame her.

Oroo. If it be so, indeed you cannot blame her.

[Sighing.]

Lieut. No, no, it is not so. If it be so, I must still love her: and, desiring still, I must enjoy her.

Bland. Try what you can do with fair means, and welcome.

Lieut. I'll give you ten slaves for her.

Bland. You know she is our lord governor's: but, if I could dispose of her, I would not now, especially to you.

Lieut. Why not to me? [with her;

Bland. I mean against her will. You are in love And we all know what your desires would have.

Love stops at nothing but possession.

Were she within your power, you do not know

How soon you would be tempted to forget

The nature of the deed, and, may be, act

A violence you after would repent.

Oroo. 'Tis godlike in you to protect the weak.

Lieut. Fie, fie, I would not force her. Though she be A slave, her mind is free, and should consent.

Oroo. Such honour will engage her to consent: And then, if you're in love, she's worth the having. Shall we not see the wonder?

Lieut. Have a care;
You have a heart, and she has conqu'ring eyes.

Oroo. I have a heart; but, if it could be false
To my first vows, ever to love again,
These honest hands should tear it from my breast,
And throw the traitor from me. O! Imoinda!
Living or dead, I can be only thine.

Bland. Imoinda was his wife: she's either dead,
Or living, dead to him; forc'd from his arms
By an inhuman father. Another time
I'll tell you all. *[To Lieut. and Stan. Exit.*

SCENE III. *Slaves, Men, Women, and Children, discovered upon the Ground; some rise and dance.*

During the Entertainment, enter the LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR, BLANDFORD, STANMORE, and OROONOKO, as Spectators; that ended, enter CAPTAIN DRIVER, JACK STANMORE, and several Planters, with their Swords drawn. Drum beats. Bell rings.

Capt. D. Where are you, governor? Make what haste
you can

To save yourself and the whole colony.

I bid 'em ring the bell.

Lieut. What's the matter?

Jack S. The Indians are come down upon us; they
have plundered some of the plantations already, and
are marching this way as fast as they can.

Lieut. What can we do against them?

Bland. We shall be able to make a stand till more
planters come in to us.

Jack S. There are a great many more without, if you
would show yourself, and put us in order.

Lieut. There's no danger of the white slaves, they'll
not stir. Blandford and Stanmore, come you along
with me. Some of you stay here to look after the
black slaves.

*[All go out but the Captain and six Planters, who
all at once seize Oroonoko.*

1 Plan. Ay, ay, let us alone.

Capt. D. In the first place, we secure you, sir,
As an enemy to the government.

Oroo. Are you there, sir? You are my constant friend.

1 Plan. You will be able to do a great deal of mischief.

Capt. D. But we shall prevent you: bring the irons hither. He has the malice of a slave in him, and would be glad to be cutting his masters' throats. I know him. Chain his hands and feet, that he may not run over to 'em. If they have him, they'll carry him on their backs, that I can tell 'em.

As they are chaining him, re-enter BLANDFORD, who runs to them.

Bland. What are you doing there?

Capt. D. Securing the main chance: this is a bosom enemy.

Bland. Away, you brutes: Ill answer with my life for his behaviour; so tell the governor.

Capt. D. Plan. Well, sir, so we will.

[Exeunt Captain and Planters.]

Oroo. Give me a sword, and I'll deserve your trust.

A Party of Indians enter, hurrying IMOINDA among the Slaves; another Party of Indians sustains them retreating, followed at a distance by the LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR, with the Planters: BLANDFORD and OROONOKO join them.

Bland. Hell and the devil! they drive away our slaves before our faces. Governor, can you stand tamely by, and suffer this? Clemene, sir, your mistress, is among 'em.

Lieut. We throw ourselves away in the attempt to rescue them.

Oroo. A lover cannot fall more glorious,
Than in the cause of love. He that deserves
His mistress' favour, wo'not stay behind:
I'll lead you on; be bold, and follow me.

[Oroonoko, at the Head of the Planters, falls upon the Indians with a great Shout, and beats them off.]

Enter IMOINDA.

Imo. I'm tost about by my tempestuous fate,
And no where must have rest. Indians, or English!
Whoever has me, I am still a slave.
No matter whose I am, since I'm no more
My royal master's; since I'm his no more.
O, I was happy! nay, I will be happy
In the dear thought that I am still his wife,
Though far divided from him. *[Retires.]*

*Re-enter LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR, OROONOKO,
BLANDFORD, STANMORE, and Planters.*

Lieut. Thou glorious man! thou something greater
sure

Than Cæsar ever was! that single arm
Has sav'd us all: accept our gen'ral thanks.

[All bow to Oroonoko.]

And what we can do more to recompense
Such noble services, you shall command.
Clemene too shall thank you——she is safe——
Look up, and bless your brave deliverer.

[Brings Imoinda forward, looking down on the Ground.]

Oroo. Bless me indeed!

Bland. You start!

Oroo. O all you gods,

Who govern this great world, and bring about
Things strange and unexpected! can it be?

Lieut. What is't you stare at so?

Oroo. Answer me some of you, you who have pow'r,
And have your senses free: or are you all
Struck through with wonder too?

[Looking still fixedly on Imoinda.]

Bland. What would you know?

Oroo. My soul steals from my body through my eyes;
All that is left of life I'll gaze away,
And die upon the pleasure.

Lieut. This is strange!

Oroo. If you but mock me with her image here:
If she be not Imoinda——

*[She looks upon him and falls into a Swoon;
he runs to her.]*

Ha! She faints!

Nay, then it must be she: it is Imoinda!

My heart confesses her, and leaps for joy,

To welcome her to her own empire here. [*Kisses her.*]

Imoinda! Oh! thy Oroonoko calls.

Imo. [*Coming to life*] My Oroonoko! Oh! I can't
What any man can say. But if I am [*believe*]

To be deceiv'd, there's something in that name,

That voice, that face—— [*Stares at him.*]

O! if I know myself, I cannot be mistaken.

[*Embraces him.*]

Oroo. Never here:

You cannot be mistaken: I am yours,

Your Oroonoko, all that you would have,

Your tender, loving husband.

Imo. All indeed

That I would have: my husband! then I am

Alive, and waking to the joys I feel:

'They were so great, I could not think 'em true;

But I believe all that you say to me:

For truth itself, and everlasting love,

Grows in this breast, and pleasure in these arms.

Oroo. Take, take me all: inquire into my heart
(You know the way to ev'ry secret there),

My heart, the sacred treasury of love:

And if, in absence, I have misemploy'd

A mite from the rich store; if I have spent

A wish, a sigh, but what I sent to you;

May I be curs'd to wish and sigh in vain,

And you not pity me.

Imo. O! I believe,

And know you by myself. If these sad eyes,

Since last we parted, have beheld the face

Of any comfort, or once wish'd to see

The light of any other heav'n but you,

May I be struck this moment blind, and lose

Your blessed sight, never to find you more.

Oroo. Imoinda! O! this separation

Has made you dearer, if it can be so,

Than you were ever to me. You appear

Like a kind star to my benighted steps,

To guide me on my way to happiness:
I cannot miss it now. Governor, friend,
You think me mad: but let me bless you all,
Who any ways have been the instruments
Of finding her again. Imoinda's found!
And ev'ry thing that I would have in her.

[Embraces her in the most passionate Fondness.]

Stan. Where's your mistress now, governor?

Lieut. Why, where most men's mistresses are forced
to be sometimes, with her husband, it seems. — But I
won't lose her so. *[Aside.]*

Stan. He has fought lustily for her, and deserves
her: I'll say that for him.

Bland. Sir, we congratulate your happiness: I do
most heartily.

Lieut. And all of us: but how it comes to pass——

Oroo. That will require

More precious time than I can spare you now.

I have a thousand things to ask of her,

And she as many more to know of me.

But you have made me happier, I confess,

Acknowledge it, much happier than I

Have words or pow'r to tell you. Captain, you,

Ev'n you, who most have wrong'd me, I forgive.

I wo'not say you have betray'd me now:

I'll think you but the minister of fate,

To bring me to my lov'd Imoinda here.

Imo. How, how shall I receive you? how be worthy
Of such endearments, all this tenderness?

These are the transports of prosperity,

When fortune smiles upon us.

Oroo. Let the fools

Who follow fortune, live upon her smiles;

All our prosperity is plac'd in love,

We have enough of that to make us happy.

This little spot of earth you stand upon,

Is more to me than the extended plains

Of my great father's kingdom. Here I reign

In full delights, in joys to pow'r unknown:

Your love my empire, and your heart my throne.

[Exeunt.]

ACT THE THIRD.



SCENE I.

Enter ABOAN, with several Slaves, and HOTMAN.

Hot. What! to be slaves to cowards! slaves to rogues! who can't defend themselves!

Aboan. Who is this fellow? He talks as if he were acquainted with our design: is he one of us?

[Aside to his own Gang.]

1 Slave. Not yet; but he will be glad to make one, I believe.

Aboan. He makes a mighty noise.

Hot. Go, sneak in corners, whisper out your griefs, For fear your masters hear you: cringe and crouch Under the bloody whip, like beaten curs, That lick their wounds, and know no other cure. All, wretches all! you feel their cruelty, As much as I can feel, but dare not groan. For my part, while I have a life and tongue, I'll curse the authors of my slavery.

Aboan. Have you been long a slave?

Hot. Yes, many years.

Aboan. And do you only curse?

Hot. Curse! only curse! I cannot conjure,
To raise the spirits up of other men:
I am but one. O! for a soul of fire,
To warm and animate our common cause,
And make a body of us; then I would
Do something more than curse.

Aboan. That body set on foot, you would be one,
A limb, to lend it motion?

Hot. I would be
The heart of it; the head, the hand, and heart:
Would I could see the day!

Aboan. You will do all yourself.

Hot. I would do more
Than I shall speak; but I may find a time——

Aboan. The time may come to you; be ready for't.
Methinks he talks too much; I'll know him more
Before I trust him further. *[Aside.]*

1 *Slave.* If he dares
Half what he says, he'll be of use to us.

Enter BLANDFORD.

Bland. If there be any one among you here
That did belong to Oroonoko, speak;
I come to him.

Aboan. I did belong to him; Aboan my name.

Bland. You are the man I want; pray come with
me. *[Exeunt.]*

Enter OROONOKO and IMOINDA.

Oroo. I do not blame my father for his love;
But when I think on his barbarity,
That could expose you to so many wrongs;
Driving you out to wretched slavery,
Only for being mine; then I confess
I wish I could forget the name of son,
That I might curse the tyrant,

Imo. I will bless him,
For I have found you here: heav'n only knows
What is reserv'd for us: but if we guess

The future by the past, our fortune must
Be wonderful ; it must be in extremes :
Extremely happy, or extremely wretched.

Oroo. 'Tis in our pow'r to make it happy now.

Imo. But not to keep it so.

Re-enter BLANDFORD and ABOAN.

Bland. My royal lord!

I have a present for you.

Oroo. Aboan!

Aboan. Your lowest slave.

Oroo. My tried and valued friend! [*To Blandford.*
This worthy man always prevents my wants :
I only wish'd, and he has brought thee to me.
Thou art surpris'd : carry thy duty there,

[*Aboan goes to Imoinda, and falls at her Feet.*
While I acknowledge mine. How shall I thank you?
[*To Blandford.*

Bland. Believe me honest to your interest,
And I am more than paid. I have secur'd
That all your foll'wers shall be gently us'd,
Shall wait upon your person, while you stay
Among us.

Oroo. I owe every thing to you.

Bland. You must not think you are in slavery.

Oroo. I do not find I am.

Bland. Kind heaven has miraculously sent
Those comforts, that may teach you to expect
Its further care, in your deliverance.

Oroo. I sometimes think myself heav'n is concern'd
For my deliverance.

Bland. It will be soon ;
You may expect it. Pray, in the mean time,
Appear as cheerful as you can among us.
You have some enemies, that represent
You dangerous, and would be glad to find
A reason, in your discontent, to fear.
They watch your looks. But there are honest men
Who are your friends : you are secur'd in them.

Oroo. I thank you for your caution.

Bland. I will leave you :
And be assur'd I wish your liberty.

[*Exit.*

Aboan. He speaks you very fair.

Oroo. He means me fair.

Aboan. If he should not, my lord?

Oroo. If he should not?

I'll not suspect his truth : but if I did,
What shall I get by doubting?

Aboan. You secure
Not to be disappointed : but, besides,
There's this advantage in suspecting him :
When you put off the hopes of other men,
You will rely upon your godlike self ;
And then you may be sure of liberty.

Oroo. Be sure of liberty ? what dost thou mean,
Advising to rely upon myself?

I think I may be sure on't : we must wait :

'Tis worth a little patience. [Turning to Imoinda.

Aboan. O, my lord!

Oroo. What dost thou drive at?

Aboan. Sir, another time

You would have found it sooner : but I see
Love has your heart, and takes up all your thoughts.

Oroo. And canst thou blame me?

Aboan. Sir, I must not blame you.

But, as our fortune stands, there is a passion
(Your pardon, royal mistress, I must speak)
That would become you better than your love :
A brave resentment ; which, inspir'd by you,
Might kindle and diffuse a gen'rous rage
Among the slaves, to rouse and shake our chains,
And struggle to be free.

Oroo. How can we help ourselves?

Aboan. I knew you when you would have found a
How help ourselves ? the very Indians teach us : [way.
We need but to attempt our liberty,
And we carry it. We have hands sufficient,
Double the number of our masters' force,
Ready to be employ'd. We want but you,
To head our enterprise, and bid us strike.

Oroo. What would you do?

Aboan. Cut our oppressors' throats.

Oroo. And you would have me join in your design
Of murder?

Aboan. It deserves a better name:

But be it what it will, 'tis justify'd
By self-defence, and natural liberty.

Oroo. I'll hear no more on't.

Aboan. I'm sorry for't.

Oroo. Nor shall you think of it!

Aboan. Not think of it?

Oroo. No, I command you not

Aboan. Remember, sir,

You are a slave yourself, and to command
Is now another's right. Not think of it?
Since the first moment they put on my chains,
I've thought of nothing but the weight of 'em,
And how to throw 'em off. Can yours sit easy?

Oroo. I have a sense of my condition,
As painful and as quick as yours can be.
I feel for my Imoinda and myself;
Imoinda! much the tend'rest part of me.
But though I languish for my liberty,
I would not buy it at the Christian price
Of black ingratitude: they sha'not say
That we deserv'd our fortune by our crimes.
Murder the innocent!

Aboan. The innocent!

Oroo. These men are so, whom you would rise against.
If we are slaves, they did not make us slaves.
But bought us in an honest way of trade:
As we have done before 'em, bought and sold
Many a wretch, and never thought it wrong.
They paid our price for us, and we are now
Their property, a part of their estate,
To manage as they please. Mistake me not,
I do not tamely say that we should bear
All they could lay upon us: but we find
The load so light, so little to be felt
(Considering they have us in their pow'r,

And may inflict what grievances they please),
We ought not to complain.

Aboan. My royal lord!

You do not know the heavy grievances,
The toils, the labours, weary drudgeries,
Which they impose; burdens more fit for beasts,
For senseless beasts to bear, than thinking men.
Then if you saw the bloody cruelties
They execute on ev'ry slight offence;
Nay, sometimes in their proud, insulting sport,
How worse than dogs they lash their fellow creatures;
Your heart would bleed for 'em. Oh! could you know
How many wretches lift their hands and eyes
To you for their relief!

Oroo. I pity 'em,
And wish I could with honesty do more.

Aboan. You must do more, and may, with honesty.
O, royal sir, remember who you are,
A prince, born for the good of other men:
Whose godlike office is to draw the sword
Against oppression, and set free mankind:
And this I'm sure you think oppression now.
What though you have not felt these miseries,
Never believe you are oblig'd to them:
They have their selfish reasons, may be, now,
For using of you well; but there will come
A time, when you must have your share of 'em.

Oroo. You see how little cause I have to think so:
Favour'd in my own person, in my friends;
Indulg'd in all that can concern my care,
In my Imoinda's soft society. *[Embraces her.]*

Aboan. And therefore would you lie contented down
In the forgetfulness and arms of love,
To get young princes for 'em?

Oroo. Say'st thou? ha!

Aboan. Princes, the heirs of empire, and the last
Of your illustrious lineage, to be born
To pamper up their pride, and be their slaves?

Oroo. Imoinda! save me, save me from that thought.

Aboan. I know you are persuaded to believe

The governor's arrival will prevent
These mischiefs, and bestow your liberty:
But who is sure of that? I rather fear
More mischiefs from his coming. He is young,
Luxurious, passionate, and amorous:
Such a complexion, and made bold by pow'r,
To countenance all he is prone to do,
Will know no bounds, no law against his lusts.
If, in a fit of his intemperance,
With a strong hand he shall resolve to seize,
And force my royal mistress from your arms,
How can you help yourself?

Oroo. Ha! thou hast rous'd
The lion in his den; he stalks abroad,
And the wide forest trembles at his roar.
I find the danger now. My spirits start
At the alarm, and from all quarters come
To man my heart, the citadel of love.
Is there a pow'r on earth to force you from me,
And shall I not resist it, nor strike first,
To keep, to save you, to prevent that curse?
This is your cause; and shall it not prevail?
Oh! you were born always to conquer me.
Now I am fashion'd to thy purpose: speak,
What combination, what conspiracy,
Wouldst thou engage me in? I'll undertake
All thou wouldst have me now for liberty,
For the great cause of love and liberty.

Aboan. Now, my great master, you appear yourself;
And, since we have you join'd in our design,
It cannot fail us. I have muster'd up
The choicest slaves, men who are sensible
Of their condition, and seem most resolv'd:
They have their several parties.

Oroo. Summon 'em,
Assemble 'em: I will come forth and show
Myself among 'em: if they are resolv'd,
I'll lead their foremost resolutions.

Aboan. I have provided those will follow you.

Oroo. With this reserve in our proceedings still,

The means that lead us to our liberty
Must not be bloody.

Aboan. You command in all.

We shall expect you, sir.

Oroo. You sha'not long.

*[Exeunt Oroonoko and Imoinda on one side,
Aboan at the other.]*

*Enter CHARLOTTE WELDON, dressed in Man's Clothes,
followed by WIDOW LACKITT.*

Widow L. These unmannerly Indians were something unreasonable to disturb us just in the nick, Mr. Weldon; but I have the parson within call still, to do us the good turn.

Char. We had best stay a little, I think, to see things settled again, had not we? Marriage is a serious thing, you know.

Widow L. What do you talk of a serious thing, Mr. Weldon? I think you have found me sufficiently serious: I have married my son to your sister, to pleasure you: and now I come to claim your promise to me, you tell me marriage is a serious thing.

Char. Why, is it not?

Widow L. Fiddle faddle, I know what it is: 'tis not the first time I have been married, I hope: but I shall begin to think you don't design to do fairly by me, so I shall.

Char. Why, indeed, Mrs. Lackitt, I'm afraid I can't do so fairly as I would by you. 'Tis what you must know first or last; and I should be the worst man in the world to conceal it any longer; therefore I must own to you that I am married already.

Widow L. Married! You don't say so, I hope? how have you the conscience to tell me such a thing to my face? I would have you to know I understand better things than to ruin my son without a valuable consideration. If I can't have you, I can keep my money. Your sister shan't have the catch of him she expected: I won't part with a shilling to 'em.

Char. You made the match yourself, you know; you can't blame me.

Widow L. Yes, yes, I can, and do blame you : you might have told me before, you were married.

Char. I would not have told you now, but you follow'd me so close, I was forced to it : indeed I am married in England ; but 'tis as if I were not ; for I have been parted from my wife a great while, and, to do reason on both sides, we hate one another heartily. Now I did design, and will marry you still, if you'll have a little patience.

Widow L. A likely business truly.

Char. I have a friend in England that I will write to, to poison my wife, and then I can marry you with a good conscience.

Widow L. And will he do it, do you think?

Char. At the first word, or he is not the man I take him to be.

Widow L. Well, you are a dear devil, Mr. Weldon : and would you poison your wife for me?

Char. I would do any thing for you.

Widow L. Well, I am mightily obliged to you. But 'twill be a great while before you can have an answer of your letter.

Char. 'Twill be a great while indeed.

Widow L. In the mean time, Mr. Weldon——

Char. Why, in the mean time——Here's company. We'll settle that within ; I'll follow you.

[*Exit Widow Lackitt.*]

Enter STANMORE.

Stan. So, sir, you carry on your business swimmingly : you have stolen a wedding, I hear.

Char. Ay, my sister is married : and I am very near being run away with myself.

Stan. The widow will have you then?

Char. You come very seasonably to my rescue. Jack Stanmore is to be had, I hope?

Stan. At half an hour's warning.

Char. I must advise with you.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT THE FOURTH.



SCENE I.

Enter WIDOW LACKITT, and CHARLOTTE WELDON, dressed in Man's Clothes.

Char. Now, Mrs. Lackitt.

Widow L. Well, well, Lackitt, or what you will now; now I am married to you: I am very well pleas'd with what I have done, I assure you. Mr. Weldon, what must I call you? I must have some pretty fond name or other for you, it looks negligent, and is the fashion, you know.

Char. To be negligent of their husbands, it is indeed.

Widow L. Nay then I won't be in the fashion; for I can never be negligent of dear Mr. Weldon; and, to convince you, here's something to encourage you not to be negligent of me. [*Gives a Purse and a little Casket*] Five hundred pounds in gold in this; and jewels to the value of five hundred pounds more in this.

Char. [*Opens the Casket*] Ay, marry, this will encourage me indeed.

Widow L. There are comforts in marrying an elderly

woman, Mr. Weldon. Now a young woman would have fancied she had paid you with her person, or had done you the favour.

Char. What do you talk of young women? you are as young as any of 'em, in every thing but their folly and ignorance.

Widow L. And do you think me so? But I have reason to suspect you. Was not I seen at your house this morning, do you think?

Char. You may venture again: you'll come at night, I suppose?

Widow L. O dear! at night? so soon?

Char. Nay, if you think it so soon——

Widow L. O, no! 'tis not for that, Mr. Weldon; but—I will come to please you.

Char. To please yourself; own it.

Widow L. Well, well, to please myself then. You're the strangest man in the world, nothing can 'scape you.

Enter DANIEL, followed by LUCY.

Dan. What would you have? what do you follow me for?

Lucy. Why mayn't I follow you? I must follow you now all the world over.

Dan. Hold you, hold you there: not so far by a mile or two; I have enough of your company already, by'r lady, and something to spare: you may go home to your brother, an' you will; I have no further to do with you.

Widow L. Why, Daniel, child, thou art not out of thy wits sure, art thou?

Dan. Nay, marry, I don't know; but I am very near, I believe: I am alter'd for the worse mightily since you saw me; and she has been the cause of it there.

Widow L. How so, child?

Dan. I told you before what would come on't of putting me to bed to a strange woman; but you would not be said nay.

Widow L. She is your wife now, child, you must love her.

Dan. Why, so I did at first.

Widow L. But you must love her always.

Dan. Always! I lov'd her as long as I could, mother, and as long as loving was good, I believe; for I find now I don't care a fig for her.

Lucy. Why, you lubberly, slovenly blockhead—I see all good nature is thrown away upon you—

Widow L. It was so with his father before him. He takes after him.

Lucy. And therefore I will use you as you deserve, you tony.

Widow L. Indeed he deserves bad enough; but don't call him out of his name: his name is Daniel, you know.

Dan. Let her call me what she pleases, mother, 'tis not her tongue that I'm afraid of.

Lucy. I will make such a beast of thee!

Widow L. O, pray no, I hope; do nothing rashly, Mrs. Lucy.

Dan. I had rather be a beast than what you would make of me in a week, I'm sure; I have no more manhood left in me already, than there is in one of my mother's old under-petticoats.

Widow L. Sirrah, sirrah, meddle with your wife's petticoats, and let your mother's alone, you ungracious bird you.

[Beats him.

Dan. Why, is the devil in the woman? What have I said now? Do you know if you were ask'd, I trow? But you are all of a bundle; e'en hang together: he that unties you, makes a rod for himself; and so he will find it that has any thing to do with you.

Widow L. Ay, rogue enough, you shall find it; I have a rod for you still.

Dan. No wife, and I care not.

Widow L. I'll swinge you into better manners, you booby.

[Beats him off, and exit.

Char. You have consummated our project upon him.

Lucy. Nay, if I have a limb of the fortune, I care not who has the whole body of the fool.

Char. That you shall, and a large one, I promise you.

Lucy. Have you heard the news? They talk of an English ship in the river.

Char. I have heard ou't; and am preparing to receive it as fast as I can.

Lucy. There's something the matter too with the slaves, some disturbance or other; I don't know what it is.

Char. So much the better still: we fish in troubled waters: we shall have fewer eyes upon us. Pray go you home, and be ready to assist me in your part of the design.

Lucy. I can't fail in mine. [Exit.

Char. The widow has furnish'd me, I thank her, to carry it on. Now I have got a wife, 'tis high time to think of getting a husband. I carry my fortune about me—a thousand pounds in gold and jewels. Let me see—'twill be a considerable trust: and I think I shall lay it out to advantage.

Enter STANMORE.

Stan. So, Weldon, Jack has told me his success; and his hopes of marrying the widow by your means.

Char. I have strain'd a point, Stanmore, upon your account, to be serviceable to your family.

Stan. I take it upon my account; and am very much obliged to you. But here we are all in an uproar.

Char. So they say. What's the matter?

Stan. A mutiny among the slaves. Oroonoko is at the head of 'em. Our governor is gone out with his rascally militia against 'em. What it may come to nobody knows.

Char. For my part, I shall do as well as the rest: but I'm concerned for my sister and cousin, whom I expect in the ship from England.

Stan. There's no danger of 'em.

Char. I have a thousand pounds here, in gold and jewels, for my cousin's use, that I would more particularly take care of: 'tis too great a sum to venture at home; and I would not have her wrong'd of it; there-

fore, to secure it, I think my best way will be to put it into your own keeping.

Stan. You have a very good opinion of my honesty.
[*Takes the Purse and Casket.*

Char. I have indeed. If any thing should happen to me in this bustle, as nobody is secure of accidents, I know you will take my cousin into your protection and care. Pray see her married as soon as you can.

Stan. If she be as handsome as her picture, I can promise her a husband.

Char. If you like her when you see her, I wish nothing so much as to have you marry her yourself; for I always thought you worth making a friend.

Stan. You shan't find your good opinion thrown away upon me: I am in your debt, and shall think so as long as I live. [Exeunt.

SCENE II. *The Country.*

Enter on one side of the Stage OROONOKO, ABOAN, and Slaves; IMOINDA with a Bow and Quiver; the Women, some leading, others carrying their Children upon their Backs.

Oroo. The women with their children fall behind.

Imoinda, you must not expose yourself.

Retire, my love: I almost fear for you.

Imo. I fear no danger; life, or death, I will enjoy with you.

Oroo. My person is your guard.

Aboan. Now, sir, blame yourself: if you had not prevented my cutting his throat, that coward there had not discovered us. He comes now to upbraid you.

Enter, on the other Side, LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR, talking to HOTMAN, with his Rabble.

Lieut. 'This is the very thing I would have wish'd. Your honest service to the government [To Hotman. Shall be rewarded with your liberty.

Aboan His honest service! call it what it is, His villany, the service of his fear. If he pretends to honest services, Let him stand out, and meet me like a man. [Advances.

Oroo. Hold, you : and you who come against us, hold :
I charge you in a general good to all ;
And wish I could command you, to prevent
The bloody havoc of the murd'ring sword.
I would not urge destruction uncompell'd :
But if you follow fate, you find it here.
The bounds are set, the limits of our lives :
Between us lies the gaping gulf of death,
To swallow all. Who first advances dies.

Enter CAPTAIN DRIVER, with his Crew.

Capt. D. Here, here, here they are, governor.
What, sieze upon my ship !
Come, boys, fall on——

[Advancing first, Oroonoko kills him.]

Oroo. Thou art fall'n indeed ;
Thy own blood be upon thee.

Lieut. Rest it there ;
He did deserve his death. Take him away.

[The Body is removed.]

You see, sir, you and those mistaken men
Must be our witnesses, we do not come
As enemies, and thirsting for your blood.
If we desir'd your ruin, the revenge
Of our companion's death had push'd it on.
But that we overlook, in a regard
To common safety and the public good.

Oroo. Regard that public good ; draw off your men,
And leave us to our fortune : we're resolv'd.

Lieut. Resolv'd ! on what ? your resolutions
Are broken, overturn'd, prevented, lost :
You see our numbers could with ease compel
What we request : and what do we request ?
Only to save yourselves.

*[The Women with their Children gather about
the Men.]*

Oroo. I'll hear no more.

Lieut. To those poor wretches, who have been seduc'd
And led away ; to all, and ev'ry one,
We offer a full pardon——

Oroo. Then fall on. *[Preparing to engage.]*

Lieut. Lay hold upon't, before it be too late :

Pardon and mercy.

[The Women clinging about the Men, they leave Oroonoko, and fall upon their Faces, crying out for Pardon.]

Slaves. Pardon, mercy, pardon.

Oroo. Let them go all. Now, governor, I see,
I own the folly of my enterprise,
The rashness of this action, and must blush,
Quite through this veil of night, a whitely shame,
To think I could design to make those free,
Who were by nature slaves; wretches design'd
To be their masters' dogs, and lick their feet.
I would not live on the same earth with creatures,
That only have the faces of their kind.
Why should they look like men, who are not so,
When they put off their noble natures, for
The grov'ling qualities of downcast beasts?
We were too few before for victory.
We're still enow to die. *[To Imoinda and Aboan.]*

Enter BLANDFORD.

Lieut. Live, royal sir :

Live, and be happy long on your own terms;
Only consent to yield, and you shall have
What terms you can propose for you and yours.

Oroo. Consent to yield! shall I betray myself?

[Blandford comes forward.]

Bland. I'm glad you have proceeded by fair means.

[To Lieutenant-Governor.]

I came to be a mediator.

Lieut. Try what you can to work upon him.

Oroo. Are you come against me too?

Bland. Is this to come against you?

[Offering his Sword to Oroonoko.]

Unarm'd to put myself into your hands?

I come, I hope, to serve you.

Oroo. You have serv'd me;
I thank you for't: and I am pleas'd to think

You were my friend while I had need of one:
But now 'tis past; this farewell, and be gone.

[Embraces him.]

Bland. It is not past, and I must serve you still.

Oroo. I know what I have done, and I should be
A child to think they ever can forgive.

Forgive! were there but that, I would not live
To be forgiven: is there a power on earth,
That I can ever need forgiveness from?

Bland. You sha'not need it.

Oroo. No, I wo'not need it.

Bland. You see he offers you your own conditions,
For you and yours.

Oroo. Must I capitulate?
Precariously compound, on stinted terms,
To save my life?

Bland. Sir, he imposes none.
You make 'em for your own security.

Lieut. He will rely on what you say to him. [To *Bland.*
Offer him what you can; I will confirm
And make all good. Be you my pledge of trust.

Bland. I'll answer with my life for all he says.

Lieut. Ay, do, and pay the forfeit if you please. [Aside.]

Bland. Consider, sir, can you consent to throw
That blessing from you, you so hardly found,
And so much valu'd once?

Oroo. Imoinda! oh!

'Tis she that holds me on this argument
Of tedious life! I could resolve it soon,
Were this curs'd being only in debate.
But my Imoinda struggles in my soul;
She makes a coward of me, I confess;
I am afraid to part with her in death;
And more afraid of life to lose her here.

Bland. This way you must lose her. Think upon
The weakness of her sex, made yet more weak
With her condition, requiring rest,
And soft indulging ease, to nurse your hope,
And make you a glad father.

Oroo. There I feel

A father's fondness, and a husband's love.
 They seize upon my heart, strain all its strings,
 To pull me to 'em from my stern resolve.
 Husband and father! all the melting art
 Of eloquence lives in those soft'ning names.
 Methinks I see the babe, with infant hands,
 Pleading for life, and begging to be born.
 Shall I forbid its birth, deny him light,
 The heav'nly comforts of all-cheering light,
 And make the womb the dungeon of his death,
 His bleeding mother his sad monument?
 These are the calls of nature, that call loud;
 They will be heard, and conquer in their cause:
 He must not be a man who can resist 'em.
 No, my Imoinda! I will venture all
 To save thee and that little innocent.
 The world may be a better friend to him
 Than I have found it. Now I yield myself:

[Gives up his Sword.

The conflict's past, and we are in your hands.

[Several Men get about Oroonoko and Aboan,
 and seize them.

Lieut. So you shall find you are. Dispose of them
 as I commanded you.

Bland. Good heav'n forbid! you cannot mean——

Lieut. This is not your concern.

[To Blandford, who goes to Oroonoko.

I must take care of you.

[To Imoinda.

Imo. I'm at the end

Of all my care: here will I die with him.

[Holding Oroonoko.

Oroo. You shall not force her from me. [Holds her.

Lieut. Then I must [They force her from him.

Try other means, and conquer force by force:

Break, out off his hold, bring her away.

Imo. I do not ask to live, kill me but here.

Oroo. O, bloody dogs! inhuman murderers!

[Imoinda is forced out at one Door by the Lieutenant-
 Governor and others; Oroonoko and Aboan hurried
 out at another. Exeunt.

ACT THE FIFTH.



SCENE I.

Enter STANMORE, CHARLOTTE WELDON, and LUCY.

Char. If I should consent to the fine things you can say to me, how would you look at last, to find 'em thrown away on an old acquaintance?

Stan. An old acquaintance!

Char. Lord, how easily are you men to be impos'd upon! I am no cousin newly arriv'd from England, not I; but the very Weldon you wot of.

Stan. Weldon!

Char. Not murder'd, nor made away, as my sister would have you believe; but am, in very good health, your old friend in breeches that was, and now your humble servant in petticoats.

Stan. I am glad we have you again. But what service can you do me in petticoats pray?

Char. Can't you tell what?

Stan. Not I, by my troth. I have found my friend and lost my mistress, it seems; which I did not expect from your petticoats.

Char. Come, come, you have had a friend of your

mistress long enough; 'tis high time now to have a mistress of your friend.

Stan. What do you say?

Char. I am a woman, sir.

Stan. A woman?

Char. As arrant a woman as you would have had me but now, I assure you.

Stan. And at my service?

Char. If you have any for me in petticoats.

Stan. Yes, yes, I shall find you employment.

Char. I need not tell you I made that little plot, and carried it on only for this opportunity. I was resolved to see whether you liked me as a woman, or not: if I had found you indifferent, I would have endeavoured to have been so too: but you say you like me, and therefore I have ventur'd to discover the truth.

Stan. Like you! I like you so well, that I am afraid you won't think marriage a proof on't: shall I give you any other?

Char. No, no, I'm inclin'd to believe you, and that shall convince me. At more leisure I'll satisfy you how I came to be in man's clothes; for no ill, I assure you, though I have happened to play the rogue in 'em. They have assisted me in marrying my sister, and have gone a great way in befriending your cousin Jack with the widow. Can you forgive me for pimping for your family?

Enter JACK STANMORE.

Stan. So, Jack, what news with you?

Jack S. I am the forepart of the widow you know; she's coming after with the body of the family, the young squire in her hand, my son-in-law that is to be, with the help of Mr. Weldon.

Char. Say you so, sir? [*Claps Jack S. upon the Back.*]

Enter WIDOW LACKITT and her Son DANIEL.

Widow L. So, Mrs. Lucy, I have brought him about again; I have chastis'd him. Will you ever rebel again? will you, sirrah? But come, come, down on your marrow-bones, and ask her forgiveness. [*Daniel kneels*] Say after me, Pray forsooth, wife.

Dan. Pray forsooth, wife.

Lucy. Well, well, this is a day of good nature, and so I take you into favour: but first take the oath of allegiance. [*He kisses her Hand, and rises*] If ever you do so again——

Dan. Nay, marry if I do, I shall have the worst on't.

Lucy. Here's a stranger forsooth, would be glad to be known to you, a sister of mine; pray salute her.

[*Starts at Charlotte.*]

Widow L. Your sister, Mrs. Lucy! What do you mean? 'This is your brother, Mr. Weldon. Do you think I do not know Mr. Weldon?

Lucy. Have a care what you say: this gentleman's about marrying her: you may spoil all.

Widow L. Fiddle-faddle; what! you would put a trick upon me.

Char. No, faith, widow, the trick is over; it has taken sufficiently; and now I will teach you the trick, to prevent your being cheated another time.

Widow L. How! cheated, Mr. Weldon?

Char. Why ay, you will always take things by the wrong handle: I see you will have me Mr. Weldon: I grant you I was Mr. Weldon a little while, to please you or so; but Mr. Stanmore here has persuaded me into a woman again.

Widow L. A woman! pray let me speak with you. [*Draws her aside*] You are not in earnest, I hope, a woman?

Char. Really a woman.

Widow L. 'Gads my life! I could not be cheated in every thing. I know a man from a woman at these years, or the devil is in't. Pray did not you marry me?

Char. You would have it so.

Widow L. And did not I give you a thousand pounds this morning?

Char. Yes, indeed, 'twas more than I deserv'd: but you had your pennyworth for your penny, I suppose: you seem'd to be pleas'd with your bargain.

Widow L. A rare bargain I have made on't truly! I have laid out my money to a fine purpose upon a woman.

Char. You would have a husband, and I provided for you as well as I could.

Widow L. Yes, yes, you have provided for me.

Char. And you have paid me very well for't; I thank you.

Widow L. 'Tis very well: I may be with child too, for aught I know, and may go look for the father.

Char. Nay, if you think so, 'tis time to look about you indeed. For my part, Mrs. Lackitt, your thousand pounds will engage me not to laugh at you. Then my sister is married to your son; he is to have half your estate, I know; and indeed they may live upon it very comfortably to themselves, and very creditably to you.

Widow L. Nay, I can blame nobody but myself.

Char. You have enough for a husband still, and that you may bestow upon honest Jack Stanmore.

Widow L. Is he the man then?

Char. He is the man you are oblig'd to.

Jack S. Yes, faith, widow, I am the man.

Widow L. Well, well, I see you will have me; even marry me, and make an end of the business.

Stan. Why, that's well said; now we are all agreed, and all well provided for.

Enter a Servant to STANMORE.

Serv. Sir, Mr. Blandford desires you to come to him, and bring as many of your friends as you can with you.

Stan. I come to him. You shall all go along with me. Come, young gentleman, marriage is the fashion, you see; you must like it now.

Dan. If I don't, how shall I help myself?

Lucy. Nay, you may hang yourself in the noose, if you please, but you'll never get out on't with struggling.

Dan. Come then, let's e'en jog on in the old road. Cuckold, or worse, I must now be contented: I'm not the first has marry'd and repented. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR, BLANDFORD, and Planters.

Bland. Have you no reverence for future fame?

No awe upon your actions, from the tongues,
The cens'ring tongues, of men, that will be free?

Re-enter STANMORE, JACK STANMORE, CHARLOTTE
WELDON, LUCY, WIDOW LACKITT, and DANIEL.

So, Stanmore, you, I know, the women too,
Will join with me: 'tis Oroonoko's cause,
A lover's cause, a wretched woman's cause,
That will become your intercession. [*To the Women.*]

Stan. So far from further wrong, that 'tis a shame
He should be where he is. Good governor,
Order his liberty: he yielded up
Himself, his all, at your discretion.

Bland. Discretion! no; he yielded on your word;
And I am made the cautionary pledge,
The gage and hostage of your keeping it.
Remember, sir, he yielded on your word;
Your word; which honest men will think should be
The last resort of truth and trust on earth:
There's no appeal beyond it but to heav'n.

Stan. He's out of all power of doing any harm now,
if he were disposed to it.

Char. But he is not disposed to it.

Bland. To keep him where he is, will make him soon
Find out some desp'rate way to liberty:
He'll hang himself, or dash out his mad brains.

Char. Pray try him by gentle means: we'll all be
sureties for him.

Omnes. All, all.

Lucy. We will all answer for him now.

Lieut. Well, you will have it so; do what you please,
just what you will with him; I give you leave. [*Exit.*]

Bland. We thank you, sir; this way; pray come
with me. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

*The Curtain rising, discovers OROONOKO upon his
Back, his Legs and Arms stretched out, and chained
to the Ground. Enter BLANDFORD, STANMORE,
&c.*

Bland. O miserable sight! help, ev'ry one,

Assist me all to free him from his chains.

[They help him up and bring him forward, looking down.]

Most injur'd prince! how shall we clear ourselves?

Orro. If you would have me think you are not all Confederates, all accessary to
The base injustice of your governor;
If you would have me live, as you appear
Concern'd for me; if you would have me live
To thank and bless you, there is yet a way
To tie me ever to your honest love;
Bring my Imoinda to me; give me her,
To charm my sorrows, and, if possible,
I'll sit down with my wrongs, never to rise
Against my fate, or think of vengeance more.

Bland. Be satisfy'd, you may depend upon us,
We'll bring her safe to you, and suddenly.

Char. We will not leave you in so good a work.

Widow L. No, no, we'll go with you.

Bland. In the mean time,
Endeavour to forget, sir, and forgive;
And hope a better fortune. *[Exeunt all but Oroonoko.]*

Oroo. Forget! forgive! I must indeed forget
When I forgive: but while I am a man,
In flesh, that bears the living marks of shame,
The print of his dishonourable chains,
My memory still rousing up my wrongs,
I never can forgive this governor,
This villain; the disgrace of trust and place,
And just contempt of delegated pow'r.
What shall I do? If I declare myself,
I know him, he will sneak behind his guard
Of followers, and brave me in his fears.
Else, lion-like, with my devouring rage,
I would rush on him, fasten on his throat,
Tear a wide passage to his treach'rous heart,
And that way lay him open to the world. *[Pauses.]*
If I should turn his Christian arts on him,
Promise him, speak him fair, flatter, and creep
With fawning steps, to get within his faith,

I could betray him then, as he has me.
But am I sure by that to right myself?
Lying's a certain mark of cowardice:
And, when the tongue forgets its honesty,
The heart and hand may drop their functions too,
And nothing worthy be resolv'd or done.
Let me but find out
An honest remedy, I have the hand,
A minist'ring hand, that will apply it home. [Exit.

SCENE III. *The Lieutenant-Governor's House.*

Enter Lieutenant-Governor.

Lieut. I would not have her tell me she consents;
In favour of the sex's modesty.

*Enter Blandford, Stanmore, Jack Stanmore,
Daniel, Charlotte Weldon, and Lucy.*

What's the matter?

Char. Nay, nothing extraordinary. But one good
action draws on another. You have given the prince
his freedom: now we come a begging for his wife:
you won't refuse us.

Lieut. Refuse you? No, no, what have I to do to
refuse you? I send her to him! You do very well; 'tis
kindly done of you; ev'n carry her to him, with all
my heart.

Lucy. You must tell us where she is.

Lieut. I tell you! why, don't you know?

Bland. Your servant says she's in the house.

Lieut. No, no, I brought her home at first indeed;
but I thought it would not look well to keep her here;
I remov'd her in the hurry only to take care of her.
What! she belongs to you: I have nothing to do with
her.

Char. But where is she now, sir?

Lieut. Why, faith, I can't say certainly: you'll hear
of her at Parham-house, I suppose: there or there-
abouts: I think I sent her there.

Bland. I'll have an eye on him.

[*Aside. Exeunt all but Lieutenant-Governor.*

Lieut. I have lied myself into a little time,
And must employ it: they'll be here again;
But I must be before 'em.

[Going out, he meets Imoinda, and seizes her.

Are you come?

I'll court no longer for a happiness

That is in my own keeping: you may still

Refuse to grant, so I have power to take.

The man that asks deserves to be deny'd.

[She disengages one Hand, and draws his Sword from his Side upon him; Governor starts and retires.

Blandford enters behind him.

Imo. He does indeed, that asks unworthily.

Bland. You hear her, sir, that asks unworthily.

Lieut. You are no judge.

Bland. I am of my own slave.

Lieut. Be gone, and leave us.

Bland. When you let her go.

Lieut. To fasten upon you.

Bland. I must defend myself.

[Imoinda retreats towards the Door, favoured by Blandford; when they are closed, she throws down the Sword and runs out. Governor takes up his Sword, they fight; close, and fall, Blandford upon him. Servants enter and part them.

Lieut. She shan't escape me so; I've gone too far,
Not to go further. Curse on my delay:

But yet she is, and shall be in my power.

Bland. Nay, then it is the war of honesty;

I know you, and will save you from yourself. *[Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Enter OROONOKO.

Oroo. To honour bound! and yet a slave to love!

I am distracted by their rival powers,

And both will be obey'd. O great revenge!

'Thou raiser and restorer of fall'n fame!

Let me not be unworthy of thy aid,

For stopping in thy course. I still am thine;

But can't forget I am Imoinda's too.
She calls me from my wrongs to rescue her.
No man condemn me, who has never felt
A woman's power, or try'd the force of love;
To run his glorious race of light anew,
And carry on the world. Love, love will be
My first ambition, and my fame the next.

Enter ABOAN, bloody.

My eyes are turn'd against me, and combine
With my sworn enemies, to represent
This spectacle of horror. Aboan!

Aboan. I have no name
That can distinguish me from the vile earth,
'To which I'm going: a poor abject worm,
That crawl'd awhile upon the bustling world,
And now am trampled to my dust again.

Oroo. I see thee gash'd and mangled!

Aboan. Spare my shame,
To tell how they have us'd me; but believe
The hangman's hand would have been merciful.
Do not you scorn me, sir, to think I can
Intend to live under this infamy?
I do not come for pity, to complain.
I've spent an honourable life with you;
The earliest servant of your rising fame,
And would attend it with my latest care:
My life was yours, and so shall be my death.
You must not live,
Bending and sinking, I have dragg'd my steps
Thus far, to tell you that you cannot live:
To warn you of those ignominious wrongs,
Whips, rods, and all the instruments of death
Which I have felt, and are prepar'd for you.
This was the duty that I had to pay.
'Tis done, and now I beg to be discharg'd.

Oroo. What shall I do for thee?

Aboan. My body tires,
And wo'not bear me off to liberty:
I shall again be taken, made a slave.

A sword, a dagger, yet would rescue me.
I have not strength to go and find out death,
You must direct him to me.

Oroo. Here he is, *[Gives him a Dagger.]*
The only present I can make thee now :
And, next the honourable means of life,
I would bestow the honest means of death.

Aboan. I cannot stay to thank you. If there is
A being after this, I shall be yours
In the next world, your faithful slave again.
This is to try. *[Stabs himself]* I had a living sense
Of all your royal favours, but this last
Strikes through my heart. I wo't not say farewell,
For you must follow me. *[Dies.]*

Oroo. In life and death,
The guardian of my honour! Follow thee!
I should have gone before thee : then perhaps
Thy fate had been prevented. All his care
Was to preserve me from the barbarous rage
That worry'd him, only for being mine.
Why, why, ye gods! why am I so accurs'd,
That it must be a reason of your wrath,
A guilt, a crime sufficient to the fate
Of any one, but to belong to me?
My friend has found it out, and my wife will soon :
My wife! the very fear's too much for life.
I can't support it. Where's Imoinda! Oh!
[Going out, he meets Imoinda, who runs into his Arms.]
Thou bosom softness! Down of all my cares!
I could recline my thoughts upon this breast
To a forgetfulness of all my griefs,
And yet be happy : but it wo't not be.
Thou art disorder'd, pale, and out of breath!
If fate pursues thee, find a shelter here.
What is it thou wouldst tell me?

Imo. 'Tis in vain to call him villain.

Oroo. Call him governor : is it not so?

Imo. There's not another sure.

Oroo. Villain's the common name of mankind here,
But his most properly. What! what of him?

I fear to be resolv'd, and must inquire.
He had thee in his power.

Imo. I blush to think it.

Oroo. Blush! to think what?

Imo. That I was in his power.

Oroo. He could not use it?

Imo. What can't such men do?

Oroo. But did he? durst he?

Imo. What he could he dar'd.

[none,

Oroo. His own gods damn him then! For ours have
No punishment for such unheard of crime.

Imo. This monster, cunning in his flatteries,
When he had weary'd all his useless arts,
Leap'd out, fierce as a beast of prey, to seize me.
I trembled, fear'd.

Oroo. I fear and tremble now.

What could preserve thee? What deliver thee?

Imo. That worthy man, you us'd to call your friend—

Oroo. Blandford?

Imo. Came in, and sav'd me from his rage.

Oroo. He was a friend indeed, to rescue thee!

And, for his sake, I'll think it possible

A Christian may be yet an honest man.

Imo. O did you know what I have struggled through,
To save me yours, sure you would promise me
Never to see me forc'd from you again.

Oroo. To promise thee! O! do I need to promise?
But there is now no further use of words.
Death is security for all our fears.

[Shows Aboan's Body on the Floor.

And yet I cannot trust him.

Imo. Aboan!

Oroo. Mangled and torn, resolv'd to give me time
To fit myself for what I must expect,
Groan'd out a warning to me, and expir'd.

Imo. For what you must expect?

Oroo. Would that were all!

Imo. What, to be butcher'd thus—

Oroo. Just as thou seest.

Imo. By barb'rous hands to fall at last their prey?

Oroo. I have run the race with honour, shall I now
Lag, and be overtaken at the goal?

Imo. No.

Oroo. I must look back to thee.

[Tenderly.

Imo. You sha'not need.

I am always present to your purpose, say,
Which way would you dispose me?

This dagger will instruct you.

[Gives it him.

Oroo. Ha! this dagger!

Like fate, it points me to the horrid deed.

Imo. Strike, strike it home, and bravely save us both.
There is no other safety.

Oroo. It must be——

But first a dying kiss——

[Kisses her.

This last embrace——

[Embraces her.

And now——

Imo. I'm ready.

Oroo. O, where shall I strike?

Is there the smallest grain of that lov'd body

That is not dearer to me than my eyes,

My bosom'd heart, and all the life blood there?

Bid me cut off these limbs, hew off these hands,

Dig out these eyes, though I would keep them last

To gaze upon thee: but to murder thee!

The joy, and charm of ev'ry ravish'd sense,

My wife! forbid it, nature.

Imo. 'Tis your wife,

Who on her knees conjures you. O! in time,

Prevent those mischiefs that are falling on us.

You may be hurry'd to a shameful death,

And I too dragg'd to the vile governor;

Then I may cry aloud. When you are gone,

Where shall I find a friend again to save me?

Oroo. It will be so. Thou unexampled virtue!

Thy resolution has recover'd mine:

And now prepare thee.

Imo. Thus, with open arms,

I welcome you and death. [He drops the Dagger as he
looks on her, and throws himself on the Ground.

Oroo. I cannot bear it.

O let me dash against the rock of fate,
 Dig up this earth, and tear her bowels out,
 To make a grave, deep as the centre down,
 To swallow wide and bury us together !
 It wo't be, O ! then some pitying god
 (If there be one a friend to innocence)
 Find yet a way to lay her beauties down
 Gently in death, and save me from her blood.

Imo. O rise, 'tis more than death to see you thus.
 I'll ease your love, and do the deed myself——

[She takes up the Dagger, he rises in haste to take it from her.]

Oroo. O ! hold, I charge thee, hold.

Imo. Though I must own
 It would be nobler for us both from you.

Oroo. O ! for a whirlwind's wing to hurry us
 To yonder cliff, which frowns upon the flood ;
 That in embraces lock'd we might plunge in,
 And perish thus in one another's arms.

Imo. Alas ! what shout is that ?

Oroo. I see 'em coming.
 They sha'not overtake us. This last kiss,
 And now farewell.

Imo. Farewell, farewell for ever.

Oroo. I'll turn my face away, and do it so.
 Now, are you ready ?

Imo. Now. But do not grudge me
 The pleasure, in my death, of a last look ;
 Pray look upon me.—Now I'm satisfied.

Oroo. So fate must be by this.

[Going to Stab her, he stops short ; she lays her Hand on his, in order to give the Blow.]

Imo. Nay, then I must assist you.
 And, since it is the common cause of both,
 'Tis just that both should be employ'd in it.
 'Thus, thus 'tis finish'd, and I bless my fate, *[Stabs herself.]*
 That, where I liv'd, I die in these lov'd arms. *[Dies.]*

Oroo. She's gone. And now all's at an end with me.
 Soft, lay her down : O we will part no more.

[Throws himself by her.]

But let me pay the tribute of my grief,
 A few sad tears to thy lov'd memory,
 And then I follow—— [*Shouts. Weeps over her.*
 But I stay too long. [*A Noise again.*
 The noise comes nearer. Hold, before I go,
 There's something would be done. It shall be so,
 And then, Imoinda, I'll come all to thee. [*Rises.*

Enter BLANDFORD and his Party, before the LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR and his Party. Swords drawn on both Sides.

Lieut. You strive in vain to save him, he shall die.

Bland. Not while we can defend him with our lives.

Lieut. Where is he?

Oroo. Here is the wretch whom you would have.

Put up your swords, and let not civil broils

Engage you in the cursed cause of one

Who cannot live, and now entreats to die.

This object will convince you.

Bland. 'Tis his wife. [*They gather about the Body.*

Alas, there was no other remedy.

Lieut. Who did the bloody deed?

Oroo. The deed was mine:

Bloody I know it is, and I expect

Your laws should tell me so. Thus, self-condemn'd,

I do resign myself into your hands,

The hands of justice——But I hold the sword

For you——and for myself.

[*Stabs the Governor and himself, then throws himself by Imoinda's Body.*

Oroo. 'Tis as it should be now, I have sent his ghost
 To be a witness of that happiness

In the next world, which he deny'd us here. [*Dies.*

Bland. I hope there is a place of happiness
 In the next world for such exalted virtue.

Pagan or unbeliever, yet he liv'd

To all he knew: and, if he went astray,

There's mercy still above to set him right.

But Christians, guided by the heav'nly ray,

Have no excuse if they mistake their way. [*Exeunt.*

EPILOGUE.

WRITTEN BY MR. CONGREVE.

SPOKEN BY MRS. VERBRUGGEN.

You see we try all shapes, and shifts, and arts,
To tempt your favours, and regain your hearts.
We weep and laugh, join mirth and grief together,
Like rain and sunshine mix'd, in April weather.
Your diff'rent tastes divide our poet's cares ;
One foot the sock, t'other the buskin wears.
Thus, while he strives to please, he's forc'd to do't,
Like Volscius, hip hop, in a single boot.
Critics, he knows, for this may damn his books :
But he makes feasts for friends, and not for cooks.
Though errant knights of late no favour find,
Sure you will be to ladies errant kind.
To follow fame, knight-errants make profession :
We damsels fly to save our reputation :
So they their valour show, we our discretion.
To lands of monsters and fierce beasts they go :
We to those islands where rich husbands grow :
Though they're no monsters, we may make them so.
If they're of English growth, they'll bear't with patience :
But save us from a spouse of Oroonoko's nations :
Then bless ye stars, you happy London wives,
Who love at large, each day, yet keep your lives :
Nor envy poor Imoinda's doting blindness,
We thought her husband kill'd her out of kindness.
Death with a husband ne'er had shown such charms,
Had she once died within a lover's arms.
Her error was from ignorance proceeding ;
Poor soul! she wanted some of our town-breeding.
Forgive this Indian fondness of her spouse ;
Their law no Christian liberty allows :
Alas! they make a conscience of their vows!
If virtue in a heathen be a fault ;
Then damn the heathen school where she was taught.
She might have learn'd to cuckold, jilt, and sham,
Had Covent-garden been in Surinam.

THE
ORPHAN;
OR,
THE UNHAPPY MARRIAGE.
A Tragedy.
BY THOMAS OTWAY.

CORRECTLY GIVEN, FROM COPIES USED IN THE THEATRES,
BY
THOMAS DIBDIN,
OF THE THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.
Author of several Dramatic Pieces, &c.



Printed at the Chiswick Press,
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1816.



THE ORPHAN.

THIS tragedy was produced at Drury Lane Theatre in the year 1680. The plot, though taken from an old novel, is said to be founded on fact; yet, with numberless beauties, it exhibits as much inconsistency as if it were the wildest romance. It was received with the most enthusiastic admiration, and during its long possession of the stage, that admiration has suffered little, if any, diminution. Notwithstanding this just tribute to its merits, we do not differ from an arch critic, who exclaimed on first seeing this play, "Oh what an infinite deal of mischief would a farthing rush-light have prevented!"

We are indebted to the talents of Miss O'Neil for the present revival of **THE ORPHAN**.



PROLOGUE.

To you, great judges, in this writing age,
The sons of wit, and patrons of the stage,
With all those humble thoughts, which still have sway'd
His pride much doubting, trembling and afraid
Of what is to his want of merit due,
And aw'd by every excellence in you,
The author sends to beg you will be kind,
And spare those many faults you needs must find.
You, to whom wit a common foe is grown,
The thing ye scorn and publicly disown.
Though now, perhaps, ye're here for other ends,
He swears to me ye ought to be his friends:
For he ne'er call'd ye yet insipid tools,
Nor wrote one line to tell ye you were fools;
But says of wit ye have so large a store,
So very much you never will have more.
He ne'er with libel treated yet the town,
The names of honest men bedaub'd and shown.
Nay, never once lampoon'd the harmless life
Of suburb virgin, or of city wife.
Satire's th' effect of poetry's disease,
Which, sick of a lewd age, she vents for ease,
But now her only strife should be to please;
Since of ill fate the baneful cloud's withdrawn,
And happiness again begins to dawn;
Since back with joy and triumph he is come,
That always drew fears hence, ne'er brought 'em home.
Oft has he plough'd the boist'rous ocean o'er,
Yet ne'er more welcome to the longing shore,
Not when he brought home victories before;
For then fresh laurels flourish'd on his brow;
And he comes crown'd with olive-branches now:
Receive him—oh, receive him as his friends;
Embrace the blessing which he recommends:
Such quiet as your foes shall ne'er destroy;
Then shake off fears, and clap your hands for joy.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

	<i>Drury Lane, 1799.</i>	<i>Covent Garden, 1815.</i>
<i>Castalio</i>	Mr. Reddish.	Mr. C. Kemble.
<i>Acasto</i>	Mr. Packer.	Mr. Egerton.
<i>Polydore</i>	Mr. Brereton.	Mr. Conway.
<i>Chaplain</i>	Mr. Usher.	Mr. Chapman.
<i>Ernesto</i>	Mr. Wroughton.	Mr. Jefferies.
<i>Page</i>	Master Pulley.	Miss Prescott.
<i>Chamont</i>	Mr. Smith.	Mr. Young.
<i>Serina</i>	Miss Platt.	Miss Boyce.
<i>Florella</i>	Mrs. Johnston.	Miss Seymour.
<i>Monimia</i>	Miss Younge.	Miss O'Neil.

SCENE—BOHEMIA,

ACT THE FIRST.



SCENE I. *A Garden.*

Enter CASTALIO, POLYDORE, and Page.

Cas. Polydore, our sport
Has been to-day much better for the danger:
When on the brink the foaming boar I met,
And in his side thought to have lodg'd my spear,
The desperate savage rush'd within my force,
And bore me headlong with him down the rock.

Pol. But then——

Cas. Ay, then, my brother, my friend, Polydore,
Like Perseus mounted on his winged steed,
Came on, and down the dang'rous precipice leap'd
To save Castalio.—'Twas a godlike act!

Pol. But when I came, I found you conqueror.
Oh! my heart danc'd, to see your danger past!
The heat and fury of the chase was cold,
And I had nothing in my mind but joy.

Cas. So, Polydore, methinks, we might in war
Rush on together; thou shouldst be my guard,
And I be thine. What is't could hurt us then?

Now half the youth of Europe are in arms,
How fulsome must it be to stay behind,
And die of rank diseases here at home!

Pol. No, let me purchase in my youth renown,
To make me lov'd and valu'd when I'm old;
I would be busy in the world, and learn,
Not like a coarse and useless dunghill weed,
Fix'd to one spot, and rot just as I grow.

Cas. Our father
Has ta'en himself a surfeit of the world,
And cries, it is not safe that we should taste it.
I own, I have duty very pow'rful in me:
And though I'd hazard all to raise my name,
Yet he's so tender, and so good a father,
I could not do a thing to cross his will.

Pol. Castalio, I have doubts within my heart,
Which you, and only you, can satisfy.
Will you be free and candid to your friend?

Cas. Have I a thought my Polydore should not know?
What can this mean?

Pol. Nay, I'll conjure you too,
By all the strictest bonds of faithful friendship,
To show your heart as naked in this point,
As you would purge you of your sins to heav'n.
And should I chance to touch it near, bear it
With all the suff'rance of a tender friend.

Cas. As calmly as the wounded patient bears
The artist's hand, that ministers his cure.

Pol. That's kindly said.—You know our father's
ward,

The fair Monimia:—is your heart at peace?
Is it so guarded, that you could not love her?

Cas. Suppose I should?

Pol. Suppose you should not, brother?

Cas. You'd say, I must not.

Pol. That would sound too roughly
Twixt friends and brothers, as we two are.

Cas. Is love a fault?

Pol. In one of us it may be——
What, if I love her?

Cas. Then I must inform you
I lov'd her first, and cannot quit the claim;
But will preserve the birthright of my passion.

Pol. You will?

Cas. I will.

Pol. No more; I've done.

Cas. Why not?

Pol. I told you I had done.

But you, Castalio, would dispute it.

Cas. No;

Not with my Polydore:—though I must own
My nature obstinate, and void of suff'rance;
I could not bear a rival in my friendship,
I am so much in love, and fond of thee.

Pol. Yet you will break this friendship!

Cas. Not for crowns.

Pol. But for a toy you would, a woman's toy.
Unjust Castalio!

Cas. Pr'ythee, where's my fault?

Pol. You love Monimia.

Cas. Yes.

Pol. And you would kill me,
If I'm your rival?

Cas. No;—sure we're such friends,
So much one man, that our affections too
Must be united, and the same as we are.

Pol. I dote upon Monimia.

Cas. Love her still;
Win, and enjoy her.

Pol. Both of us cannot.

Cas. No matter
Whose chance it prove; but let's not quarrel for't.

Pol. You would not wed Monima, would you?

Cas. Wed her!

No—were she all desire could wish, as fair
As would the vainest of her sex be thought,
With wealth beyond what woman's pride could waste,
She should not cheat me of my freedom.—Marry!
When I am old and weary of the world,
I may grow desperate,
And take a wife to mortify withal.

Pol. It is an elder brother's duty so
To propagate his family and name.
You would not have yours die, and buried with you?

Cas. Mere vanity, and silly dotage, all :—
No, let me live at large, and when I die——

Pol. Who shall possess th' estate you leave?

Cas. My friend,
If he survives me; if not, my king,
Who may bestow't again on some brave man,
Whose honesty and services deserve one.

Pol. 'Tis kindly offer'd.

Cas. By you heaven, I love
My Polydore beyond all worldly joys;
And would not shock his quiet, to be blest
With greater happiness than man e'er tasted.

Pol. And, by that heaven, eternally I swear,
To keep the kind Castalio in my heart.
Whose shall Monimia be?

Cas. No matter whose.

Pol. Were you not with her privately last night?

Cas. I was; and should have met her here again.
The opportunity shall now be thine;
But have a care, by friendship I conjure thee,
That no false play be offer'd to thy brother.
Urge all thy powers to make thy passion prosper;
But wrong not mine.

Pol. By heaven, I will not.

Cas. If't prove thy fortune, Polydore, to conquer
(For thou hast all the arts of soft persuasion),
Trust me, and let me know thy love's success,
That I may ever after stifle mine.

Pol. Though she be dearer to my soul than rest
To weary pilgrims, or to misers gold,
To great men pow'r, or wealthy cities pride;
Rather than wrong Castalio, I'd forget her.

[*Exeunt Castalio and Polydore.*]

Enter MONIMIA.

Mon. Pass'd not Castalio and Polydore this way?

Page. Madam, just now.

Mon. Sure some ill fate's upon me:

Distrust and heaviness sit round my heart,
And apprehension shocks my tim'rous soul.
Why was not I laid in my peaceful grave
With my poor parents, and at rest as they are?
Instead of that, I'm wand'ring into cares.—
Castalio! O Castalio! thou hast caught
My foolish heart; and, like a tender child,
That trusts his plaything to another hand,
I fear its harm, and fain would have it back.
Come near, Cordelio; I must chide you, sir.

Page. Why, madam, have I done you any wrong?

Mon. I never see you now; you have been kinder;
Perhaps I've been ungrateful. Here's money for
you.

Page. Madam, I'd serve you with my soul.

Mon. Tell me, Cordelio (for thou oft hast heard
Their friendly converse, and their bosom secrets),
Sometimes, at least, have they not talk'd of me?

Page. O madam! very wickedly they have talk'd!
But I am afraid to name it; for, they say,
Boys must be whipp'd, that tell their masters' secrets.

Mon. Fear not, Cordelio; it shall ne'er be known;
For I'll preserve the secret as 'twere mine.
Polydore cannot be so kind as I.

I'll furnish thee with all thy harmless sports,
With pretty toys, and thou shalt be my page.

Page. And truly, madam, I had rather be so.
Methinks you love me better than my lord;
For he was never half so kind as you are.
What must I do?

Mon. Inform me how thou'lt heard
Castalio and his brother use my name.

Page. With all the tenderness of love,
You were the subject of their last discourse.
At first I thought it would have fatal prov'd;
But as the one grew hot, the other cool'd,
And yielded to the frailty of his friend;
At last, after much struggling, 'twas resolv'd—

Mon. What, good Cordelio?

Page. Not to quarrel for you.

Mon. I would not have 'em, by my dearest hopes ;
I would not be the argument of strife.
But surely my Castalio won't forsake me,
And make a mook'ry of my easy love!
Went they together?

Page. Yes, to seek you, madam.
Castalio promis'd Polydore to bring him,
Where he alone might meet you,
And fairly try the fortune of his wishes.

Mon. Am I then grown so cheap, just to be made
A common stake; a prize for love in jest?
Was not Castalio very loath to yield it?
Or was it Polydore's unruly passion,
That heighten'd the debate?

Page. The fault was Polydore's.
Castalio play'd with love, and smiling show'd
The pleasure, not the pangs of his desire.
He said, no woman's smiles should buy his freedom :
And marriage is a mortifying thing. [Exit.

Mon. Then I am ruin'd ! if Castalio's false,
Where is there faith and honour to be found ?
Ye gods, that guard the innocent, and guide
The weak, protect and take me to your care.
O, but I love him ! There's the rock will wreck me !
Why was I made with all my sex's fondness,
Yet want the cunning to conceal its follies ?
I'll see Castalio, tax him with his falsehoods,
Be a true woman, rail, protest my wrongs ;
Resolve to hate him, and yet love him still.

Re-enter CASTALIO and POLYDORE.

He comes.

Cas. Madam, my brother begs he may have leave
To tell you something that concerns you nearly.
I leave you, as becomes me, and withdraw.

Mon. My lord Castalio !

Cas. Madam !

Mon. Have you purpos'd
To abuse me palpably ? What means this usage ?
Why am I left with Polydore alone ?

Cas. He best can tell you. Business of importance
Calls me away: I must attend my father.

Mon. Will you then leave me thus?

Cas. But for a moment.

Mon. It has been otherwise: the time has been,
When business might have stay'd, and I been heard.

Cas. I could for ever hear thee; but this time
Matters of such odd circumstances press me,
That I must go.

[Exit.

Mon. Then go, and, if't be possible, for ever.
Well, my lord Polydore, I guess your business,
And read th' ill-natur'd purpose in your eyes.

Pol. If to desire you more than misers wealth,
Or dying men an hour of added life;
If softest wishes, and a heart more true
Than ever suffer'd yet for love disdain'd,
Speak an ill nature, you accuse me justly.

Mon. Talk not of love, my lord, I must not hear it.

Pol. Who can behold such beauty, and be silent?
Desire first taught us words. Man, when created,
At first alone long wander'd up and down
Forlorn, and silent as his vassal beasts:
But when a heav'n-born maid, like you, appear'd,
Strange pleasures fill'd his eyes and fir'd his heart,
Unloos'd his tongue, and his first talk was love.

Mon. The first created pair indeed were bless'd;
They were the only objects of each other,
Therefore he courted her, and her alone;
But in this peopled world of beauty, where
There's roving room, where you may court, and ruin
A thousand more, why need you talk to me?

Pol. Oh! I could talk to thee for ever. Thus
Eternally admiring, fix, and gaze
On those dear eyes; for every glance they send
Darts through my soul.

Mon. How can you labour thus for my undoing?
I must confess indeed, I owe you more
Than ever I can hope, or think, to pay.
There always was a friendship 'twixt our families;
And therefore when my tender parents dy'd,

Whose ruin'd fortunes too expir'd with them,
Your father's pity and his bounty took me,
A poor and helpless orphan, to his care.

Pol. 'Twas Heav'n ordain'd it so, to make me happy.
Hence with this peevish virtue, 'tis a cheat;
And those who taught it first were hypocrites.
Come, these soft, tender limbs were made for yielding.

Mon. Here on my knees, by heav'n's blest pow'r I
swear,

[*Kneels.*

If you persist, I ne'er henceforth will see you,
But rather wander through the world a beggar,
And live on sordid scraps at proud men's doors;
For though to fortune lost, I'll still inherit
My mother's virtues, and my father's honour.

Pol. Intolerable vanity! your sex
Was never in the right! y'are always false,
Or silly; ev'n your dresses are not more
Fantastic than your appetites; you think
Of nothing twice; opinion you have none.
To-day y'are nice, to-morrow not so free;
Now smile, then frown; now sorrowful, then glad;
Now pleas'd, now not: and all, you know not why!

Mon. Indeed, my lord,
I own my sex's follies; I have 'em all;
And, to avoid its fault, must fly from you.
Therefore, believe me, could you raise me high
As most fantastic woman's wish could reach,
And lay all nature's riches at my feet;
I'd rather run a savage in the woods,
Amongst brute beasts, grow wrinkled and deform'd,
So I might still enjoy my honour safe,
From the destroying wiles of faithless men. [Exit.

Pol. Who'd be that sordid thing call'd man?
I'll yet possess my love, it shall be so. [Exit.

ACT THE SECOND.



SCENE I. *A Saloon.*

Enter ACASTO, CASTALIO, POLYDORE, and Attendants.

Acas. To-day has been a day of glorious sport:
When you, Castalio, and your brother left me,
Forth from the thickets rush'd another boar,
So large, he seem'd the tyrant of the woods,
With all his dreadful bristles rais'd up high,
They seem'd a grove of spears upon his back;
Foaming he came at me, where I was posted.
Best to observe which way he'd lead the chase,
Whetting his huge large tusks, and gaping wide,
As if he already had me for his prey!
Till brandishing my well-pois'd javelin high,
With this bold executing arm I struck
The ugly brindled monster to the heart.

Cas. The actions of your life were always wondrous.

Acas. No flattery, boy! an honest man can't live by't;
It is a little sneaking art, which knaves
Use to cajole and soften fools withal.

If thou hast flattery in thy nature, out with't,
Or send it to a court, for there 'twill thrive.

Cas. Your lordship's wrongs have been
So great, that you with justice may complain;
But suffer us, whose younger minds ne'er felt
Fortune's deceits, to court her, as she's fair:
Were she a common mistress, kind to all,
Her worth would cease, and half the world grow idle.
Methinks I would be busy.

Pol. So would I,
Not loiter out my life at home, and know
No further than one prospect gives me leave.

Acas. Busy your minds then, study arts and men;
Learn how to value merit, though in rags,
And scorn a proud, ill-manner'd knave in office.

Enter SERINA.

Ser. My lord, my father!

Acas. Blessings on my child!
My little cherub, what hast thou to ask me?

Ser. I bring you, sir, most glad and welcome news;
The young Chamont, whom you've so often wish'd for,
Is just arriv'd, and entering.

Acas. By my soul,
And all my honours, he's most dearly welcome;
Let me receive him like his father's friend.

Enter CHAMONT.

Welcome, thou relict of the best lov'd man!
Welcome from all the turmoils, and the hazards
Of certain danger, and uncertain fortune!
Welcome as happy tidings after fears.

Cham. Words would but wrong the gratitude I owe
you!
Should I begin to speak, my soul's so full,
That I should talk of nothing else all day.

Enter MONIMIA.

Mon. My brother!

Cham. O my sister, let me hold thee

Long in my arms. I've not beheld thy face
These many days; by night I've often seen thee
In gentle dreams, and satisfy'd my soul
With fancy'd joys, till morning cares awak'd me.
Another sister! sure, it must be so;

Though I remember well I had but one:
But I feel something in my heart that prompts,
And tells me, she has claim and interest there.

Acas. Young soldier, you've not only studied war,
Courtship, I see, has been your practice too,
And may not prove unwelcome to my daughter.

Cham. Is she your daughter? then my heart told true,
And I'm at least her brother by adoption;
For you have made yourself to me a father,
And by that patent I have leave to love her.

Ser. Moninia, thou hast told me men are false,
Will flatter, feign, and make an art of love:
Is Chamont so? no, sure, he's more than man;
Something that's near divine, and truth dwells in him.

Acas. Thus happy, who would envy pompous pow'r,
The luxury of courts, or wealth of cities?
Let there be joy through all the house this day!
In ev'ry room let plenty flow at large!
It is the birth-day of my royal master!
You have not visited the court, Chamont,
Since your return?

Cham. I have no bus'ness there;
I have not slavish temperance enough
To attend a favourite's heels, and watch his smiles,
Bear an ill office done me to my face,
And thank the lord that wrong'd me for his favour.

Acas. This you could do.

[To his Sons.]

Cas. I'd serve my prince.

Acas. Who'd serve him?

Cas. I would, my lord.

Pol. And I; both would.

Acas. Away!

He needs not any servants such as you.
Serve him! he merits more than man can do!
He is so good, praise cannot speak his worth;

So merciful, sure he ne'er slept in wrath!
So just, that, were he but a private man,
He could not do a wrong! How would you serve him?

Cas. I'd serve him with my fortune here at home,
And serve him with my person in his wars:
Watch for him, fight for him, bleed for him.

Pol. Die for him,
As ev'ry true-born, loyal subject ought.

Acas. Let me embrace ye both! now, by the souls
Of my brave ancestors, I'm truly happy!
For this, be ever blest my marriage day!
Blest be your mother's memory, that bore you;
And doubly blest be that auspicious hour
That gave ye birth!

Enter a Servant.

Serv. My lord, th' expected guests are just arriv'd.

Acas. Go you and give 'em welcome and reception.

[Exit Castalio and Polydore.]

Cham. My lord, I stand in need of your assistance,
In something that concerns my peace and honour.

Acas. Spoke like the son of that brave man I lov'd!
So freely, friendly, we convers'd together.
Whate'er it be, with confidence impart it;
Thou shalt command my fortune and my sword.

Cham. I dare not doubt your friendship, nor your
justice,
Your bounty shown to what I hold most dear,
My orphan sister, must not be forgotten!

Acas. Pr'ythee no more of that, it grates my nature.

Cham. When our dear parents dy'd, they dy'd
together;
One fate surpris'd 'em, and one grave receiv'd 'em;
My father, with his dying breath, bequeath'd
Her to my love; my mother, as she lay
Languishing by him, call'd me to her side,
Took me in her fainting arms, wept, and embrac'd me;
Then press'd me close, and, as she observ'd my tears,
Kiss'd them away; said she, "Chamont, my son,
By this, and all the love I ever show'd thee,

Be careful of Monimia: watch her youth;
Let not her wants betray her to dishonour;
Perhaps kind heav'n may raise some friend." Then
sigh'd,

Kiss'd me again; so bless'd us, and expir'd.
Pardon my grief.

Acas. It speaks an honest nature.

Cham. The friend heav'n rais'd was you; you took
her up,

An infant, to the desert world expos'd,
And prov'd another parent.

Acas. I've not wrong'd her.

Cham. Far be it from my fears.

Acas. Then why this argument?

Cham. My lord, my nature's jealous, and you'll bear
it.

Acas. Go on.

Cham. Great spirits bear misfortunes hardly;
Good offices claim gratitude; and pride,
Where pow'r is wanting, will usurp a little,
And make us (rather than be thought behind hand)
Pay over price.

Acas. I cannot guess your drift;
Distrust you me?

Cham. No, but I fear her weakness
May make her pay her debt at any rate:
And to deal freely with your lordship's goodness,
I've heard a story lately much disturbs me.

Acas. Then first charge her; and if th' offence be found
Within my reach, though it should touch my nature,
In my own offspring, by the dear remembrance
Of thy brave father, whom my heart rejoic'd in,
I'd prosecute it with severest vengeance. [Exit.

Cham. I thank you, from my soul.

Mon. Alas, my brother! What have I done?
My heart quakes in me; in your settled face,
And clouded brow, methinks I see my fate.
You will not kill me?

Cham. Pr'ythee, why dost thou talk so?

Mon. Look kindly on me then; I cannot bear

Severity ; it daunts, and does amaze me ;
My heart's so tender, should you charge me rough,
I should but weep, and answer you with sobbing ;
But use me gently, like a loving brother,
And search through all the secrets of my soul.

Cham. Fear nothing, I will show myself a brother,
A tender, honest, and a loving brother.
You've not forgot our father ?

Mon. I never shall.

Cham. Then you'll remember too he was a man
That liv'd up to the standard of his honour,
And priz'd that jewel more than mines of wealth :
He'd not have done a shameful thing but once :
Though kept in darkness from the world, and hidden,
He could not have forgiv'n it to himself.
This was the only portion that he left us ;
And I more glory in't than if possess'd
Of all that ever fortune throw on fools.
'Twas a large trust, and must be manag'd nicely ;
Now if, by any chance, Monimia,
You have soil'd this gem, and taken from its value,
How will you account with me ?

Mon. I challenge envy,
Malice, and all the practices of hell,
To censure all the actions of my past
Unhappy life, and taint me if they can !

Cham. I'll tell thee, then ; three nights ago, as I
Lay musing in my bed, all darkness round me,
A sudden damp struck to my heart, cold sweat
Dew'd all my face, and trembling seiz'd my limbs :
My bed shook under me, the curtains started,
And to my tortur'd fancy there appear'd
The form of thee, thus beauteous as thou art ;
Thy garments flowing loose, and in each hand
A wanton lover, who by turns caress'd thee
With all the freedom of unbounded pleasure.
I snatch'd my sword, and in the very moment
Darted it at the phantom ; straight it left me ;
Then rose, and call'd for lights, when, O dire omen !
I found my weapon had the arras pierc'd,

Just where that famous tale was interwoven,
How the unhappy Theban slew his father.

Mon. And for this cause my virtue is suspected!
Because in dreams your fancy has been ridden,
I must be tortur'd waking!

Cham. Have a care;
Labour not to be justify'd too fast:
Hear all, and then let justice hold the scale.
What follow'd was the riddle that confounds me.
Through a close lane, as I pursu'd my journey,
And meditating on the last night's vision,
I spy'd a wrinkled hag, with age grown double,
Picking dry sticks, and mumbling to herself;
Her eyes with scalding rheum were gall'd and red:
Cold palsy shook her head, her hands seem'd wither'd,
And on her crooked shoulders had she wrapp'd
The tatter'd remnant of an old strip'd hanging,
Which serv'd to keep her carcass from the cold;
So there was nothing of a piece about her.
Her lower weeds were all o'er coarsely patch'd
With diff'rent colour'd rags, black, red, white, yellow,
And seem'd to speak variety of wretchedness.
I ask'd her of my way, which she inform'd me;
Then crav'd my charity, and bade me hasten
To save a sister! At that word I started!

Mon. The common cheat of beggars; every day
They flock about our doors, pretend to gifts
Of prophecy, and telling fools their fortunes.

Cham. Oh! but she told me such a tale, Monimia,
As in it bore great circumstance of truth;
Castalio and Polydore, my sister.

Mon. Ha!

Cham. What, alter'd? does your courage fail you?
Now, by my father's soul, the witch was honest.
Answer me, if thou hast not lost to them
Thy honour at a sordid game?

Mon. I will,
I must, so hardly my misfortune loads me,
That both have offer'd me their love's most true.

Cham. And 'tis as true too they have both undone thee.

Mon. Though they both with earnest vows
Have press'd my heart, if e'er in thought I yielded
To any but Castalio——

Cham. But Castalio!

Mon. Still will you cross the line of my discourse.
Yes, I confess that he has won my soul
By gen'rous love and honourable vows,
Which he this day appointed to complete,
And make himself by holy marriage mine.

Cham. Art thou then spotless? hast thou still pre-
serv'd
Thy virtue white, without a blot, untainted?

Mon. When I'm unchaste, may heaven reject my
prayers;
Or more, to make me wretched, may you know it!

Cham. Oh then, Monimia, art thou dearer to me
Than all the comforts ever yet bless'd man.
But let not marriage bait thee to thy ruin.
Trust not a man; we are by nature false,
Dissembling, subtle, cruel, and unconstant;
When a man talks of love, with caution trust him;
But if he swears, he'll certainly deceive thee.
I charge thee, let no more Castalio sooth thee;
Avoid it, as thou wouldst preserve the peace
Of a poor brother, to whose soul thou'rt precious.

Mon. I will.

Cham. Appear as cold, when next you meet, as great
ones,
When merit begs; then shalt thou see how soon
His heart will cool, and all his pains grow easy. [*Exit.*]

Mon. Yes, I will try him, torture him severely;
For, O Castalio, thou too much hast wrong'd me,
In leaving me to Polydore's ill usage.
He comes! and now, for once, O love, stand neuter.
Whilst a hard part's perform'd; for I must 'tempt,
Wound his soft nature, though my heart aches for't.

Re-enter CASTALIO.

Cas. Monimia, my angel! 'twas not kind
To leave me here alone.

Re-enter POLYDORE, with Page, at the Door.

Pol. Here place yourself, and watch my brother thoroughly ;

Pass not one circumstance without remark.

[Apart to Page, and exit.]

Cas. When thou art from me, every place is desert,
And I, methinks, am savage and forlorn :
Thy presence only 'tis can make me blest,
Heal my unquiet mind, and tune my soul.

Mon. O the bewitching tongues of faithless men !
'Tis thus the false hyena makes her moan,
To draw the pitying traveller to her den :
Your sex are so, such false dissemblers all ;
With sighs and complaints y' entice poor women's hearts,
And all that pity you are made your prey.

Cas. What means my love? Oh, how have I deserv'd
This language from the sovereign of my joys?
Stop, stop these tears, Monimia, for they fall
Like baneful dew from a distemper'd sky :
I feel 'em chill me to my very heart.

Mon. Oh, you are false, Castalio, most forsworn !
Attempt no further to delude my faith ;
My heart is fix'd, and you shall shak't no more.

Cas. Who told you so? What hell-bred villain durst
Profane the sacred business of my love?

Mon. Your brother, knowing on what terms I'm here,
Th' unhappy object of your father's charity,
Licentiously discours'd to me of love,
And durst affront me with his brutal passion.

Cas. 'Tis I have been to blame, and only I ;
False to my brother, and unjust to thee.
For, oh! he loves thee too, and this day own'd it,
Tax'd me with mine, and claim'd a right above me.

Mon. And was your love so very tame to shrink?
Or, rather than lose him, abandon me?

Cas. I, knowing him precipitate and rash,
Seem'd to comply with his unruly will ;
Lest he in rage might have our loves betray'd,
And I for ever had Monimia lost.

Mon. Could you then, did you, can you own it too?

'Twas poorly done, unworthy of yourself!
And I can never think you meant me fair.

Cas. Is this Monimia? Surely no! till now
I ever thought her dove-like, soft, and kind.
Who trusts his heart with woman's surely lost:
You were made fair on purpose to undo us,
While greedily we snatch th' alluring bait,
And ne'er distrust the poison that it hides.

Mon. When love ill-plac'd, would find a means to
break——

Cas. It never wants pretences or excuse.

Mon. Man therefore was a lordlike creature made,
Rough as the winds, and as inconstant too:
A lofty aspect given him for command;
Easily soften'd when he would betray.
Like conqu'ring tyrants, you our breasts invade;
But soon you find new conquests out, and leave
The ravag'd province ruinate and waste.
If so, Castalio, you have serv'd my heart,
I find that desolation's settled there,
And I shall ne'er recover peace again.

Cas. Who can hear this and bear an equal mind?
Since you will drive me from you, I must go:
But, O Monimia! when thou hast banish'd me,
No creeping slave, though tractable and dull
As artful woman for her ends would choose,
Shall ever dote as I have done.

Mon. Castalio, stay! we must not part. I find
My rage ebbs out, and love flows in apace.
These little quarrels love must needs forgive.
Oh! charm me with the music of thy tongue,
I'm ne'er so blest as when I hear thy vows,
And listen to the language of thy heart.

Cas. Where am I? Surely Paradise is round me!
Sweets planted by the hand of heaven grow here,
And every sense is full of thy perfection.
Sure, framing thee, heaven took unusual care;
As its own beauty it design'd thee fair,
And form'd thee by the best lov'd angel there.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT THE THIRD.



SCENE I. A Garden.

Enter POLYDORE and Page.

Pol. Were they so kind? Express it to me all
In words; 'twill make me think I saw it too.

Page. At first I thought they had been mortal foes :
Monimia rag'd, Castalio grew disturb'd :
Each thought the other wrong'd ; yet both so haughty,
They scorn'd submission, though love all the while
The rebel play'd, and scarce could be contain'd.

Pol. But what succeeded?

Page. Oh, 'twas wondrous pretty !
For of a sudden all the storm was past :
A gentle calm of love succeeded it :
Monimia sigh'd and blush'd ; Castalio swore ;
As you, my lord, I well remember, did
To my young sister, in the orange grove,
When I was first preferr'd to be your page.

Pol. Boy, go to your chamber, and prepare your lute.
[Exit Page.]

Happy Castalio! now, by my great soul,
My ambitious soul, that languishes to glory,
I'll have her yet; by my best hopes, I will;
She shall be mine, in spite of all her arts.
But for Castalio why was I refus'd?
Has he supplanted me by some foul play?
Traduc'd my honour? Death! he durst not do't.
It must be so: we parted, and he met her,
Half to complianee brought by me; surpris'd
Her sinking virtue, till she yielded quite.
So poachers pick up tired game,
While the fair hunter's cheated of his prey.
Boy!

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Oh, the unhappiest tidings tongue e'er told!

Pol. The matter?

Serv. Oh! your father, my good master,
As with his guests he sat in mirth rais'd high,
And chas'd the goblet round the joyful board,
A sudden trembling seiz'd on all his limbs;
His eyes distorted grew, his visage pale,
His speech forsook him, life itself seem'd fled,
And all his friends are waiting now about him.

Enter ACASTO and Attendants.

Acas. Support me, give me air, I'll yet recover.
'Twas but a slip decaying nature made;
For she grows weary near her journey's end.
Where are my sons? Come near, my Polydore!
Your brother—where's Castalio?

Serv. My lord,
I've search'd, as you commanded, all the house!
He and Monimia are not to be found.

Acas. Not to be found? then where are all my friends?
'Tis well—
I hope they'll pardon an unhappy fault
My unmannerly infirmity has made!
Death could not come in a more welcome hour;
For I'm prepar'd to meet him; and, methinks,
Would live and die with all my friends about me.

Enter CASTALIO.

Cas. Angels preserve my dearest father's life!
Oh! may he live till time itself decay,
Till good men wish him dead, or I offend him!

Acas. Thank you, Castalio: give me both your hands.
So now, methinks,
I appear as great as Heroules himself,
Supported by the pillars he had rais'd.

Enter SERINA.

Ser. My father!

Acas. My heart's darling!

Ser. Let my knees

Fix to the earth. Ne'er let my eyes have rest,
But wake and weep, till heaven restore my father.

Acas. Rise to my arms, and thy kind pray'rs are answer'd.

For thou'rt a wondrous extract of all goodness;
Born for my joy, and no pain's felt when near thee.
Chamont!

Enter CHAMONT.

Cham. My lord, may't prove not an unlucky omen!
Many I see are waiting round about you,
And I am come to ask a blessing too.

Acas. May'st thou be happy!

Cham. Where?

Acas. In all thy wishes.

Cham. Confirm me so, and make this fair one mine:
I am unpractis'd in the trade of courtship,
And know not how to deal love out with art:
Onsets in love seem best like those in war,
Fierce, resolute, and done with all the force;
So I would open my whole heart at once,
And pour out the abundance of my soul.

Acas. What says Serina? Canst thou love a soldier?
One born to honour, and to honour bred?
One that has learn'd to treat e'en foes with kindness,
To wrong no good man's fame, nor praise himself?

Ser. Oh! name not love, for that's ally'd to joy;
And joy must be a stranger to my heart,

When you're in danger. May Chamont's good fortune
Render him lovely to some happier maid!
Whilst I, at friendly distance, see him blest,
Praise the kind gods, and wonder at his virtues.

Acas. Chamont, pursue her, conquer, and possess her,
And, as my son, a third of all my fortune
Shall be thy lot.

Chamont, you told me of some doubts that press'd you:
Are you yet satisfy'd that I'm your friend?

Cham. My lord, I would not lose that satisfaction,
For any blessing I could wish for:
As to my fears, already I have lost them:
They ne'er shall vex me more, nor trouble you.

Acas. I thank you.

My friends, 'tis late:

Now my disorder seems all past and over,
And I, methinks, begin to feel new health.

Cas. Would you but rest, it might restore you quite.

Acas. Yes, I'll to bed; old men must humour weakness.

Good night, my friends! Heav'n guard you all! Good
To-morrow early we'll salute the day, [night!
Find out new pleasures, and redeem lost time.

[*Exeunt all but Chamont and Chaplain.*]

Cham. If you're at leisure, sir, we'll waste an hour:
'Tis yet too soon to sleep, and 'twill be charity
To lend your conversation to a stranger.

Chap. Sir, you're a soldier?

Cham. Yes.

Chap. I love a soldier;
And had been one myself, but that my parents
Would make me what you see me.

Cham. Have you had long dependance on this family?

Chap. I have not thought it so, because my time's
Spent pleasantly. My lord's not haughty nor imperious,
Nor I gravely whimsical: he has good nature.
His sons too are civil to me, because
I do not pretend to be wiser than they are;
I meddle with no man's business but my own;
So meet with respect, and am not the jest of the family.

Cham. I'm glad you are so happy.
A pleasant fellow this, and may be useful. [*Aside.*
Knew you my father, the old Chamont?

Chap. I did; and was most sorry when we lost him.

Cham. Why, didst thou love him?

Chap. Ev'ry body lov'd him; besides, he was my patron's friend.

Cham. I could embrace thee for that very notion:
If thou didst love my father, I could think
Thou wouldst not be an enemy to me.

Chap. I can be no man's foe.

Cham. Then, pr'ythee, tell me;
Think'st thou the lord Castalio loves my sister?

Chap. Love your sister?

Cham. Ay, love her. [*her.*

Chap. Either he loves her, or he much has wrong'd

Cham. How wrong'd her? have a care; for this may
A scene of mischief to undo us all. [*lay*

But tell me, wrong'd her, saidst thou?

Chap. Ay, sir, wrong'd her.

Cham. This is a secret worth a monarch's fortune:
What shall I give thee for't? thou dear physician
Of sickly souls, unfold this riddle to me,
And comfort mine——

Chap. I would hide nothing from you willingly.

Cham. By the reverend soul
Of that great honest man that gave me being,
Tell me but what thou know'st concerns my honour,
And, if I e'er reveal it to thy wrong,
May this good sword ne'er do me right in battle!
May I ne'er know that blessed peace of mind,
That dwells in good and pious men like thee!

Chap. I see your temper's mov'd, and I will trust you.

Cham. Wilt thou?

Chap. I will; but if it ever 'scape you——

Cham. It never shall. [*busy,*

Chap. Then this good day, when all the house was
When mirth and kind rejoicing fill'd each room,
As I was walking in the grove I met them.

Cham. What, met them in the grove together?

Chap. I, by their own appointment, met them there,
Receiv'd their marriage vows, and join'd their hands.

Cham. How! married?

Chap. Yes, sir.

Cham. Then my soul's at peace:

But why would you so long delay to give it?

Chap. Not knowing what reception it may find
With old Acasto; may be, I was too cautious
To trust the secret from me.

Cham. What's the cause

I cannot guess, though 'tis my sister's honour,
I do not like this marriage,
Huddled i'the dark, and done at too much venture;
The business looks with an unlucky face.

Keep still the secret; for it ne'er shall 'scape me,
Not ev'n to them, the new match'd pair. Farewell!
Believe my truth, and know me for thy friend. [*Exeunt.*]

Re-enter CASTALIO, with MONIMIA.

Cas. Young Chamont and the chaplain! sure 'tis they!
No matter what's contriv'd, or who consulted,
Since my Monimia's mine; though this sad look
Seems no good boding omen to our bliss;
Else, pr'ythee, tell me why that look cast down,
Why that sad sigh, as if thy heart was breaking?

Mon. Castalio, I am thinking what we've done:
The heavenly powers were sure displeas'd to-day;
For, at the ceremony as we stood,
And as your hand was kindly join'd with mine,
As the good priest pronounc'd the sacred words,
Passion grew big, and I could not forbear,
'Tears drown'd my eyes, and trembling seiz'd my soul.
What should that mean?

Cas. Oh, thou art tender all!

Gentle and kind as sympathising nature!

Re-enter POLYDOR, unobserved.

But wherefore do I dally with my bliss?
The night's far spent, and day draws on apace;
To bed, my love, and wake till I come thither.

Mon. 'Twill be impossible:
You know your father's chamber's next to mine,
And the least noise will certainly alarm him.

Cas. No more, my blessing.
What shall be the sign?
When shall I come? for to my joys I'll steal,
As if I ne'er had paid my freedom for them.

Mon. Just three soft strokes upon the chamber door;
And at that signal you shall gain admittance:
But speak not the least word; for, if you should,
'Tis surely heard, and all will be betray'd.

Cas. Oh! doubt it not, Monimia; our joys
Shall be as silent as the ecstatic bliss
Of souls, that by intelligence converse.
Away, my love! first take this kiss. Now haste:
I long for that to come, yet grudge each minute past.
[Exit Monimia.]

My brother wand'ring too so late this way!

Pol. Castalio!

Cas. My Polydore, how dost thou?
How does our father? is he well recover'd?

Pol. I left him happily repos'd to rest:
He's still as gay as if his life was young.
But how does fair Monimia?

Cas. Doubtless well:
A cruel beauty, with her conquest pleas'd,
Is always joyful, and her mind in health.

Pol. Is she the same Monimia still she was?
May we not hope she's made of mortal mould?

Cas. She's not woman else:
Though I'm grown weary of this tedious hoping;
We've in a barren desert stray'd too long.

Pol. Yet may relief be unexpected found,
And love's sweet manna cover all the field.
Met ye to-day?

Cas. No; she has still avoided me:
I wish I'd never meddled with the matter;
And would enjoin thee, Polydore——

Pol. To what?

Cas. To leave this peevish beauty to herself.

Pol. What, quit my love? as soon I'd quit my post
In fight, and like a coward run away.

No, by my stars, I'll chase her till she yields
To me, or meets her rescue in another.

Cas. But I have wondrous reasons on my side,
That would persuade thee, were they known.

Pol. Then speak 'em:

What are they? Came ye to her window here
To learn 'em now? Castalio, have a care;
Use honest dealing with a friend and brother.
Believe me, I'm not with my love so blinded,
But can discern your purpose to abuse me:
Quit your pretences to her.

You say you've reasons: why are they conceal'd?

Cas. To-morrow I may tell you.

Pol. Why not now?

Cas. It is a matter of such consequence,
As I must well consult ere I reveal.
But pr'ythee cease to think I would abuse thee,
Till more be known.

Pol. When you, Castalio, cease
To meet Monimia unknown to me,
And then deny it slavishly, I'll cease
To think Castalio faithless to his friend.
Did I not see you part this very moment?

Cas. It seems you've watch'd me then?

Pol. I scorn the office.

Cas. Pr'ythee avoid a thing thou may'st repent.

Pol. That is, henceforward making leagues with you.

Cas. Nay, if ye're angry, Polydore, good night.

[Exit.

Pol. Good night, Castalio, if ye're in such haste.
He little thinks I've overheard th' appointment:
But to his chamber's gone to wait awhile,
Then come and take possession of my love.
This is the utmost point of all my hopes;
Or now she must, or never can be mine.
Oh, for a means now how to counterplot,
And disappoint this happy elder brother!
In every thing we do or undertake,

He soars above me, mount what height I can,
And keeps the start he got of me in birth.
Cordelio!

Re-enter Page.

Page. My lord!

Pol. Come hither, boy!

Thou hast a pretty, forward, lying face,
And may'st in time expect preferment. Canst thou
Pretend to secrecy, cajole and flatter
Thy master's follies, and assist his pleasures?

Page. My lord, I could do any thing for you,
And ever be a very faithful boy.
Command, whate'er's your pleasure I'll observe;
Be it to run, or watch, or to convey
A letter to a beauteous lady's bosom;
At least, I am not dull, and soon should learn.

Pol. 'Tis pity then thou shouldst not be employ'd.
Go to my brother, he's in his chamber now,
Undressing, and preparing for his rest;
Find out some means to keep him up awhile:
Tell him a pretty story, that may please
His ear; invent a tale, no matter what:
If he should ask of me, tell him I'm gone
To bed, and sent you there to know his pleasure,
Whether he'll hunt to-morrow.
But do not leave him till he's in his bed;
Or if he chance to walk again this way,
Follow, and do not quit him, but seem fond
To do him little offices of service.
Perhaps at last it may offend him; then
Retire, and wait till I come in. Away:
Succeed in this, and be employ'd again.

Page. Doubt not, my lord: he has been always kind
To me; would often set me on his knee,
Then give me sweetmeats, call me pretty boy,
And ask me what the maids talk'd of at nights.

Pol. Run quickly then, and prosperous be thy wishes.

[*Exit Page.*

Here I'm alone, and fit for mischief.

I heard the sign she order'd him to give.
 "Just three soft strokes against the chamber door;
 But speak not the least word, for if you should,
 It's surely heard, and we are both betray'd."

Blest heav'ns, assist me but in this dear hour,
 And my kind stars be but propitious now,
 Dispose of me hereafter as you please.

Monimia! Monimia! [Gives the Sign.]

Flo. *[At the Window]* Who's there?

Pol. 'Tis I.

Flo. My lord Castalio?

Pol. The same.

How does my love, my dear Monimia?

Flo. Oh!

She wonders much at your unkind delay;
 You've staid so long, that at each little noise
 The wind but makes, she asks if you are coming.

Pol. Tell her I'm here, and let the door be open'd.

[Florella withdraws.]

Now boast, Castalio, triumph now, and tell
 Thyself strange stories of a promis'd bliss!

[Exit into the House.]

Re-enter CASTALIO and Page.

Page. Indeed, my lord, 'twill be a lovely morning:
 Pray let us hunt.

Cas. Go, you're an idle prattler:
 I'll stay at home to-morrow; if your lord
 Thinks fit, he may command my hounds. Go, leave me;
 I must to bed.

Page. I'll wait upon your lordship,
 If you think fit, and sing you to repose.

Cas. No, my kind boy.
 Good night: commend me to my brother.

Page. Oh!
 You never heard the last new song I learn'd;
 It is the finest, prettiest song indeed, [caught]
 Of my lord and my lady, you know who, that were
 Together, you know where. My lord, indeed it is.

Cas. You must be whipp'd, youngster, if you get such songs as those are.

What means this boy's impertinence to-night? [*Aside.*

Page. Why, what must I sing, pray, my dear lord?

Cas. Psalms, child, psalms.

Page. O dear me! boys that go to school learn psalms; But pages, that are better bred, sing lampoons.

Cas. Well, leave me; I'm weary.

Page. Indeed, my lord, I can't abide to leave you.

Cas. Why, wert thou instructed to attend me?

Page. No, no, indeed, my lord, I was not.

But I know what I know.

Cas. What dost thou know?—'Sdeath! what can all this mean? [*Aside.*

Page. Oh! I know who loves somebody.

Cas. What's that to me, boy?

Page. Nay, I know who loves you too.

Cas. That's a wonder! pry'thee tell it me.

Page. 'Tis—'tis—I know who—but will You give me the horse, then?

Cas. I will, my child.

Page. It is my lady Monimia, look you; but don't you tell her I told you: she'll give me no more play-things then. I heard her say so, as she lay abed, man.

Cas. Talk'd she of me when in her bed, Cordelio?

Page. Yes; and I sung her the song you made too; and she did so sigh, and look with her eyes!

Cas. Hark! what's that noise?

Take this; be gone, and leave me.

You knave, you little flatterer, get you gone.

[*Exit Page.*

Surely it was a noise, hist!—only fancy;

For all is hush'd, as nature were retir'd.

'Tis now, that guided by my love, I go

To take possession of Monimia's arms.

Sure Polydore's by this time gone to bed.

[*Knocks.*

She hears me not; sure she already sleeps!

Her wishes could not brook so long delay,

And her poor heart has beat itself to rest.

[*Knocks.*

Once more——

Flo. [*At the Window*] Who's there,
That comes thus rudely to disturb our rest?

Cas. 'Tis I.

Flo. Who are you? what's your name?

Cas. Suppose the lord Castalio.

Flo. I know you not.

The lord Castalio has no business here.

Cas. Ha! have a care! what can this mean?

Whoe'er thou art, I charge thee, to Monimia fly:
Tell her I'm here, and wait upon my doom.

Flo. Whoe'er you are, you may repent this outrage:
My lady must not be disturb'd. Good night!

Cas. She must! tell her she shall! go, I'm in haste,
And bring her tidings from the state of love.

Flo. Sure the man's mad!

Cas. Or this will make me so.

Obeys me, or, by all the wrongs I suffer,
I'll scale the window and come in by force,
Let the sad consequence be what it will!
This creature's trifling folly makes me mad!

Flo. My lady's answer is, you may depart.
She says she knows you: you are Polydore,
Sent by Castalio, as you were to-day,
To affront and do her violence again.

Cas. I'll not believe't.

Flo. You may, sir.

Cas. Curses blast thee!

Flo. Well, 'tis a fine cool ev'ning! and I hope
May cure the raging fever in your blood!
Good night.

Cas. And farewell all that's just in woman!
This is contriv'd, a study'd trick, to abuse
My easy nature, and torment my mind!
'Tis impudence to think my soul will bear it!
Let but to-morrow, but to-morrow come,
And try if all thy arts appease my wrong;
Till when, be this detested place my bed; [*Lies down.*
Where I will ruminate on woman's ills,
Laugh at myself, and curse th' inconstant sex.
Faithless Monimia! O Monimia!

Enter ERNESTO.

Ern. Either

My sense has been deluded, or this way
I heard the sound of sorrow; 'tis late night,
And none, whose mind's at peace, would wander now.

Cas. Who's there?

Ern. Castalio!—My lord, why in this posture,
Stretch'd on the ground? your honest, true old servant,
Your poor Ernesto, cannot see you thus.
Rise, I beseech you.

Cas. Oh, leave me to my folly.

Ern. I can't leave you,
And not the reason know of your disorders.
Remember how, when young, I in my arms
Have often borne you, pleas'd you in your pleasures,
And sought an early share in your affection.
Do not discard me now, but let me serve you.

Cas. Thou canst not serve me.

Ern. Why?

Cas. Because my thoughts
Are full of woman; thou, poor wretch, art past them.

Ern. I hate the sex.

Cas. Then I'm thy friend, Ernesto! [*Rises.*
I'd leave the world for him that hates a woman!
Woman, the fountain of all human frailty!
What mighty ills have not been done by woman?
Who was't betray'd the capitol? A woman!
Who lost Mark Antony the world? A woman!
Who was the cause of a long ten years war,
And laid at last old Troy in ashes? Woman!
Destructive, damnable, deceitful woman!
Woman, to man first as a blessing given;
When innocence and love were in their prime,
Happy awhile in Paradise they lay;
But quickly woman long'd to go astray:
Some foolish new adventure needs must prove,
And the first devil she saw, she chang'd her love:
To his temptations lewdly she inclin'd
Her soul, and for an apple damn'd mankind. [*Exeunt.*

ACT THE FOURTH.



SCENE I. *A Chamber.*

Enter CASTALIO.

Cas. Wish'd morning's come! And now upon the
plains,
And distant mountains, where they feed their flocks,
The happy shepherds leave their homely huts,
And with their pipes proclaim the new-born day.
There's no condition sure so curs'd as mine——
Monimia! O Monimia!

Enter MONIMIA and FLORELLA.

Mon. I come!
I fly to my ador'd Castalio's arms,
My wishes' lord. May every morn begin
Like this: and, with our days, our loves renew!

Cas. Oh——

Mon. Art thou not well, Castalio? Come lean
Upon my breast, and tell me where's thy pain.

Cas. 'Tis here—'tis in my head—'tis in my heart—

'Tis every where: it rages like a madness,
And I most wonder how my reason holds.
No more, Mouimnia, of your sex's arts:
They're useless all—I'm not that pliant tool;
I know my charter better—I am man,
Obstinate man, and will not be enslav'd!

Mon. You shall not fear't; indeed my nature's easy:
I'll ever live your most obedient wife!
Nor ever any privilege pretend
Beyond your will; for that shall be my law;—
Indeed I will not.

Cas. Nay, you shall not, madam;
By you bright heaven, you shall not: all the day
I'll play the tyrant, and at night forsake thee;
Nay, if I've any too, thou shalt be made
Subservient to all my looser pleasures;
For thou hast wrong'd Castalio.

Mon. Oh, kill me here, or tell me my offence!
I'll never quit you else; but on these knees,
Thus follow you all day, till they're worn bare,
And hang upon you like a drowning creature.
Castalio!—

Cas. Away!—Last night! last night!—

Mon. It was our wedding night.

Cas. No more!—Forget it!

Mon. Why! do you then repent?

Cas. I do.

Mon. O heaven!

And will you leave me thus?—Help! help! *Florella!*

*[Castalio drags her to the Door, breaks from her,
and exit.]*

Help me to hold this yet lov'd, cruel man!
Castalio!—Oh! how often has he sworn,
Nature should change—the sun and stars grow dark,
Ere he would falsify his vows to me!
Make haste, confusion, then! Sun, lose thy light!
And stars, drop dead with sorrow to the earth,
For my *Castalio's* false!
False as the wind, the waters, or the weather!
Cruel as tigers o'er their trembling prey!

I feel him in my breast; he tears my heart,
And at each sigh he drinks the gushing blood!
Must I be long in pain?

Enter CHAMONT.

Cham. In tears, Monimia!

Mon. Whoe'er thou art,
Leave me alone to my belov'd despair!

Cham. Lift up thy eyes, and see who comes to cheer
Tell me the story of thy wrongs, and then [thee!
See if my soul has rest, till thou hast justice.

Mon. My brother!

Cham. Yes, Monimia, if thou think'st
That I deserve the name, I am thy brother.

Mon. O Castalio!

Cham. Ha!

Name me that name again! my soul's on fire
Till I know all!—There's meaning in that name:—
I know he is thy husband; therefore trust me
With all the following truth.

Mon. Indeed, Chamont,
There's nothing in it but the fault of nature:
I'm often thus seiz'd suddenly with grief,
I know not why.

Cham. You use me ill, Monimia;
And I might think, with justice, most severely
Of this unfaithful dealing with your brother.

Mon. Truly I'm not to blame. Suppose I'm fond,
And grieve for what as much may please another?
Should I upbraid the dearest friend on earth
For the first fault? You would not do so, would you?

Cham. Not if I'd cause to think it was a friend.

Mon. Why do you then call this unfaithful dealing?
I ne'er conceal'd my soul from you before:
Bear with me now, and search my wounds no further;
For every probing pains me to the heart.

Cham. 'Tis sign there's danger in't, and must be prob'd.
Where's your new husband? Still that thought disturbs
you——

What! only answer me with tears?—Castalio!—

Nay, now they stream :—

Cruel, unkind Castalio!—Is't not so?

Mon. I cannot speak ;—grief flows so fast upon me,
It chokes, and will not let me tell the cause.

Oh!—

Cham. My Monimia! to my soul thou'rt dear
As honour to my name!

Why wilt thou not repose within my breast
The anguish that torments thee?

Mon. Oh! I dare not.

Cham. I have no friend but thee. We must confide
In one another.—Two unhappy orphans,
Alas, we are! and when I see thee grieve,
Methinks it is a part of me that suffers.

Mon. Could you be secret?

Cham. Secret as the grave.

Mon. But when I've told you, will you keep your fury
Within its bounds? Will you not do some rash
And horrid mischief? For indeed, Chamont,
You would not think how hardly I've been us'd
From a dear friend—from one that has my soul
A slave, and therefore treats it like a tyrant.

Cham. I will be calm.—But has Castalio wrong'd
Has he already wasted all his love? [thee?
What has he done?—quickly! for I'm all trembling
With expectation of a horrid tale!

Mon. Oh! could you think it?

Cham. What?

Mon. I fear he'll kill me!

Cham. Ha!

Mon. Indeed I do: he's strangely cruel to me;
Which, if it last, I'm sure must break my heart.

Cham. What has he done?

Mon. Most barbarously us'd me.
Just as we met, and I, with open arms,
Ran to embrace the lord of all my wishes,
Oh then—

Cham. Go on!

Mon. He threw me from his breast,
Like a detested sin.

Cham. How!

Mon. As I hung too

Upon his knees, and begg'd to know the cause,
He dragg'd me, like a slave, upon the earth,
And had no pity on my cries.

Cham. How! did he

Dash thee disdainfully away, with scorn?

Mon. He did.

Cham. What! throw thee from him?

Mon. Yes, indeed he did!

Cham. So may this arm

Throw him to th' earth, like a dead dog despis'd.
Lameness and leprosy, blindness and lunacy,
Poverty, shame, pride, and the name of villain,
Light on me, if, Castalio, I forgive thee!

Mon. Nay, now, Chamont, art thou unkind as he is!

Didst thou not promise me thou wouldst be calm?
Keep my disgrace conceal'd?

Alas, I love him still; and though I ne'er
Clasp him again within these longing arms,
Yet bless him, bless him, gods, where'er he goes!

Enter ACASIO.

Acas. Sure some ill fate is tow'rd's me; in my house
I only meet with oddness and disorder.
Just this very moment
I met Castalio too——

Cham. Then you met a villain.

Acas. Ha!

Cham. Yes, a villain!

Acas. Have a care, young soldier,
How thou'rt too busy with Acasio's fame.
I have a sword, my arm's good old acquaintance:—
Villain to thee.

Cham. Curse on thy scandalous age,
Which hinders me to rush upon thy throat,
And tear the root up of that cursed bramble!

Acas. Ungrateful ruffian! sure my good old friend
Was ne'er thy father! Nothing of him's in thee!
What have I done, in my unhappy age,

'To be thus us'd? I scorn to upbraid thee, boy!
But I could put thee in remembrance——

Cham. Do.

Acas. I scorn it.

Cham. No, I'll calmly hear the story;
For I would fain know all, to see which scale
Weighs most.—Ha! is not that good old Acasto?
What have I done?—Can you forgive this folly?

Acas. Why dost thou ask it?

Cham. 'Twas the rude o'erflowing
Of too much passion—Pray, my lord, forgive me.

[*Kneels.*

Acas. Mock me not, youth! I can revenge a wrong.

Cham. I know it well—but for this thought of mine,
Pity a madman's frenzy, and forget it.

Acas. I will; but henceforth pr'ythee be more kind.

[*Raises him.*

Whence came the cause?

Cham. Indeed I've been to blame;
For you've been my father—
You've been her father too.

[*Takes Monimia by the Hand.*

Acas. Forbear the prologue,
And let me know the substance of thy tale.

Cham. You took her up, a little tender flower,
Just sprouted on a bank, which the next frost
Had nipp'd; and with a careful, loving hand,
'Transplanted her into your own fair garden,
Where the sun always shines: there long she flourish'd;
Grew sweet to sense, and lovely to the eye;
Till at the last a cruel spoiler came,
Cropp'd this fair rose, and rifled all its sweetness,
'Then cast it like a loathsome weed away.

Acas. You talk to me in parables, Chamont:
You may have known that I'm no wordy man.
Fine speeches are the instruments of knaves,
Or fools, that use them when they want good sense:
But honesty
Needs no disguise or ornament. Be plain.

Cham. Your son——

Acas. I've two; and both, I hope, have honour.

Cham. I hope so too; but——

Acas. Speak.

Cham. I must inform you,
Once more, Castalio——

Acas. Still Castalio!

Cham. Yes;

Your son Castalio has wrong'd Monimia!

Acas. Ha! wrong'd her?

Cham. Marry'd her.

Acas. I'm sorry for't.

Cham. Why sorry?

By yon blest heaven, there's not a lord
But might be proud to take her to his heart.

Acas. I'll not deny't.

Cham. You dare not; by the gods,
You dare not. All your family combin'd
In one damn'd falsehood, to outdo Castalio,
Dare not deny't.

Acas. How has Castalio wrong'd her?

Cham. Ask that of him. I say my sister's wrong'd:
Monimia, my sister, born as high
And noble as Castalio.—Do her justice,
Or, by the gods, I'll lay a scene of blood
Shall make this dwelling horrible to nature.
I'll do't.—Hark you, my lord, your son Castalio,
Take him to your closet, and there teach him manners.

Acas. You shall have justice.

Cham. Nay, I will have justice!
Who'll sleep in safety that has done me wrong?
My lord, I'll not disturb you to repeat
The cause of this; I beg you (to preserve
Your house's honour) ask it of Castalio.

[Exit.

Acas. Farewell, proud boy.—
Monimia!

Mon. My lord.

Acas. You are my daughter.

Mon. I am, my lord, if you'll vouchsafe to own me.

Acas. When you'll complain to me, I'll prove a father.

[Exit.

Mon. Now I'm undone for ever! Who on earth
Is there so wretched as Monimia?
First by Castalio cruelly forsaken;
I've lost Acasto now; his parting frowns
May well instruct me rage is in his heart.
I shall be next abandon'd to my fortune,
'Thrust out, a naked wand'rer to the world,
And branded for the mischievous Monimia!
What will become of me? My cruel brother
Is framing mischiefs too, for aught I know,
That may produce bloodshed and horrid murder!
I would not be the cause of one man's death,
To reign the empress of the earth; nay, more,
I'd rather lose for ever my Castalio,
My dear, unkind Castalio. [Sits down.]

Enter POLYDORE.

Pol. Monimia weeping!
I come, my love, to kiss all sorrow from thee.
What mean these sighs, and why thus beats thy heart?
Mon. Let me alone to sorrow; 'tis a cause
None e'er shall know; but it shall with me die.
Pol. Happy, Monimia, be to whom these sighs,
These tears, and all these languishings are paid!
I know your heart was never meant for me;
That jewel's for an elder brother's price.

Mon. My lord!

Pol. Nay, wonder not; last night I heard
His oaths, your vows, and to my torment saw
Your wild embraces; heard the appointment made;
I did, Monimia, and I curs'd the sound.
Wilt thou be sworn, my love? wilt thou be ne'er
Unkind again?

Mon. Banish such fruitless hopes!
Have you sworn constancy to my undoing?
Will you be ne'er my friend again?

Pol. What means my love?

Mon. Away! what meant my lord
Last night?

Pol. Is that a question now to be demanded?

Mon. Was it well done
T' assault my lodging at the dead of night,
And threaten me if I deny'd admittance——
You said you were Castalio.

Pol. By those eyes,
It was the same: I spent my time much better.

Mon. Ha!—have a care!

Pol. Where is the danger near me?

Mon. I fear you're on a rock will wreck your
quiet,
And drown your soul in wretchedness for ever.

A thousand horrid thoughts crowd on my memory.
Will you be kind, and answer me one question?

Pol. I'd trust thee with my life; on that soft bosom
Breathe out the choicest secrets of my heart,
Till I had nothing in it left but love.

Mon. Nay, I'll conjure you, by the gods and angels,
By the honour of your name, that's most concern'd,
To tell me, Polydore, and tell me truly,
Where did you rest last night?

Pol. Within thy arms.

Mon. 'Tis done.

[*Faints.*

Pol. She faints!—no help!—who waits?—A curse
Upon my vanity, that could not keep
The secret of my happiness in silence!
Confusion! we shall be surpris'd anon;
And consequently all must be betray'd.
Monimia!—she breathes!—Monimia!

Mon. Well——

Let mischiefs multiply! let every hour
Of my loath'd life yield me increase of horror!
O let the sun, to these unhappy eyes,
Ne'er shine again, but be eclips'd for ever!
May every thing I look on seem a prodigy,
To fill my soul with terrors, till I quite
Forget I ever had humanity,
And grow a curser of the works of nature!

Pol. What means all this?

Mon. O Polydore! if all
The friendship e'er you vow'd to good Castalio

Be not a falsehood; if you ever lov'd
Your brother, you've undone yourself and me.

Pol. Which way can ruin reach the man that's rich,
As I am, in possession of thy sweetness?

Mon. Oh! I'm his wife!

Pol. What says Monimia?

Mon. I am Castalio's wife!

Pol. His marry'd, wedded wife?

Mon. Yesterday's sun
Saw it perform'd!

Pol. My brother's wife?

Mon. As surely as we both
Must taste of misery, that guilt is thine.

Pol. Oh! thou may'st yet be happy!

Mon. Couldst thou be
Happy, with such a weight upon thy soul?

Pol. It may be yet a secret.—I'll go try
To reconcile and bring Castalio to thee!

Whilst from the world I take myself away,
And waste my life in penance for my sin.

Mon. Then thou wouldst more undo me: heap a load
Of added sins upon my wretched head!

Wouldst thou again have me betray thy brother,
And bring pollution to his arms?—Curs'd thought!

Oh! when shall I be mad indeed!

[*Exit.*

Pol. Then thus I'll go—

Full of my guilt, distracted where to roam:

I'll find some place where adders nest in winter,

Loathsome and venomous; where poisons hang

Like gums against the walls: there I'll inhabit,

And live up to the height of desperation.

Desire shall languish like a with'ring flower,

Horrors shall fright me from those pleasing harms,

And I'll no more be caught with beauty's charms.

[*Exit.*

ACT THE FIFTH.



SCENE I. *A Garden.*

CASTALIO discovered lying on the Ground. Soft Music.

Cas. See where the deer trot after one another:
No discontent they know; but in delightful
Wildness and freedom, pleasant springs, fresh herbage,
Calm arbours, lusty health and innocence,
Enjoy their portion:—if they see a man,
How will they turn together all, and gaze
Upon the monster!
Once in a season too they taste of love:
Only the beast of reason is its slave;
And in that folly drudges all the year.

Enter ACASIO.

Acas. Castalio! Castalio!

Cas. Who's there

So wretched but to name Castalio?

Acas. I hope my message may succeed.

Cas. My father!

'Tis joy to see you, though where sorrow's nourish'd.

Acas. Castalio, you must go along with me,
And see Monimia.

Cas. Sure my lord but mocks me;
Go see Monimia?

Acas. I say, no more dispute.
Complaints are made to me that you have wrong'd her.

Cas. Who has complain'd?

Acas. Her brother to my face proclaim'd her wrong'd,
And in such terms they've warm'd me.

Cas. What terms? Her brother! Heaven!
Where learn'd he that?

What, does she send her hero with defiance?
He durst not sure affront you?

Acas. No, not much:
But——

Cas. Speak, what said he?

Acas. That thou wert a villain:
Methinks I would not have thee thought a villain.

Cas. Shame on the ill-manner'd brute!
Your age secur'd him; he durst not else have said

Acas. By my sword,
I would not see thee wrong'd, and bear it vilely:
Though I have pass'd my word she shall have justice.

Cas. Justice! to give her justice would undo her.
Think you this solitude I now have chosen,
Wish'd to have grown one piece
With this cold clay, and all without a cause?

Enter CHAMONT.

Cham. Where is the hero, famous and renown'd
For wronging innocence, and breaking vows;
Whose mighty spirit, and whose stubborn heart,
No woman can appease, nor man provoke?

Acas. I guess, Chamont, you come to seek Castalio?

Cham. I come to seek the husband of Monimia.

Cas. The slave is here.

Cham. I thought ere now to have found you
Atoning for the ills you've done Chamont:
For you have wrong'd the dearest part of him.
Monimia, young lord, weeps in this heart;

And all the tears thy injuries have drawn
From her poor eyes, are drops of blood from hence.

Cas. Then you are Chamont?

Cham. Yes, and I hope no stranger
To great Castalio.

Cas. I've heard of such a man,
That has been very busy with my honour.
I own I'm much indebted to you, sir,
And here return the villain back again
You sent me by my father.

Cham. Thus I'll thank you.

[*Draws.*

Acas. By this good sword, who first presumes to violence,

Makes me his foe.

[*Draws and interposes.*

Cas. Sir, in my younger years with care you taught
That brave revenge was due to injur'd honour: [me
Oppose not then the justice of my sword,
Lest you should make me jealous of your love.

Cham. Into thy father's arms thou fly'st for safety,
Because thou know'st that place is sanctify'd
With the remembrance of an ancient friendship.

Cas. I am a villain, if I will not seek thee,
Till I may be reveng'd for all the wrongs
Done me by that ungrateful fair thou plead'st for.

Cham. She wrong'd thee? By the fury in my heart,
Thy father's honour's not above Monimia's;
Nor was thy mother's truth and virtue fairer.

Acas. Boy, don't disturb the ashes of the dead
With thy capricious follies; the remembrance
Of the lov'd creature that once fill'd these arms——

Cham. Has not been wrong'd.

Cas. It shall not.

Cham. No, nor shall

Monimia, though a helpless orphan, destitute
Of friends and fortune, though th' unhappy sister
Of poor Chamont, whose sword is all his portion,
B' oppress'd by thee, thou proud, imperious traitor!

Cas. Ha! set me free.

Cham. Come both.

Cas. Sir, if you'd have me think you did not take

This opportunity to show your vanity,
Let's meet some other time, when by ourselves
We fairly may dispute our wrongs together.

Cham. Till then I am Castalio's friend. [Exit.

Acas. Would I'd been absent when this boist'rous
brave

Came to disturb thee thus. I'm griev'd I hinder'd
Thy just resentment——But, Monimia——

Cas. Damn her!

Acas. Don't curse her.

Cas. Did I?

Acas. Yes.

Cas. I'm sorry for't.

Acas. Methinks, if, as I guess, the fault's but small,
It might be pardon'd.

Cas. No.

Acas. What has she done?

Cas. That she's my wife, may heaven and you forgive

Acas. Be reconcil'd then. [me!

Cas. No.

Acas. For my sake,

Castalio, and the quiet of my age.

Cas. Why will you urge a thing my nature starts at?

Acas. Pr'ythee forgive her.

Cas. Lightnings first shall blast me!

I tell you, were she prostrate at my feet,
Full of her sex's best dissembled sorrows,
And all that wondrous beauty of her own,
My heart might break, but it should never soften.

Acas. Did you but know the agonies she feels—
She flies with fury over all the house;
Through every room of each apartment, crying,
"Where's my Castalio? Give me my Castalio!"
Except she sees you, sure she'll grow distracted!

Cas. Ha! will she? Does she name Castalio?
And with such tenderness? Conduct me quickly
To the poor lovely mourner. [pose!

Acas. Then wilt thou go? Blessings attend thy pur-

Cas. I cannot hear Monimia's soul's in sadness,
And be a man: my heart will not forget her.

Acas. Delay not then; but haste and cheer thy love.

Cas. Oh! I will throw my impatient arms about her;
In her soft bosom sigh my soul to peace;
Till through the panting breast she finds the way
To mould my heart, and make it what she will.
Monimia! Oh!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *A Chamber.*

Enter MONIMIA.

Mon. Stand off, and give me room;
I will not rest till I have found Castalio,
My wish's lord, comely as the rising day.
I cannot die in peace till I have seen him.

Enter CASTALIO.

Cas. Who talks of dying, with a voice so sweet
That life's in love with it?

Mon. Hark! 'tis he that answers.
Where art thou?

Cas. Here, my love.

Mon. No nearer, lest I vanish.

Cas. Have I been in a dream then all this while?
And art thou but the shadow of Monimia?
Why dost thou fly me thus?

Mon. Oh! were it possible that we could drown
In dark oblivion but a few past hours,
We might be happy.

Cas. Is't then so hard, Monimia, to forgive
A fault, where humble love, like mine, implores thee?
For I must love thee, though it prove my ruin.
I'll kneel to thee, and weep a flood before thee.
Yet pr'ythee, tyrant, break not quite my heart;
But when my task of penitence is done,
Heal it again, and comfort me with love.

Mon. If I am dumb, Castalio, and want words
To pay thee back this mighty tenderness,
It is because I look on thee with horror,
And cannot see the man I have so wrong'd.

Cas. Thou hast not wrong'd me.

Mon. Ah! alas, thou talk'st
Just as thy poor heart thinks. Have not I wrong'd thee?

Cas. No.

Mon. Still thou wander'st in the dark, Castalio;
But wilt, ere long, stumble on horrid danger.

Cas. My better angel, then do thou inform me
What danger threatens me, and where it lies;
Why wert thou (pr'ythee smile, and tell me why),
When I stood waiting underneath the window,
Deaf to my cries, and senseless of my pains?

Mon. Did I not beg thee to forbear inquiry?
Read'st thou not something in my face, that speaks
Wonderful change, and horror from within me?

Cas. If, lab'ring in the pangs of death,
Thou wouldst do any thing to give me ease,
Unfold this riddle ere my thoughts grow wild,
And let in fears of ugly form upon me.

Mon. My heart won't let me speak it; but remember,
Monimia, poor Monimia, tells you this:
We ne'er must meet again——

Cas. Ne'er meet again?

Mon. No, never.

Cas. Where's the power
On earth, that dares not look like thee, and say so?
Thou art my heart's inheritance: I serv'd
A long and faithful slavery for thee;
And who shall rob me of the dear-bought blessing?

Mon. Time will clear all; but now let this content
Heaven has decreed, and therefore I've resolv'd [you:
(With torment I must tell it thee, Castalio),
Ever to be a stranger to thy love,
In some far distant country waste my life,
And from this day to see thy face no more.

Cas. Why turn'st thou from me; I'm alone already.
Methinks I stand upon a naked beach,
Sighing to winds, and to the seas complaining,
Whilst afar off the vessel sails away,
Where all the treasure of my soul's embark'd;
Wilt thou not turn?—Oh! could those eyes but speak,
I should know all, for love is pregnant in 'em;

They swell, they press their beams upon me still:
Wilt thou not speak? If we must part for ever,
Give me but one kind word to think upon,
And please myself withal, whilst my heart's breaking.

Mon. Ah! poor Castalio!

[*Erit.*]

Cas. What means all this? Why all this stir to plague
A single wretch? If but your word can shake
This world to atoms, why so much ado
With me? think me but dead, and lay me so.

Enter POLYDORE.

Pol. To live, and live a torment to myself,
What dog would bear't, that knew but his condition?
We've little knowledge, and that makes us cowards,
Because it cannot tell us what's to come.

Cas. Who's there?

Pol. Why, what art thou?

Cas. My brother Polydore?

Pol. My name is Polydore.

Cas. Canst thou inform me——

Pol. Of what?

Cas. Of my Monimia?

Pol. No. Good day!

Cas. In haste!

Methinks my Polydore appears in sadness.

Pol. Indeed! and so to me does my Castalio.

Cas. Do I?

Pol. Thou dost.

Cas. Alas, I've wondrous reason!

I'm strangely alter'd, brother, since I saw thee.

Pol. Why?

Cas. I'll tell thee, Polydore; I would repose
Within thy friendly bosom all my follies;
For thou wilt pardon 'em, because they're mine.

Pol. Be not too credulous; consider first,
Friends may be false. Is there no friendship false?

Cas. Why dost thou ask me that? Does this appear
Like a false friendship, when, with open arms
And streaming eyes, I run upon thy breast?
Oh! 'tis in thee alone I must have comfort!

Pol. I fear, Castalio, I have none to give thee.

Cas. Dost thou not love me then?

Pol. Oh, more than life;

I never had a thought of my Castalio,
Might wrong the friendship we had vow'd together.
Hast thou dealt so by me?

Cas. I hope I have.

Pol. Then tell me why this morning, this disorder?

Cas. O Polydore, I know not how to tell thee;
Shame rises in my face, and interrupts
The story of my tongue.

Pol. I grieve, my friend
Knows any thing which he's ashamed to tell me.

Cas. Oh, much too oft. Our destiny contriv'd
To plague us both with one unhappy love!
Thou, like a friend, a constant, gen'rous friend,
In its first pangs didst trust me with thy passion,
Whilst I still smooth'd my pain with smiles before thee,
And made a contract I ne'er meant to keep.

Pol. How!

Cas. Still now ways I studied to abuse thee,
And kept thee as a stranger to my passion,
Till yesterday I wedded with Monimia.

Pol. Ah! Castalio, was that well done?

Cas. No; to conceal't from thee was much a fault.

Pol. A fault! when thou hast heard
The tale I'll tell, what wilt thou call it then?

Cas. How my heart throbs!

Pol. First, for thy friendship, traitor,
I cancel't thus: after this day I'll ne'er
Hold trust or converse with the false Castalio!
This witness, heaven.

Cas. What will my fate do with me?
I've lost all happiness, and know not why!
What means this, brother?

Pol. Perjur'd, treach'rous wretch,
Farewell!

Cas. I'll be thy slave, and thou shalt use me
Just as thou wilt, do but forgive me.

Pol. Never.

Cas. Oh! think a little what thy heart is doing:
How, from our infancy, we hand in hand
Have trod the path of life in love together.
One bed has held us, and the same desires,
The same aversions, still employ'd our thoughts.
Whene'er had I a friend that was not Polydore's,
Or Polydore a foe that was not mine?
E'en in the womb we embrac'd; and wilt thou now,
For the first fault, abandon and forsake me?
Leave me, amidst afflictions, to myself,
Plung'd in the gulf of grief, and none to help me?

Pol. Go to Monimia; in her arms thou'lt find
Repose; she has the art of healing sorrows.

Cas. What arts?

Pol. Blind wretch! thou husband? there's a question!
Is she not a——

Cas. What?

Pol. Whore? I think that word needs no explaining.

Cas. Alas! I can forgive e'en this to thee;
But let me tell thee, Polydore, I'm griev'd
To find thee guilty of such low revenge,
'To wrong that virtue which thou couldst not ruin.

Pol. It seems I lie then!

Cas. Should the bravest man
That e'er wore conqu'ring sword, but dare to whisper
What thou proclaim'st, he were the worst of liars.
My friend may be mistaken.

Pol. Damn the evasion!
Thou mean'st the worst! and he's a base-born villain
That said I lied!

Cas. A base-born villain!

Pol. Yes! thou never cam'st
From old Acasto's loins: the midwife put
A cheat upon my mother; and, instead
Of a true brother, in the cradle by me
Plac'd some coarse peasant's cub, and thou art he!

Cas. Thou art my brother still.

Pol. Thou liest!

Cas. Nay, then——
Yet I am calm.

[*Draus.*

Pol. A coward's always so.

Cas. Ah!—ah!—that stings home! Coward!

Pol. Ay, base-born coward! villain!

Cas. This to thy heart, then, though my mother bore thee!

[They fight; Polydore drops his Sword, and runs on Castalio's.]

Pol. Now my Castalio is again my friend.

Cas. What have I done? my sword is in thy breast.

Pol. So would I have it be, thou best of men,
Thou kindest brother, and thou truest friend!

Cas. Ye gods! we're taught that all your works are justice:

Ye're painted merciful, and friends to innocence:
If so, then why these plagues upon my head?

Pol. Blame not the heav'ns, 'tis Polydore has wrong'd thee;

I've stain'd thy bed; thy spotless marriage joys
Have been polluted by thy brother's lust.

Cas. By thee?

Pol. By me, last night, the horrid deed
Was done, when all things slept but rage and incest.

Cas. Now, where's Monimia? Oh!

Enter MONIMIA.

Mon. I'm here! who calls me?

Methought I heard a voice

Sweet as the shepherd's pipe upon the mountains,
When all his little flock's at feed before him.

But what means this? here's blood!

Cas. Ay, brother's blood!

Art thou prepar'd for everlasting pains?

Pol. Oh! let me charge thee, by th' eternal justice,
Hurt not her tender life!

Cas. Not kill her?

Mon. That task myself have finish'd: I shall die
Before we part: I've drunk a healing draught
For all my cares, and never more shall wrong thee.

Pol. Oh, she's innocent.

Cas. Tell me that story,
And thou wilt make a wretch of me indeed.

Pol. Hadst thou, Castalio, us'd me like a friend,
 This ne'er had happen'd; hadst thou let me know
 Thy marriage, we had all now met in joy:
 But, ignorant of that,
 Hearing th' appointment made, enrag'd to think
 Thou hadst undone me in successful love,
 I, in the dark, went and supply'd thy place;
 Whilst all the night, midst our triumphant joys,
 The trembling, tender, kind, deceiv'd Monimia,
 Embrac'd, caress'd, and call'd me her Castalio. [*Dies.*]

Mon. Now, my Castalio, the most dear of men,
 Wilt thou receive pollution to thy bosom,
 And close the eyes of one that has betray'd thee?

Cas. O, I'm the unhappy wretch, whose cursed fate
 Has weigh'd thee down into destruction with him:
 Why then thus kind to me!

Mon. When I'm laid low i'th' grave, and quite forgotten,
 May'st thou be happy in a fairer bride!
 But none can ever love thee like Monimia.
 When I am dead, as presently I shall be
 (For the grim tyrant grasps my heart already),
 Speak well of me: and if thou find ill tongues
 Too busy with my fame, don't bear me wrong'd;
 'Twill be a noble justice to the memory
 Of a poor wretch, once honour'd with thy love. [*Dies.*]

Enter CHAMONT and ACASTO.

Cham. Gape, earth, and swallow me to quick destruction,

If I forgive your house!

Ye've overpower'd me now!

But, hear me, heav'n!—Ah! here's a scene of death!

My sister, my Monimia, breathless!—Now,

Ye pow'rs above, if ye have justice, strike!

Strike bolts through me, and through the curs'd Castalio!

Cas. Stand off! thou hot-brain'd, boisterous, noisy
 And leave me to my sorrows. [*ruffian!*]

Cham. By the love

I bore her living, I will ne'er forsake her;

But here remain till my heart burst with sobbing.

Cas. Vanish, I charge thee! or—— [*Draws a Dagger.*]

Cham. Thou canst not kill me!

That would be kindness, and against thy nature!

Acas. What means Castalio? Sure thou wilt not pull
More sorrows on thy aged father's head!

Tell me, I beg you, tell me the sad cause
Of all this ruin.

Cas. Thou, unkind Chamont,
Unjustly hast pursu'd me with thy hate,
And sought the life of him that never wrong'd thee:
Now, if thou wilt embrace a noble vengeance,
Come join with me, and curse——

Cham. What?

Acas. Have patience.

Cas. Patience! preach it to the winds,
To roaring seas, or raging fires! for ours'd
As I am now, 'tis this must give me patience:
Thus I find rest, and shall complain no more.

[*Stabs himself.*]

Chamont, to thee my birthright I bequeath:—
Comfort my mourning father—heal his griefs;

[*Acasto faints into the Arms of a Servant.*]

For I perceive they fall with weight upon him——

And, for Monimia's sake, whom thou wilt find

I never wrong'd, be kind to poor Serina——

Now all I beg is, lay me in one grave

'Thus with my love——Farewell! I now am——nothing.

[*Dies.*]

Cham. Take care of good Acasto, whilst I go
To search the means by which the fates have plagu'd us.
'Tis thus that heav'n its empire does maintain:
It may afflict; but man must not complain. [*Exeunt.*]

EPILOGUE.

SPOKEN BY SERINA.

You've seen one orphan ruin'd here ; and I
May be the next, if old Acasto die :
Should it prove so, I'd fain amongst you find
Who 'tis would to the fatherless be kind.
To whose protection might I safely go ?
Is there among you no good nature ? No.
What shall I do ? Should I the godly seek,
And go a conventicling twice a week ?
Quit the lewd stage, and its profane pollution,
Affect each form and saint-like institution ;
So draw the brethren all to contribution ?
Or shall I (as I guess the poet may
Within these three days) fairly run away ?
No ; to some city lodgings I'll retire ;
Seem very grave, and privacy desire ;
Till I am thought some heiress, rich in lands,
Fled to escape a cruel guardian's hands ;
Which may produce a story worth the telling,
Of the next sparks that go a fortune stealing.

THE
ORPHAN OF CHINA.

A Tragedy.

BY ARTHUR MURPHY, ESQ.

CORRECTLY GIVEN, FROM COPIES USED IN THE THEATRES,

BY

THOMAS DIBDIN,

OF THE THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

Author of several Dramatic Pieces, &c.



Printed at the Chiswick Press,

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1816.



THE ORPHAN OF CHINA.

VOLTAIRE's tragedy of this name, and his play of **CORNELIUS HERACLIUS**, are supposed to have furnished Mr. Murphy with some of his materials for the drama before us ; which was first produced at Drury Lane Theatre in 1759. A groundwork for it is also to be found in a dramatic piece, translated from the Chinese, in Du Halde's History of China.

Mrs. Yates gave celebrity to this drama by the first display of her great talents; Mr. Garrick also greatly contributed to its success. In 1777 it was revived and acted at Covent Garden, but with considerably less effect than on its former appearances.

PROLOGUE.

BY WILLIAM WHITEHEAD, ESQ. POET LAUREAT.

SPOKEN BY MR. HOLLAND.

ENOUGH of Greece and Rome : th' exhausted store
Of either nation now can charm no more.

Ev'n adventitious helps in vain we try :

Our triumphs languish in the public eye ;

And grave processions, musically slow,

Here pass unheeded, as a lord mayor's show.

On eagle wings the poet of to-night

Soars for fresh virtues to the source of light ;

To China's eastern realms : and boldly bears

Confucius' morals to Britannia's ears.

Accept th' imported boon ; as echoing Greece

Receiv'd from wand'ring chiefs her golden fleece ;

Nor only richer by the spoils become,

But praise th' advent'rous youth who brings them home.

One dubious character, we own, he draws,
 A patriot zealous in a monarch's cause!
 Nice is the task the varying hand to guide,
 And teach the blending colours to divide;
 Where, rainbow-like, th' encroaching tints invade
 Each other's bounds, and mingle light with shade.

If then, assiduous to obtain his end,
 You find too far the subject's zeal extend;
 If undistinguish'd loyalty prevails,
 Where nature shrinks, and strong affection fails,
 On China's tenets charge the fond mistake,
 And spare his error for his virtue's sake.

From nobler motives our allegiance springs,
 For Britain knows no right divine in kings:
 From freedom's choice that boasted right arose,
 And through each line from freedom's choice it flows.
 Justice, with mercy join'd, the throne maintains;
 And in his people's hearts our monarch reigns.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

As originally acted.

<i>Timurkan</i>	Mr. Havard.
<i>Zamti</i>	Mr. Garrick.
<i>Etan</i>	Mr. Mossop.
<i>Hamet</i>	Mr. Holland.
<i>Morat</i>	Mr. Burton.
<i>Octar</i>	Mr. Bransby.
<i>Mirvan</i>	Mr. Davies.
<i>Orasming</i>	Mr. Packer.
<i>Zimventi</i>	Mr. Austin.
<i>Mandane</i>	Mrs. Yates.

Messenger, Guards, &c.

SCENE—PEKIN, Capital of CHINA.

ACT THE FIRST.



SCENE I.

Enter ETAN, meeting SELIM.

Etan. **SELIM**, from whence? What station? From what post?

How stands the fate of China? Whence that tumult,
That mingled burst of horror and despair,
That rose to heav'n, as if the sound imported
The wreck of nature?

Selim. With too sure presage
It speaks the fall of China: all who rush'd
With eager hope this morning to yon plains,
To learn the earliest tidings of their fate,
Now back recoil; they pour into the city;
Dismay and horror wild in ev'ry face!
Soon as they reach'd the gates, a peal of groans
Burst forth at once! Then silence deep and vast
Ensued, and sorrow without tongue or utt'rance
Roams through each street; matrons and hoary sires,
All to their sev'ral habitations press,
Embrace their young ones, and in pensive mood
Await their final doom.

Etan. Then Timurkan

Has conquer'd, and that burst, that rent the skies,
Was the last gasp of freedom and of laws,
A dying nation's groan!—This dead repose
Deepens the horror of the dreadful scene.
Where, Selim, is my father? Where is Zamti?

Selim. On the high rampart near the eastern gate
But now I left him: from that post he views
The gen'ral panic; there beholds the ruin,
Th' inevitable ruin that surrounds us.
Amazement for awhile suppress'd his voice;
With folded arms he stood; then with a sigh
His lab'ring bosom heav'd; at length he cried,
The Tartar has prevail'd, and resignation
Is now the only virtue fate has left us.

Etan. To bow the neck to the fell Tartar's yoke;
Is that the resignation heav'n demands?
No; let us summon all that's left of valour,
Oppose the Tartar's entry, man the works,
And arm each hand for freedom. Timurkan
Will shrink and look dismay'd, when he beholds
That we have spirits here, who still can mock
His utmost rage, and on the brink of ruin
Snatch the still wav'ring, the unsettled victory
Ev'n from the conqueror's sword.

Selim. My friend, forbear;
This tow'ring spirit, this impetuous ardour,
Can nought avail; can only heap destruction
On thee, on Zamti, and that best of women,
Your wretched mother, the forlorn Mandane;
Whose ev'ry sentiment, whose ev'ry passion,
Big with the image of a much-lov'd son,
Still turns to thee; ev'n from her country's cause,
And our long line of kings, to thee she turns,
With the strong ardour of maternal love.

Etan. Yes, Selim, yes; her tenderness of soul,
Ever awake, alarm'd, and prone to melt
For other's good, regardless of herself,
Starts and turns pale at ev'ry cloud that low'rs;
Sees fancied ills, and each sad moment proves
The strong vicissitude of hope and fear.
Be it thy care, my friend, to see Mandane;

Assuage her troubled spirit: in this hour,
This crisis of our fate, let her remain
Safe in her lone retreat: I'll round the walls,
And seek my father's presence: in his soul
My voice shall wake the patriot flame, and rouse
All that is hero in him. Selim, yes;
We'll dare for liberty, or bravely die.

[Exit.

Selim. Go, gen'rous youth; go seek thy father's presence:

From him thou'lt learn how vain this swelling tide
Of desp'rate valour.—Ha! Mandane comes,
And her looks speak the horror of the time.

Enter MANDANE and MIRVAN.

Man. No, never, Mirvan, never—urge no more;
'Tis vain, 'tis ineffectual. Gracious heav'n!
Will not this palace drench'd in gore, the crown
Of China's kings fix'd on the Tartar's brow;
Will not a tract of twenty years in bondage;
Ah! will not these suffice, without fresh cause
Of bitter anguish in Mandane's breast?

Mir. The measure of our woes has long been full.
Our kings dethron'd, our country laid in ruin;
Nought else is worth a pang.

Man. Yes, all; we all
Must feel the kindred touch: each day the cries
Of widows, orphans, father, son, and brother
In vain are sent to heav'n; the ruthless fury
Of these barbarians, these accurs'd invaders,
Burns with increasing fire; the thunder still
Rolls o'er our heads, engend'ring in its course
New flame, new vengeance, with collected wrath
To burst at once, and bury us in ruin.

Mir. And quickly fall it must: the hand of heav'n
Weighs this great empire down.

Man. No—tax not heav'n!
Almighty justice never bares its arm
'Gainst innocence and truth: 'tis Timurkan,
That fell barbarian, that insatiate waster.
May curses blast the Tartar!—He—'tis he
Has bore down all; and still his rocking sword,

In yonder field of death, where Corea's troops
Made their last stand for liberty and China,
Crimsons the land with blood.—This battle lost—
And is there then no hope?—The Tartar comes—
In triumph said'st thou?—From what quarter?—How,
Whence came the tidings?

Selim. From yon lofty tow'r,
As my eye straining toward the distant plain
Sent forth an anxious look, through clouds of dust
The savage bands appear'd; the western sun
Gleam'd on their burnish'd helms; and soon a shout
From their glad multitude proclaim'd th' approach
Of Timurkan: once more inflam'd with conquest
The tyrant comes, and soon within our walls
Upresents his conqu'ring banner.

Man. Selim, go;
Again look out; gather the flying news,
And let me know each circumstance of ruin. [*Exit Selim.*]

Mir. Better suppress those unavailing tears;
That fruitless flood of grief.

Man. It will not be;
Ev'n midst the horrors of this dismal hour,
When fate has all transferr'd from lost Cathai,
To vile barbarian hands; yes, even now,
-In these black moments of despair and ruin,
This heart revolting from the public cause,
Bleeds from a private source: bleeds for the woes
That hang o'er Zamti's house.

Mir. Each sun that rises,
Brings some new grief; and where our fate will stop,
Heav'n only knows.

Man. Ay, there—there lies the thought
At which imagination starts appall'd
With horror, at the scene her busy workings
Have colour'd to my sight; there lies the thought
That wakens all a mother's fears. Protect,
Ye pow'rs, protect my son!

Mir. Your son, Mandane!
Have you not check'd his ardour? with your tears,
Your soft authority, restrain'd the hero
From the alarms of war?

Man. Unconscious man!

Thou little know'st his danger; but that truth
Must never pass these lips.

Mir. I hope Mandane

Doubts not my honest zeal. Full well you know,
I bear this tyrant deep and mortal hate;
That under him I list, and wear this garb,
In hopes that some occasion may arrive
When I may strike the unexpected blow,
And do my country right.

Man. Thy loyalty,

Thy truth and honour, have been ever spotless.
Besides the wrongs, the countless wrongs, the wounds
He gave your injur'd family and name—

Mir. Alas! those wounds must still lie bleeding here,
Untented by the hand of time. Not all
His lenient arts, his favours heap'd upon me,
Shall cool the burning anguish of my soul.
What he, who slew my father! dragg'd my sister,
Blooming in years, to his detested bed!
Yes, tyrant, yes; thy unextinguish'd foe
Dwells in this bosom—surely then to me
Mandane may reveal her griefs.

Man. No more—

My woes must rest conceal'd—yet should the Tartar
Learn from the captives of yon vanquish'd host,
That China's orphan breathes the vital air,
And to himself unknown, within his breast
Unconscious, bears the gen'rous glowing flame
Of all the virtues of his ancient line;
Oh! should they know that the dear youth survives,
Their fury then would kindle to a blaze
Might spread destruction round; and in the ruin
My blameless son must perish.

Mir. Seek not thus

To multiply the ills that hover round you,
Nor from the stores of busy fancy add
New shafts to fortune's quiver. Zamti's care
Averts impending danger from his friends;
And o'er the mandarin his manners pure,
And sacred function, have diffus'd an air

Of venerable awe, which ev'n can teach
These northern foes to soften into men.

Man. Yes, Mirvan, yes, religion wears a mien
In Zamti's person so severely mild,
That the fierce Scythian rests upon his spear,
And wonders what he feels: such is the charm
Of heartfelt virtue; such is nature's force
That speaks abroad, and in rude, northern hearts
Can stamp the image of an awful God!
From that source springs some hope. Wretch that I am!
Hope idly flutters on my trembling tongue,
While melancholy, brooding o'er her wrongs,
Lays waste the mind with anguish and despair.
What noise is that?

Mir. Compose this storm of grief;
In every sound your fancy hears the Tartar.
'Tis Zamti this way bends.

Man. Celestial powers;
What lab'ring sighs heave in his breast! what horror
Rolls in the patriot's eye! Thou, Mirvan, leave me,
Leave me in those lov'd arms to meet our fate.

[*Exit Mirvan.*]

Enter ZAMTI.

Zamti!

Zamti. Mandane!

Man. Ah! what hast thou seen?
What heard? Say, quickly tell—has fate decreed
The doom of China?

Zamti. China is no more;
The eastern world is lost; the glorious fabric,
For ages that has stood the seat of empire,
Falls with the universe beneath the stroke
Of savage power; falls from its towering hopes,
For ever, ever fall'n!

Man. Yet why, ye powers,
Why should a tyrant, train'd to lust and murder,
A lawless ravager from barren wilds,
Where cheerful day ne'er dawns, but low'ring heaven
For ever rolls a turbulence of clouds;
Why should a monster thus usurp the world,

And trample fair integrity and truth
Beneath his ruffian foot?

Zamti. Far hence, Mandane,
Those happy days, alas! are fled, when peace
Here nurs'd her blooming olives, and shed round
Her fostering influence—in vain the plan
Of sacred laws by hoary elders taught;
Laws, founded on the base of public weal,
Gave lessons to the world: in vain Confucius
Unlock'd his radiant stores of moral truth;
In vain fair science, and each tender muse,
Beam'd every elegance on polish'd life:
Barbarian power prevails. Whate'er the wise,
Whate'er the sons of genius could inspire,
All that bright art could give, must fade away,
And every virtue wither at the blast
Of northern domination.

Man. Fatal hour!
More fatal ev'n than that which first beheld
This race accurst within these palace walls;
Since hope, that balm of wretched minds, is now
Irrevocably lost.

Zamti. Name not the day
Which saw this city sack'd: fresh stream my eyes,
Fresh bleeds my heart, whene'er the sad idea
Comes o'er my tortur'd mind. Why, cruel powers,
Why in that moment could not Zamti fall?

Man. Thy office, and the symbol of thy god,
Made ev'n the conqueror suspend his blow,
And murmur soft humanity. High heaven
Protected thee for its own great designs.

Zamti. Yea, my Mandane, in that hour of carnage,
For purposes yet in the womb of time,
I was reserv'd; I was ordain'd to save
The royal child, the dear, the precious babe,
The last of all my kings. Full twenty years
I've hid him from the world, and from himself;
And now I swear—kneel we together here,
While in this dreadful pause our souls renew
Their solemn purpose. [*They kneel*] Thou all-gracious
Whose tutelary care hath watch'd the fate [Being,

Of China's orphan, who hast taught his steps
The paths of safety, still envelop him
In sevenfold night, till your own hour is come,
Till your slow justice see the dread occasion
To rouse his soul, and bid him walk abroad
Vicegerent of your power; and if thy servant,
Or this his soft associate e'er defeat,
By any word or deed, the great design,
Then straight may all your horrible displeasure
Be launch'd upon us from your red right arm,
And in one ruin dash us both together,
The blasted monuments of wrath.

Man. That here,
Mandane vows ne'er to betray his cause,
Be it enroll'd in the records of heaven. *[They rise.]*

Zamti. And now my heart more lightly beats; me-
With strength redoubled I can meet the shock *[thinks]*
Of adverse fate.

Man. And lo! the trial comes.
Etan, why sudden thus——

Re-enter ETAN.

Etan. My honour'd father,
And you, my helpless mother, ah! where now,
Illustrious, wretched pair, where will you fly?
Where shall your miseries now find a shelter?

Zamti. In virtue: I and this dear faithful woman,
We ask no more.

Man. Oh! say—what new event
Brings on the work of fate?

Zamti. Say, does the Tartar
Return, unglutted yet with blood?

Etan. He does.
Ev'n now his triumph moves within our gates
In dread Barbaric pomp: the iron swarms
Of Hyperboreans troop along the streets
Reeking from slaughter; while, from gazing crowds
Of their dire countrymen, an uproar wild
Of joy ferocious through th' astonish'd air
Howls like a northern tempest. O'er the ranks,
Proud in superior eminence of guilt,

The tyrant rides sublime; behind his car,
The refuse of his sword, a captive train
Display their honest scars, and gnash their teeth
With rage and desperation.

Man. Cruel fate!

Etan. With these a youth, distinguish'd from the rest,
Proceeds in sullen march: heroic fire
Glows in his cheek, and from his ardent eye
Beams amiable horror.

Man. What of this youth?

Zamti. Be not alarm'd, Mandane.—What of him?

Etan. On him all eyes are fix'd with eager gaze,
As if their spirits, struggling to come forth,
Would strain each visual nerve; while through the
A busy murmur ran—"If fame say right, [crowd
Beneath that habit lurks a prince, the last
Of China's race."—The murmur spreads abroad
From man to man, and all with one acclaim
Pronounce their vengeance on him.

Man. Why on him?

Why on that youth?

Zamti. Ye groundless terrors, hence! [*Aside.*

Etan. And yet, my father, this heroic youth—
Oh! should he be the prince——

Zamti. Forbear, young man,
Nor yield to vain surmise: withdraw thee hence
To the religious grove, where oft I walk
In pensive solitude: I there will meet thee. [*Exit Etan.*
Heavens! how each black'ning hour, in deeper horror,
Comes charg'd with woe!

Man. Can Hamet be their pris'ner?
Those eyes upturn'd to heav'n, alas, in vain!
Declare your inward conflict.

Zamti. Lov'd Mandane!
Heed not the workings of a sickly fancy,
Wrought on by every popular report.
Thou know'st, with Morat, I convey'd our son
Far as the eastern point of Corea's realm;
There, where no human trace is seen, no sound
Assails the ear, save when the foaming surge
Breaks on the shelving beach, that there your boy

Might mock their busy search; while here the prince,
Train'd as your own, eludes suspicion's eye.

Re-enter ETAN.

What wouldst thou, Etan?

Etan. Eagerly without,

A rev'rend stranger craves access to Zamti.

Zamti. Give him admittance. My Mandane, leave
Retire, my love, awhile; I'll come anon, [me;
And fortify thy soul with firm resolve,
Becoming Zamti's wife.

Man. Yes, Zamti's wife

Shall never act unworthy of her lord.

Then hence I'll go, and satisfy each doubt

This youthful captive raises in my heart,

Quick panting with its fears. And oh! ye powers!

Protect my king, my husband, and my son. [Exit.

Zamti. My spirits rush tumultuous to my heart,
What may this mean?

Enter MORAT.

Morat. Zamti!

Zamti. Ha! through the veil

Of age—that mien, those features—Morat!

Morat. Yes;

Let me once more embrace thee.

Zamti. Good old man!

But wherefore art thou here? What of my boy? [gin,

Mir. Ah! what indeed?—Ev'n from the ocean's mar-
Paroh'd with the sun, and chill'd with midnight damps,
O'er hills, and rocks, and dreary continents,
In vain I follow'd.

Zamti. Why didst let him forth?

Morat. Think not thy Morat urg'd him to the deed,
His valour was the cause; and soon as fame
Proclaim'd the prince alive, the mighty din,
Of preparation through all Corea's realm
Alarm'd his breast; indignant of control
He burst his covert; and now, hapless youth!

Alas! ev'n now he drags the conqueror's chain.

Zamti. Mandane then may still embrace her son.
My boy survives, and still may live in freedom.

Morat. Alas! the measure of your woes is full.
Unconscious of our frauds, the tyrant thinks
The prince his pris'ner.

Zamti. Ah! what says't thou, *Morat*? [Zamti.]

Morat. Wild through the streets the foe calls out on
Thee they pronounce the author of the fraud;
And on your Hamet threaten instant vengeance!

Zamti. There was but this, but this last stab to nature,
And here it pierces.—Was it not enough
To tear my child from his fond mother's arms,
Doom'd for his prince to wander o'er the world?
Alas! what needed more?—Fond, foolish eyes,
Stop your unbidden gush—I will not yield.
Oh! what a sacrifice must now be made!

Morat. But when the truth is known——

Zamti. Too cruel task,
To conquer nature while the heart-strings break. [grief?

Morat. Why heave those sighs? and why that burst of

Zamti. My son—his guiltless blood—I cannot speak——

Morat. Ha! wilt thou shed his blood?

Zamti. Thou wretched father!

Morat. Oh! had you known the virtues of your son,
His truth, his courage, his enlighten'd mind——

Zamti. I pr'ythee urge no more—here nature's voice
Speaks in such pleadings, such reproaches, *Morat*;
Here in my very heart—gives woundings here,
Thou canst not know, and only parents feel.

Morat. And wilt thou, cruel in thy tears——

Zamti. Forbear,

In pity to a father—Oh, forbear—
Think of *Zaphimri*!——

Morat. Ah! how fares the prince?

Zamti. He fares, my *Morat*, like a god on earth,
Unknowing his celestial origin;
Yet quick, intense, and bursting into action;
His great heart lab'ring with he knows not what
Prodigious deeds; deeds which ere long, shall rouse,
Astonish, and alarm the world.

Morat. What mean
Those mystic sounds?

Zamti. Revenge, conquest, and freedom!

The midnight hour shall call a chosen band
Of hidden patriots forth, who, when the foe
Sinks down in drunken revelry, shall pour
The gather'd rage of twenty years upon him,
And at one blow redeem the eastern world.

Morat. By heaven, the glorious news——

Zamti. And canst thou think,
To save one vulgar life, that Zamti now
Will mar the vast design?—No, let him bleed,
Let my boy bleed! in such a cause as ours,
I can resign my son, with tears of joy
Resign him; and one complicated pang
Shall wrench him from my heart. [*Warlike Music heard.*
The conqueror comes!

This is no hour for parleying. *Morat*, hence,
And leave me to my fix'd resolve.

Morat. Yet think,
Think of some means to save your son.

Zamti. No more;
It cannot be: the soul of Timurkan
Is bold and stirring: when occasion calls,
He springs aloft like an expanding fire,
And marks his way with ruin.—Should I try
By any virtuous fraud to save my son,
The tyrant claims Zaphimri; since he knows
The prince survives, the thought will make him daring
Beyond his former crimes; for joy and riot,
Which this day's triumph brings, remorseless rage
And massacre succeed; and all our hopes
Are blasted for an unimportant boy. [*Music heard again.*

Morat. That nearer sound proclaims his dread ap-
Yet once more, *Zamti*, think—— [*proach.*

Zamti. Farewell! I'll send
Those shall conduct thee where Orasming lives:
There dwell unseen of all. But, *Morat*, first
Seek my Mandane.—How shall I support
Her strong impetuosity of grief,
When she shall know my fatal purpose? Thou
Prepare her tender spirit: sooth her mind,
And save, oh! save me from the dreadful conflict.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT THE SECOND.



SCENE I.

Enter MANDANE and MORAT.

Man. Oh! tell me, Morat, tell me of my son.
Is he return'd? Does he revisit thus
His native clime? And does the Tartar deem him
Of royal race descended? Whence on him
Could that suspicion glance?

Morat. This very morn,
Ere yet the battle join'd, a faithful messenger,
Who through the friendly gloom of night had held
His darkling way, and pass'd the Tartar's camp,
Brought me advices from the Corean chief;
That soon as Hamet reach'd the tented field,
His story he explain'd; the gallant leader
With open arms receiv'd him, knew him for your son,
'Train'd him to arms, and granted his request
To join the martial train.

Man. Oh! love of glory,
Thou fatal foe to a fond mother's peace!
Source of heroic deeds! how bright thy flame
Shines in my boy!

Morat. Pleas'd with his youthful ardour,
 The cautious chieftain knew the son of Zamti,
 In secret knew him, nor reveal'd he aught
 That touch'd his birth; but still the busy voice
 Of fame, increasing as she goes, through all the ranks
 Babbled abroad each circumstance; from thee
 How he was privately convey'd; sent forth
 A tender infant to be rear'd in solitude,
 A stranger to himself. The soldiers saw
 With what a graceful port he mov'd in arms,
 An early hero!—deem'd him far above
 The common lot of life; deem'd him Zaphimri;
 And all with loyalty, with love beheld him.

Man. Oh! I must see him; midst the tyrant's ranks
 I'll seek my son; from all his father's virtues
 He could not derogate; his bosom fraught
 With gen'rous instinct, with each fine incentive
 That prompts the manly deed, he could not loiter
 His days inglorious. Yes, I will behold him,
 See him with indignation clank his chains,
 Perhaps provoke his fate; and in that moment
 His mother shall protect him; in these arms
 Infold him close, and shelter him from death.

Morat. Yet think, Mandane—with a mother's fond-
 If you too rashly thus proclaim your son, [near,
 Who shall protect the prince? Zaphimri then
 By thee is mark'd the victim that must bleed.

Man. My son shall live. To save Zaphimri's life,
 Is it of course that I must yield my child?
 Thou didst not mean it: give my son a victim?
 Thou art a stranger to a mother's love;
 Know'st not how Zamti dotes upon his boy.
 His heart will ne'er consent—come, let us seek him;
 He will instruct thee how a father feels. [Exit.

Morat. Yet stay, Mandane—hark!—the Tartar
 comes— [Warlike Music is heard.
 I dread the wildness of those glowing passions,
 That violence of virtue: strong affection
 Has touch'd her soul, and will not know restraint.
 [Exit.

Two large folding Doors in the back Scene are thrown open by the Tartars; then enter TIMURKAN, with his Train.

Tim. Hail to this regal dome, this gorgeous palace!
Where this inventive race have lavish'd all
Their elegance—ye gay apartments hail!
Beneath your storied roof, where mimic life
Glow to the eye, and at the painter's touch
A new creation lives along the walls,
Once more receive a conqueror, arriv'd
From rougher scenes, where stern rebellion dar'd
Draw forth his phalanx, till this warlike arm
Hurl'd desolation on his falling ranks,
And now the monster in yon field of death
Lies overwhelm'd in ruin.

Octar. From this day,
Beneath the victor's feet, the eastern world
Lies bound in adamantinè chains.

Tim. Henceforth
Shall Timurkan display his conqu'ring banners
From oriental climes to where the Tanais
Devolves his icy tribute to the sea.

Octar. But first this captive prince——

Tim. Yes, Octar, first
Zaphimri gluts my rage—bring him before us—
For Zamti—he, that false, insidious slave,
Shall dearly pay the forfeit of his crimes.

Octar. His guilt 'twere best to pardon: vers'd in wiles
Of sly hypocrisy, he wins the love
Of the deluded multitude: 'twould seem,
Should we inflict the death his frauds deserve,
As if we meant destruction to their faith;
And when the minds of a whole people burn
For their religious rites, the fury kindles
With rage more dreadful, as the source is holy.

Tim. Thy policy is just: henceforth, my art,
To make this stubborn race receive the yoke,
Shall be by yielding to their softer manners,
Their vestare, laws, and customs; thus to blend,

And make the whole one undistinguish'd people.
Lo! where the boy comes forth! What sullen passions
Swell in his breast in vain!

Enter HAMET, in Chains.

Thou art the youth,
Who flesh'd your sword in many a slaughter'd Tartar,
And this day mow'd our battle down.

Hamet. I am.

Tim. Too well I mark'd thy steps, and saw thee open
A wasteful passage through th' embattl'd plain.

Hamet. Then be thou witness for me, in that hour
I never shunn'd your thickest war: and if
In yonder field, where my poor countrymen
In mangled heaps lie many a rood extended,
Kind fate had doom'd me to a noble fall,
With this right arm I earn'd it.

Tim. Say, what motive
Unsheath'd thy rebel blade, and bade thee seek
These wars?

Hamet. The love of honourable deeds,
The groans of bleeding China, and the hate
Of tyrants.

Tim. Ha!—take heed, rash youth—I see
This lesson has been taught thee. Ostar, haste,
Summon the mandarin. Now tremble, slave;
Thy motive to these wars is fully known.
Thou art Zaphimri.

Hamet. I, Zaphimri?

Tim. Yes;

Thou art Zaphimri! Thou! whom treacherous guile
Stole from my rage, and sent to distant wilds,
Till years and horrid counsel should mature thee
For war and wild commotion.

Hamet. I the prince!
The last of China's race? nay, mock not majesty,
Nor with the borrow'd robes of sacred kings
Dress up a wretch like me. Were I Zaphimri,
Thinkest thou thy trembling eye could bear the shock
Of a much injur'd king? couldst thou sustain it?

Say, couldst thou bear to view a royal orphan,
Whose father, mother, brothers, sisters, all,
Thy murd'rous arm hath long since laid in dust?
Whose native crown on thy ignoble brow
Thou dar'st dishonour? whose wide wasted country
Thy desolating sword hath made a wilderness?

Tim. Thou hast been tutor'd in thy lone retreat
By some sententious pedant; soon these vain,
These turgid maxims, shall be all subdued
By thy approaching death.

Hamet. Let death come on;
Guilt, guilt alone, shrinks back appall'd; the brave
And honest still defy his dart; the wise
Calmly can eye his frown; and misery
Invokes his friendly aid to end her woes.

Tim. Thy woes, presumptuous boy, with all my fears,
Shall soon lie buried.

Enter ZAMTI and OCTAR.

Pious false one say,
For well thou know'st, who is that stubborn youth?

Zamti. His air, his features, and his honest mien
Proclaim all fair within; but, mighty sir,
I know him not.

Tim. Reflect, old man, nor dare,
As thou dost dread my pow'r, to practise guile
Beneath a mask of sacerdotal perfidy.
Priestcraft, I think, calls it a pious fraud.

Zamti. Priestcraft and sacerdotal perfidy
To me are yet unknown: religion's garb
Here never serves to consecrate a crime;
We have not yet, thank heav'n, so far imbib'd
The vices of the north.

Tim. Thou vile impostor!
Know that the slaves, whom this day saw impal'd,
Have own'd the horrid truth; have own'd they fought
To seat Zaphimri on the throne of China.
Thou, stripling, mark my words: dar'st thou be honest,
And answer who thou art?

Hamet. Dare I be honest?

I dare. A mind grown up in native honour
Dares not be otherwise. If then thy troops
Ask from the lightning of whose blade they fled,
Tell 'em 'twas Hamet's.

Zamti. 'Tis; it is my son—
My boy—my Hamet!

[*Aside.*

Tim. Where was thy abode?

Hamet. Far hence remote, in Corea's happy realm,
Where the first beams of day with orient blushes
Tinge the salt wave; there, on the sea-beat shore,
A cavern'd rock yielded a lone retreat
To virtuous Morat.

Zamti. Oh! ill-fated youth.

[*Aside.*

Hamet. The pious hermit, in that moss-grown dwelling,
Found an asylum from heart-piercing woes,
From slavery, and that restless din of arms,
With which thy fell ambition shook the world;
There too the sage nurtur'd my greener years.
With him, and contemplation, have I walk'd
The paths of wisdom; what the great Confucius
Of moral beauty taught; whate'er the wise,
Still wooing knowledge in her secret haunts,
Disclos'd of nature to the sons of men,
My wond'ring mind has heard; but, above all,
The hermit taught me the most useful science,
The noble science to be brave and good.

Zamti. Hear him, immortal pow'rs!—His ev'ry word
Pierces my heart.

[*Aside.*

Tim. Who said he was your father?

Hamet. My birth, the pious sage, I know not why,
Still wrapp'd in silence; and when urg'd to speak,
He only answer'd, that a time might come
When Hamet should not blush to know his father.

Tim. Now then declare, hast thou ne'er heard of Zamti?

Hamet. Of Zamti? oft enraptur'd with his name,
My heart has glow'd within me, as I heard
The praises of that venerable man.

Tim. Thou slave! each circumstance arraigns thy
guilt.

[*To Zamti.*

Hamet. Can that be Zamti?

Tim. Lo!—Beheld the traitor!

Hamet. Oh! let me thus adore that rev'rend form,
Thus on my knees adore.

Tim. Pernicious slave!

Confusion has o'erta'en thy subtle frauds,
Thy guilt is manifest. Now own your king;
Or to make vengeance sure, through all the east
Each youth shall die, and carnage thin mankind,
Till in the gen'ral wreck your boasted orphan
Shall undistinguish'd fall. When treason lurks,
Each moment's big with danger. Ootar, thou
Attend my words, and see our will obey'd.

[Talks apart with Ootar.

Zamti. Now, virtuous cruelty, repress my tears.
Cease your fond conflict, nature!—hear me, Tartar—
That youth—his air—his look unmans me quite.—

Tim. This moment, vile dissembler, speak.

Zamti. That youth—

I've dealt by him, as ev'ry king would wish—
In a like case his faithful subjects would.

Tim. Dost thou avow it? triumph, Timurkan,
And in Zaphimri's grave lie hush'd my fears.
Ootar, this moment lead the victim forth
To yonder sacred temple: at the tomb,
Where the long-boasted line of China's kings
Lies hears'd in death, this very hour shall see
The victim offer'd to our living Lama,
For this day's conquest. Thence a golden train
Of radiant years shall mark my future sway. [Exit.

Zamti. Flow, flow my tears, and ease my bursting heart.

Hamet. Nay, do not weep for me, thou good old man.
If it will close the wounds of bleeding China,
That a poor wretch like me must yield his life,
I give it freely.—If I am a king,
Though sure it cannot be, what greater blessing
Can a young prince enjoy, than to diffuse
By one great act that happiness on millions,
For which his life should be a round of care?
Come, lead me to my fate. [Exit, with Ootar, &c.

Zamti. Mandane's air!

His mother's dear resemblance rives my soul.
Yet let him die: yes, Tartar, wreak thy fury
Upon a helpless, an inglorious boy.
If from his death this groaning empire rise
Once more itself, resplendent, rich in arts
That humanize the world, he pays a debt
Due to his king, his country, and his God.

Enter ETAN.

Etan. May I approach my father?—Even now
I met the captive youth; the gen'ral voice,
With one consent, proclaim him China's orphan;
And you, sir, you have own'd th' important truth.

Zamti. Come nearer, Etan: thou perceiv'st the toils
That now encircle me.

Etan. But wherefore, sir,
Why thus acknowledge him? Why own the prince,
And yield him thus to death?

Zamti. Dream not, young man,
To stand secure, yet blooming into life,
While dangers hover round your father's head.
The stock once fallen, each scion must decay.

Etan. Then let me perish: witness for me, heaven,
Could Etan's fall appease the tyrant's wrath,
A willing victim he would yield his life,
And ask no greater boon of heav'n.

Zamti. This zeal,
So fervid in a stranger's cause——

Etan. A stranger!
My king a stranger! Sir, you never meant it.
Perhaps you would explore the fiery seeds
Of Etan's temper, ever prompt to blaze
At honour's sacred name? Perish the man,
Who, when his country calls him to defend
The rights of humankind, or bravely die,
Who then to glory dead can shrink aghast,
And hold a council with his abject fears.

Zamti. These tow'rings of the soul, alas! are vain.
I know the Tartar well—we must resign.

Etan. Oh! sir, at your command each honest hand

Will grasp a sword, and midst encircling guards
Reach the usurper's heart; or should we fail,
Should overwhelming bands obstruct the deed,
We'll greatly dare to die; better to die
With falling liberty, than basely lead
An ignominious life. Zaphimri lost,
Ne'er shall fair order dawn; but through the land
Slav'ry shall clank her chains, and violation,
Rapine, and murder riot at the will
Of lust and lawless pow'r.

Zamti. Thou brave young man,
Come to this fond embrace.—To ease at once
Thy gen'rous fears—the prince Zaphimri's safe,
Safe in my guardian care.

Etan. This pris'ner, sir,
He is not then the prince?

Zamti. Obscure by birth,
He is no public loss.

Etan. And yet his youth,
And his untimely fate, plead strongly for him.
And then methinks—perhaps 'tis fancy's error,
Methinks he bears a semblance of Mandane.

Zamti. His words transfix my heart.

[*Aside.*

Etan. And where, mean time,
Where is the royal heir? If right I judge,
He will not tamely see a blameless youth
A victim in his cause.

Zamti. Seek not too soon
To know the prince: now I'll disclose the work,
The work of vengeance, which my lab'ring soul
Has long been fashioning.—'This very hour,
Stupendous ruin hovers o'er the heads
Of this accursed race.

Etan. Ruin!

Zamti. I'll tell thee—
When Timurkan led forth his savage bands,
Unpeopling this great city, I then seiz'd
The hour to tamper with a chosen few;
Who have resolv'd, when the barbarians lie
Buried in sleep and wine, and hotly dream

Their haves o'er again; then, then, my son,
In one collected blow to burst upon 'em,
Like their own northern clouds, whose midnight horror
Impending o'er the world, at length breaks forth
In the vaunt lightning's blaze, in storms and thunder
Through all the red'ning air, till frightened nature
Start from her couch, and waken to a scene
Of uproar and destruction.

Etan. Oh! my father,
The glorious enterprise——

Zamti. Mark me, young man.
Seek thou my friends, Orasming and Zimventi.
In the dim holy cloister of yon temple
Thou'lt find them musing; bid them ne'er abate
Their high, heroic ardour; let them know
Whate'er shall fall on this old mould'ring clay,
The tyrant never shall subdue my mind.

Man. [*Within*] Oh! let me fly, and find the barb'rous
man.

Where, where is Zamti?

Zamti. Ha!—Mandane's voice!—
Go leave me, Etan, and observe my orders. [*Exit Etan.*
Wild as the winds, the mother all alive
In ev'ry heartstring, the forlorn one comes
To claim her boy.

Re-enter MANDANE.

Man. And can it then be true?
Is human nature exil'd from thy breast?
Art thou indeed so barb'rous?

Zamti. Lov'd Mandane,
Fix not your scorpions here—a bearded shaft
Already drinks my spirits up.

Man. I've seen
Thy trusty Morat—I have heard it all.

Zamti. I cannot speak to thee.

Man. Think'st thou those tears,
Those false, those cruel tears, will choke the voice
Of a fond mother's love now stung to madness?
Oh! I will rend the air with lamentations,

Root up this hair, and beat this throbbing breast;
Turn all connubial joys to bitterness,
To fell despair, to anguish and remorse,
Unless my son——

Zamti. Thou ever faithful woman,
Oh leave me to my woes!

Man. Give me my child;
Thou worse than Tartar, give me back my son.
Oh! give him to a mother's eager arms,
And let me strain him to my heart.

Zamti. Heav'n knows
How dear my boy is here: but our first duty
Now claims observance: to our country's love
All other tender fondnesses must yield.
I was a subject, ere I was a father.

Man. You were a savage, bred in Scythian wilds,
And humanizing pity never reach'd
Your heart. Was it for this, oh! thou unkind one!
Was it for this, oh! thou inhuman father!
For this you woo'd me to your nuptial bed?
For this I clasp'd thee in these circling arms,
And made this breast your pillow? Cruel, say,
Are these your vows? are these your fond endearments?
Nay, look upon me; if this wasted form,
These faded eyes, have turn'd your heart against me,
With grief for you I wither'd in my bloom.

Zamti. Why thus transfix my heart?

Man. Alas, my son,
Did I then fold thee in these matron arms
To see thee bleed? Thus dost thou then return?
This could your mother hope, when first she sent
Her infant exile to a distant clime?
Ah! could I think thy early love of fame
Would urge thee to this peril—thus to fall
By a stern father's will? By thee to die;
From thee, inhuman, to receive his doom!
Murder'd by thee!—yet hear me, *Zamti*, hear me;
'Thus on my knees—I threaten now no more—
'Tis nature's voice that pleads; nature alarm'd,

Quick, trembling, wild, touch'd to her inmost feeling,
When force would tear her tender young ones from her.

Zamti. Oh! seek not with enfeebling fond ideas
To swell the flood of grief!—It is in vain—
He must submit to fate.

Man. [*Rising*] Barbarian, no;
He shall not die; rather—I pry'thee, *Zamti*,
Urge not a grief-distracted woman; tremble
At the wild fury of a mother's love.

Zamti. I tremble rather at a breach of oaths.
But thou break thine; bathe your perfidious hands
In this life-blood; betray the righteous cause
Of all our sacred kings.

Man. Our sacred kings!
What are the scepter'd rulers of the world?
Form'd of one common clay, are they not all
Doom'd with each subject, with the meanest slave,
To drink the cup of human woe? alike
All levell'd by affliction?—Sacred kings!
'Tis human policy sets up their claim:
Mine is a mother's cause; yes, mine the cause
Of husband, wife, and child, those first of ties,
Superior to your right divine of kings.

Zamti. Then go, *Mandane*, thou once faithful woman,
Dear to this heart in vain! Forget at once
Those virtuous lessons which I oft have taught thee,
In fond credulity, while on each word
You hung enamour'd—go—to *Timurkan*
Reveal the awful truth; be thou spectatress
Of murder'd majesty—embrace your son,
And let him lead, in shame and servitude,
A life ignobly bought.—Then let those eyes,
Those faded eyes, which grief for me hath dimm'd,
With guilty joy reanimate their lustre,
To brighten slavery, and beam their fires
On the fell *Scythian* murderer.

Man. And is it thus,
Thus is *Mandane* known? Come, lead me hence,
Where I may lay down life to save my king,

But save my Hamet too; then, then you'll find
A heart beats here as warm and great as thine.

Zamti. Then make with me one ever-glorious effort,
And rank with those, who from the first of time
In fame's eternal archives stand rever'd,
For conqu'ring all the dearest ties of nature,
To serve the gen'ral weal.

Man. That savage virtue
Loses with me its horrid charms—I've sworn
To save my king; but should a mother turn
A dire assassin?—Madness at the thought
Shoots through my brain—and look! they seize my
child;

They lead him forth; they fix him on the rack;
His father—see—forbear—his father strikes—
Hold, Zamti, hold—ah! see—he dies—he dies!

[*Faints in his Arms.*

Zamti. She faints, she faints! th' impetuous storm of
Shakes her weak frame. [passion,

Enter an Attendant.

Quickly, Arsace, help,
Support her; lend your aid—soft! wand'ring life
Rekindles in her cheek.—Conduct her hence.

[*Exeunt Mandane and Attendant.*

Propitious heaven, behold a father's sufferings;
Support our frailty; kindle in our souls
A ray of your divine enthusiasm,
Such as inflames the patriot's breast, and lifts
Th' impassion'd mind to that sublime of virtue,
That even on the rack it feels the good,
Which in a single hour it works for millions,
And leaves the legacy to times unborn.

[*Exit.*

ACT THE THIRD.



SCENE I. *A Temple. A Tomb in the Middle.*

Enter MORAT.

Morat. This is the place, these the long-winding isles,
The solemn arches, whose religious awe
Attunes the mind to melancholy musing,
Such as befits freemen reduc'd to bondage.
Here Zamti meets his friends; amid these tombs,
Where lie the sacred manes of our kings,
They pour their orisons; hold converse here
With the illustrious shades of murder'd heroes,
And meditate a great revenge—a groan!
The burst of anguish from some care-worn wretch,
That sorrows o'er his country—ha!—'tis Zamti.

Enter ZAMTI from the Tomb.

Zamti. Who's he that seeks these mansions of the dead?

Morat. The friend of Zamti and of China.

Zamti. Morat!

Come to my arms, thou brave, thou gen'rous man!
I have been weeping o'er the sacred relics

Of a dear murder'd king.—Where are our friends?
Hast seen Orasming?

Morat. Through these vaults of death
Lonely he wanders, plung'd in deep despair.

Zamti. Hast thou inform'd him? Hast thou aught
Touching Zaphimri? [reveal'd

Morat. There I wait thy will.

Zamti. Oh! thou art ever faithful: on thy lips
Sits pensive silence, with her hallow'd finger,
Guarding the pure recesses of the mind.
But, lo! they come.

Enter ORASMING, ZIMVENTI, and others.

Droop ye, my gallant friends?

Oras. Oh! *Zamti*, all is lost; our dreams of liberty
Are vanish'd into air. Ev'n heaven, combin'd
With lawless might, abandons us and virtue. [thus

Zamti. Can your great souls thus shrink within ye?
From heroes will you dwindle into slaves?

Zim. Oh! could you give us back the royal orphan;
Danger would smile, and death lose all its terror,

Zamti. What, would his presence fire you?

Oras. Yes, by heaven!
This night should free us from the Tartar's yoke.

Zamti. Then mark the care of the all-ruling mind,
This youthful captive, whom in chains they hold,
Is not Zaphimri.

Oras. Zim. Not Zaphimri?

Zamti. No:
Unconscious of himself, and to the world unknown,
He walks at large among us.

Oras. Heavenly powers!

Zamti. This night, my friends, this very night to rise
Refulgent from the blow that frees us all,
From the usurper's fate, the first of men,
Deliv'rer of his country.

Oras. Mighty gods!
Can this be possible?

Zamti. It is most true.
This very hour shall give you China's heir.

What ho ! [*Looks at the Tomb*] come forth : 'tis Zamti's voice that calls.

You seem transfix'd with wonder ; oh, my friends,
Watch all the motions of your rising spirit,
Direct your ardour, when anon you hear
What fate, long pregnant with the vast event,
Is lab'ring into birth.

Enter ETAN from the Tomb.

Etan. Each step I move,
A deeper horror sits on all the tombs ;
The shrines look pale around ; each altar shakes,
Conscious of some important crisis.

Zamti. Yes,
A crisis great indeed is now at hand.
Heaven holds its golden balance forth, and weighs
Zaphimri's and the Tartar's destiny,
While hov'ring angels tremble round the beam.
Hast thou beheld that picture ?

Etan. Fix'd attention
Hath gaz'd on every part ; yet still to me
It shadows forth the forms of things unknown,
All imag'ry obscure, and wrapt in darkness.

Zamti. That darkness my informing breath shall clear,
As morn dispels the night.—Lo ! here display'd
This mighty kingdom's fall.—Behold that child,
That royal infant, the last sacred relic
Of China's kings—see where a mandarin
Conveys the babe to his wife's fost'ring breast,
There to be nourish'd in an humble state ;
While their own son is sent to climes remote,
That should the fell usurper e'er suspect
The prince alive, he for his king might bleed,
And mock the murd'rer's rage.

Etan. Amazement thrills
Through all my frame, and my mind, big with wonder,
Feels every power suspended.

Zamti. Rather say,
That strong imagination burns within thee.
Dost thou not feel a more than common ardour ?

Etan. By heav'n, some impulse never felt before,
Some strange inspir'd emotion stirs within me;
A thousand images all rise at once,
And o'er-inform my soul. Oh! that the hour
Of fate were come. This very night I'll sheathe
My dagger's point deep in the tyrant's heart.

Zamti. Wilt thou?

Etan. By ev'ry pow'r that now beholds me;
By all the mighty dead that round us lie;
By all, who this day groan in chains, I will.

Zamti. And when thou dost, tell the devoted tyrant,
It is the prince that strikes.

Etan. The prince's wrongs
Shall nerve my arm, and urge the blow for freedom
With tenfold vengeance.

Zamti. Tell the groaning Tartar,
It is Zaphimri—'tis the prince himself.

Etan. What says my father?

Zamti. Thou art China's orphan;
The last of all our kings; no longer Etan,
But now Zaphimri.

Zaph. Ha!—

Oras. Mysterious hand
Of wonder-working heav'n!

Zaph. Can this be true?
A busy crowd of circumstances rise;
Thy frequent hints obscure; thy pious care
To train my youth to greatness;—lend your aid
To my astonish'd pow'rs, that feebly bear
This unexpected shock of royalty.

Zamti. Thou art, thou art my sov'reign. Oh! my
friends,
Morat will tell you all; each circumstance;
Mean time—lo! there, behold—there is your king.

Morat. *Oras.* *Zim.* Long live the father of the eastern
world. [All kneel.

Zamti. Sole governor of earth!

Zaph. All-ruling pow'rs!
Is then a great revenge for all the wrongs
Of bleeding China; are the same and fate

Of all posterity included here
Within my bosom?

Zamti. All; yes, all; the shades
Of your great ancestors now rise before thee,
Heroes and demi-gods! aloud they call
For the fell Tartar's blood.

Zaph. Oh, *Zamti*: all
That can alarm the pow'rs of man, now stirs
In this expanding breast.

Zamti. Anon to burst
With hideous ruin on the foe. My gallant heroes,
Are our friends station'd at their posts?

Oras. They are.

Zamti. Each gate secur'd?

Oras. All safe.

Zamti. The signal fix'd?

Oras. It is. Will *Mirvan* join us?

Zamti. Doubt him not;

He pants for vengeance;—when the assault begins,
He'll turn his arms upon th' astonish'd foe,
And add new horrors to the wild commotion.

Zaph. Now, bloody spoiler, now thy hour draws nigh;
And ere the dawn thy guilty reign shall end.

Zamti. How my heart burns within me! Oh! my
friends,

Call now to mind the scene of desolation,
Which *Timurkan*, in one accursed hour
Heap'd on this groaning land.—Ev'n now I see
The savage bands o'er purple heaps of slain
Forcing their rapid way: I see them urge
With rage unhallow'd, to the sacred temple,
Where good *Osmingt*, with his queen and children,
Fatigu'd the gods averse.—See where *Orphisa*,
Rending the air with agonising shrieks,
Tears her dishevell'd hair; then with a look
Fix'd on her babes, grief chokes its passage up,
And all the feelings of a mother's breast
Throbbing in one mix'd pang, breathless she faints
Within her monarch's arms; adown his cheek,
In copious streams, fast flow'd the manly sorrow;

While clust'ring round his knees his little offspring,
In tears all-eloquent, with arms outstretch'd,
Sue for parental aid.

Zaph. Go on; the tale
Will fit me for a scene of horror.

Zamti. Oh! my prince;
The charge which your great father gave me, still
Sounds in my ear. Ere yet the foe burst in,
"Zamti," said he, "preserve my cradled infant;
Save him from ruffians; train his youth to virtue;
Virtue will rouse him to a great revenge;
Or failing, virtue will still make him happy."
He could no more; the cruel spoiler seiz'd him,
And dragg'd my king, my ever honour'd king,
The father of his people; basely dragg'd him,
By his white rev'rend locks from yonder altar,
Here on the blood-stain'd pavement; while the queen
And her dear fondlings, in one mangled heap,
Died in each other's arms.

Zaph. Revenge! revenge!
With more than lion's rage I'll spring upon him,
And at one blow relieve the groaning world.
Let us this moment carry sword and fire
To yon devoted walls, and whelm him down
In ruin and dismay.

Zamti. Zaphimri, no;
By rashness you may mar a noble cause.
To you, my friends, I render up my charge;
To you I give your king!—farewell, my sov'reign.

Zaph. Zamti—thou gen'rous man!—a thousand feel-
ings
Of warmest friendship, all the tendencies
Of heart-felt gratitude are struggling here,
And fain would speak to thee, my more than father.
Farewell—sure we shall meet again!

Zamti. We shall.

Zaph. Thou best of friends, farewell.—Orasming, now
The noblest duty calls—let us remember,
We are the men, whom from all humankind
Our fate hath now selected, to stand forth
Asserters of the public weal; to drench our swords

In the oppressor's heart; to do a deed,
Which heav'n, intent on its own holy work,
Shall pause with pleasure to behold.

[*Exit, with Conspirators.*]

Zamti. May the most high
Pour down his blessings on him, and anon,
In the dead waste of night, when awful justice
Walks with her crimson steel o'er slaughter'd heaps
Of groaning Tartars, may he then direct
His youthful footsteps through the paths of peril;
Oh! may he guide the horrors of the storm,
An angel of your wrath, to point your vengeance
On ev'ry guilty head.—There let him stop.—
When you have broken the oppressor's rod,
Your reign will then be manifest; mankind will see
That truth and virtue still deserve your care.

[*A dead March is heard.*]

What mean those deathful sounds? Again they lead
My boy to slaughter.—Fond, parental feelings!
Tear, tear me piecemeal! still you plead in vain.
Ye host of heav'n, look down; behold me here
Beleagu'r'd thus with ills: I now must prove
Perjur'd to you—or cease to be a father.
In your own cause support me; lend me strength
To triumph o'er that nature which you gave.

A dead March. Enter OCTAR, HAMET, Guards, &c.

Octar. Here let the victim fall, and with his blood
Wash his forefather's tomb. The hated race
Shall here lie crush'd, and from this glorious æra
The eastern world, through all her wide domain,
Shall bend submissive to the Scythian yoke.

Hamet. [*Standing near the Tomb*] Where is the
tyrant? I would have him see,
With envy see the unconquer'd pow'r of virtue;
How it can calmly bleed, smile on the rack,
And with strong pinion soar above his pow'r,
To regions of perennial day.

Octar. The conqueror
Shall mark thee well, when at to-morrow's dawn
Shall be display'd, through the wide city's round,

Thy breathless corse, a spectacle of horror.
It now befits thee to prepare for death.

Hamet. I am prepar'd : I have no lust or rapine,
No murders to repent of ; undismay'd
I can behold all-judging heav'n, whose hand
Still compassing its wondrous ends, by means
Inextricable to all mortal clue,
Hath now enclos'd me in its awful maze.
Since 'tis by your decree, that thus beset,
Th' inexorable angel hovers o'er me,
Be your great bidding done.

Octar. The sabre's edge
Thirsts for his blood : dispatch and end his being.

Enter MANDANE.

Man. Off, set me free—I must, I will have way.
Me, me, on me convert your rage ; strike here ;
Plunge in this bosom your abhorred steel,
And spare his precious life.

Octar. Hence quickly bear
This wild, this frantic woman—

Man. Never, never ;
You shall not force me hence ; here will I cling
Fast to the earth, and rivet here my hands
In all the fury of the last despair.
He is my son!—Oh! spare him! spare my child!

Octar. How, woman! yours! your son?

Man. Yes, Octar, mine ;
My boy, my Hamet ; let my eager love
Fly all unbounded to him, clasp him thus,
Thus in his mother's arms—My child! my child!

Octar. Suspend the stroke, ye ministers of death,
Till Timurkan hear of this new event. [Exit.

Man. Why didst thou dare return? Oh! rather why
Didst thou so long defer with ev'ry grace,
And every growing virtue, thus to raise
Your mother's dear delight to rapture?

Hamet. Lost
In the deep mists of darkling ignorance,
'To me my birth's unknown. But sure that look,

Those tears, those shrieks, that animated grief,
Defying danger, all declare th' effect
Of nature's workings in a parent's heart.
Then let me pay my filial duty here,
Kneel to her native dignity, and pour
In tears of joy, the transport of a son.

Man. Thou art, thou art my son; thy father's face;
His ev'ry feature blooming in his boy.
Oh! tell me, tell me all; how hast thou liv'd
With virtuous Morat? how did he support
In dreary solitude thy tender years?
How train thy growing virtue? quickly tell me;
Oh! tell me all, and charm me with thy tongue.

Hamet. Mysterious pow'rs! have I then liv'd to this?
Thus on the brink of death to find a parent,
In virtue firm, majestic in distress,
At length to feel unutterable bliss
In her dear circling arms?

Re-enter OCTAR, with TIMURKAN, &c.

Tim. Where is this wild,
This frantic woman, who with headlong grief
Suspends my dread command? tear them asunder—
Send her to some dark cell to rave and shriek,
And dwell with madness; and let instant death
Leave that rash youth a headless trunk before me.

Man. Now, by the ever-burning lamps, that light
Our holy shrines, by great Confucius' altar,
By the prime source of life, and light, and being,
This is my child, the blossom of my joys.
Send for his cruel father; he, 'tis he
Intends a fraud; he, for a stranger's life,
Would give his offspring to the cruel axe,
And rend a wretched mother's brain with madness.

Re-enter ZAMTI.

Zamti. Sure the sad accents of Mandane's voice
Struck on my frightened sense.

Tim. Once more, thou traitor!
Who is that stubborn youth?—

Zamti. Alas! what needs
This iteration of my griefs?

Man. Forbear,
Thou marble-hearted father!—'tis your son;
And wouldst thou see him bleed?

Zamti. On him—on him
Let fall your rage.

Man. Oh! my devoted child! [Faints.

Hamet. Support her, heaven! support her tender
Now, tyrant, now I beg to live; lo! here [frame.
I plead for life; not for the wretched boon
To breathe the air, which thy ambition taints,
But oh! to ease a mother's woes; for her,
For that dear object, let me live for her.

Tim. Spite of their frauds, the truth begins to dawn:
In her wild vehemence of grief, I hear
The genuine voice of nature.

Man. [Recovers] Where's my child?
Oh, let me strain him to my heart; thy hard,
Thy cruel father shall not tear thee from me.

Tim. Hear me, thou frantic mourner; dry those tears;
Perhaps you still may save your darling son.

Man. Oh! quickly give the means.

Tim. Resign your king,
Your phantom of a king, and save your child.

Hamet. No, my much-honour'd mother, never hear
The base, the dire proposal; let me rather
Exhaust my life-blood at each gushing vein!
Mandane then—then you may well rejoice
To find your child; then you may truly know
The best delight a mother's heart can prove,
When her son dies with glory.

Tim. Curses blast
The stripling's pride. [Talks apart with Octar.

Zamti. Ye powers, enthron'd above!
You never meant entirely to destroy
This groaning land, when your benignant care
Lends us a youth like him.—Let me enfold
That lovely ardour in his father's arms.
My brave, my gen'rous boy!

Tim. Dost thou at length
Confess it, traitor?

Zamti. Yes, I boast it, tyrant;
Boast it to thee, to earth, and heaven I boast,
This, this is Zamti's son.

Hamet. At length the hour,
The glorious hour is come, by Morat promis'd,
"When Hamet shall not blush to know his father."

Zamti. Oh! thou intrepid youth, what bright reward
Can your glad sire bestow on such desert?
The righteous gods, and your own inward feelings,
Shall give the sweetest retribution. Now,
Mandane, now my soul forgives thee all;
Since I have made acquaintance with my boy;
But oh! I charge thee, by a husband's right——

Tim. A husband's right! a traitor has no rights;
Society disclaims him. Woman, hear,
And mark my words: abjure the mandarin,
Renounce all hymeneal vows, reveal
This mystery, and still your son may live,
While justice whirls that traitor to his fate.

Man. Thou vile adviser!—what, betray my lord,
My honour'd husband; turn a Scythian wife;
Forget the many years of fond delight,
In which my heart ne'er knew decreasing love,
Charm'd with his noble, all-accomplish'd mind?
No, tyrant, no; with him I'll dare to die;
With him in ruin more supremely blest,
Than guilt upon a throne triumphant.

Zamti. Now,
Inhuman Tartar, I defy thy power.
Lo! here—the father, mother, and the son!
Try all your tortures on us—here we stand,
Resolv'd to leave a track of bright renown
To mark our being; resolv'd all to die,
The votaries of honour!

Tim. Then, by heaven!
Your doom is fix'd. This moment seize the slaves;
Deep in some baleful dungeon's midnight gloom
Let each apart be plung'd; and Etan too—

Let him forthwith be found—he too shall share
His father's fate.

Mir. Be it my task, dread sir,
To make the rack ingenious in new pains;
Till even cruelty almost relent
At their keen, agonizing groans.

Tim. Be that,
Mirvan, thy care. By the immortal Lama,
I'll wrest the secret from them, or once more
My rage is up in arms—'gainst Corea's chief
I will unfurl my banners; his proud cities
Shall dread my thunder at their gates, and mourn
Their smoking ramparts; o'er his verdant plains
And peaceful vales I'll drive my rapid car,
And ne'er know rest, ne'er sheathe th' avenging sword,
Till their king fall, and treason is no more. [*Erit.*

Octar. *Mirvan,* bear hence those miscreants to their
fate;

Thou, *Zamti,* art my charge.

Zamti. Willing I come.
My son, thy father doubts not of thy fortitude.
Mandane, summon all thy strength; the gods,
Who try thy virtue, may reward it still.

[*Erit, with Octar.*

Man. Hamet! restor'd and lost again!

[*Struggles with the Guards.*

Hamet. Alas!

No means to rescue thee! inhuman villains!
And will you tear me from her? [*He is dragged off.*

Man. Oh! my child!—

Now then, barbarians, you have seiz'd on all
My soul holds dear.—What have I now to dread?
I gave him being; in the hour of peril
I flew to rescue him; I could no more.
If he must fall, I'll emulate his virtues;
True to the solemn vow I've breath'd to heaven,
True to my sovereign still!—in honour's cause
The mother from her son shall learn to die. [*Exeunt,*

ACT THE FOURTH.



SCENE I. *A Prison.* HAMET lies stretched on the Ground, in Chains.

Enter ZAPHIMRI, in a Tartar Dress, and MIRVAN.

Mir. There, stretch'd at length on the dank ground,
he lies,

Scorning his fate: your meeting must be short.

Zaph. It shall.

Mir. And yet I tremble for th' event.

Zaph. Mirvan, no more: I will hold converse with
Though death were arm'd against the interview. [him,
[Exit Mirvan.

Hamet. What wouldst thou, Tartar?

Zaph. Rise, thou gen'rous youth!

No vulgar errand mine.

Hamet. [Rises] Now speak thy purpose. [stabber,

Zaph. To these lone walls, where oft the Scythian
With murd'rous stride hath come; these walls that oft
Have seen the assassin's deeds, I bring a mind
Firm, virtuous, upright Under this vile garb
Lo! here a son of China.

Hamet. Yes, thy garb
Denotes a son of China, and those eyes
Roll with no black intent.—Say on.

Zaph. Inflam'd
With admiration of heroic deeds,
I come to seek acquaintance with the youth,
Who for his king would die.

Hamet. And does thy heart
Applaud the deed?

Zaph. It does, by heaven, it does.
Yes, virtuous envy rises in my soul.
Thy ardour charms, and even now I pant
To change conditions with thee.

Hamet. Then my heart
Accepts thy proffer'd friendship. In a base,
A prone, degen'rate age, when foreign force
And foreign manners have o'erwhelm'd us all,
And sunk our native genius, thou retain'st
A sense of ancient worth. But wherefore here,
To this sad mansion, this abode of sorrow,
Com'st thou to know a wretch that soon must die?

Zaph. Oh, no; thou shalt not die. By me the king,
By me *Zaphimri* says——

Hamet. *Zaphimri* says!
Kind heaven! where is the king?

Zaph. His steps are safe,
Unseen as is the arrow's path. By me he says,
He knows, he loves, he wonders at thy virtue;
By me he swears, rather than thou shouldst fall,
He will emerge from dark obscurity,
And greatly brave his fate.

Hamet. Ha! die for me!
For me ignoble in the scale of being,
An unimportant wretch!—Whoe'er thou art,
I pry thee, stranger, bear my answer back.
Oh! tell my sovereign, that here dwells a heart
Above all pain and peril. When I fall,
A worm, an insect dies; but in his life
Are wrapp'd the glories of our ancient line,
The liberties of China; then let him
Live for his people, be it mine to die.

Zaph. Can I hear this, just gods! and not dissolve
In tears of gratitude and love? [Aside.

Hamet. Why streams

That flood of grief? and why that stifled groan?
Through the dark mist his sorrow casts around him,
He seems no common man. Say, gen'rous youth,
Who and what art thou?

Zaph. Who and what am I?

The veriest wretch that ever groan'd in anguish.
One lost, abandon'd, plung'd in woe
Beyond redemption's aid—to tell thee all
In one dire word, big with the last distress,
In one accumulated term of horror,
Zaphimri!

Hamet. Ha!—my king!

Zaph. That fatal wretch,
Exalted into misery supreme!
Oh! I was happy while good Zamti's son
I walk'd the common tracts of life, and strove
Humbly to copy my imagin'd sire.
But now——

Hamet. Yes now—if thou art he—as sure
'Tis wondrous like—rais'd to a state, in which
A nation's happiness on thee depends.

Zaph. A nation's happiness!—there—there I bleed—
There are my pangs—for me this war began;
For me hath purple slaughter drench'd yon plains;
I am the cause of all—I forg'd those chains—
For Zamti and Mandane too!—by me they fall;
Them have I thrown into a dungeon's gloom—
These are the horrors of Zaphimri's reign!
I am the tyrant; I ascend the throne,
By base ingratitude, by the vile means
Of selfish cowardice, that can behold
Thee, and thy father, mother, all in chains,
All lost, all murder'd, that I thus may rise
Inglorious to a throne.

Hamet. Alas! thy spirit,
Thy wild disorder'd fancy, picture's forth
Ills that are not, or being ills, not worth
A moment's pause.

Zaph. Not ill!—thou canst not mean it—
The angry fates, amidst their boards of malice,
Had nought but this; they meant to render me

Peculiarly distress'd.—Tell me, thou gallant youth,
A soul like thine knows every fine emotion,
Is there a nerve in which the heart of man
Can prove such torture, as when thus it meets
Unequall'd friendship, honour, truth, and love,
And no return can make?

Hamet. That pow'r will come.

Zaph. But when?—when thou art lost!
When Zamti and Mandane are no more!
Oh! for a dagger's point to plunge it deep,
Deep in this—ha! deep in the tyrant's heart. [sov'reign,

Hamet. There your revenge should point—alas! my
Why didst thou venture to this place of danger?

Zaph. And canst thou deem me then so base of soul,
To dwell secure in ignominious safety;
With cold insensibility to wait
The ling'ring hours, with coward patience wait them,
Deliberating on myself, while ruin
Nods over Zamti's house?—No, gen'rous youth,
I'll not think meanly of thee; no, that thought
Is foreign to thy heart.

Hamet. Withdraw thee hence;
Nor lightly hazard thus so dear a life;
Think of thy ancestors.

Zaph. My ancestors!
What is to me a long descended line,
A race of worthies, legislators, heroes,
Unless I bring their virtues too? No more:
This very night I'll burst those guilty walls,
Rend those vile manacles, and give thee freedom.

Re-enter MIRVAN.

Mir. The time forbids delay: whilst thou art here,
Thy fate's suspended on each dreadful moment.

Zaph. This garb will cloak me from each jealous eye;
Thou need'st not fear detection. [Flourish of Trumpets.

Hamet. Ha! what means
That sudden and wild harmony?

Mir. Ev'n now
The conqu'ror and his fell barbaric route
For this day's victory indulge their joy.

Zaph. Joy soon to end in groans ; for all conspires
To forward our design : a band of heroes
Ev'n now are ready ; honourably leagu'd
To vindicate their rights.—Thy father's care
Plann'd and inspir'd the whole. And lo ! the lights
That whilom blaz'd to heav'n, now rarely seen
Shed a pale glimmer, and the foe secure
Sinks down in deep debauch ; while all awake,
The genius of the land broods o'er the work
Of justice and revenge.

Mir. The gallant chiefs
At their appointed station are conven'd ;
In silent terror all intent they stand,
And wait the signal in each gale that blows.

Hamet. Dream on, deluded Tartar, yes, dream on ;
Still unsuspecting plunge in guilty joy,
And bury thee in riot.

Zaph. Ne'er again
To wake from that vile trance ; for ere the dawn,
Detested spoiler, thy hot blood shall smoke
On the stain'd marble, and thy limbs abhorr'd
I'll scatter to the dogs of China.

Mir. Ha !
Break off your conference :—Octar this way comes—
Beware, my prince.—

Enter OCTAR.

Well, Octar, there's your pris'ner. [*Points to Hamet.*

Octar. Convey him hence to where Mandane's grief
Rings through the vaulted roof.

Hamet. Yes, lead me hence
To soften anguish in a parent's breast. [*Exit with Mir.*

Zaph. What may this mean ? I dread some lurking
mischief. [*Exit.*

Octar. When the boy clings around his mother's heart,
Then, in that tender moment, tear him from her,
And in her impotence of grief the truth
Will burst its way.

Enter TIMURKAN.

Why from the genial banquet
Thus will my sov'reign seek a dungeon's gloom ?

Tim. A more than midnight gloom involves my soul.
What boots the conqu'ring sword, the plume of victory,
If still this coward boy in secret lives;
If serpent-like amidst the flow'ry garlands
He wreaths his folds, to dash my promis'd joy,
And poison my delight?

Octar. Then at once,
To end your fears, give Zamti to the sword,
His wife, and all who aid him in his guilt.
'Twill crush the seeds of dark conspiracy.

Tim. No; Zamti's death but multiplies my fears.
With him the truth lies buried in the tomb.
Hast thou beheld the stubborn mandarin?

Octar. Unconquer'd yet by words he stands unmov'd,
Smiling contempt, as if some inward joy,
Like the sun lab'ring in a night of clouds,
Shot forth at intervals a gladsome ray,
Bright'ning the face of woe.

Tim. He must not die:
The slave shall linger out his days in torment.

Octar. Might I advise, Mandane may be won.
She still, sir, may be yours: a conqu'ror's sighs
Shall waft a thousand wishes to her heart,
Till female vanity aspire to reach
The eastern throne.

Tim. No, Octar—'tis not mine
To melt in languishing desire, and try
The hopes, the fears, and the caprice of love.
Innur'd to rougher scenes, far other arts
My mind employ'd: to sling the well-stor'd quiver
Over this manly arm, and wing the dart
At the fleet rein-deer sweeping down the vale,
Or up the mountain straining ev'ry nerve;
To vault the neighing steed, and urge his course
Swifter than whirlwinds—through the ranks of war,
Reeking with gore to drive my chariot wheels;
These are my passions, this my only science.
Rais'd from a soldier to imperial sway,
I still will reign in terror. Bring that traitor,
The hoary priest, before me.
Now, by heav'n!

[Exit Octar.]

Their stubborn fortitude erects a fence
To shield 'em from my wrath, more pow'rful far
Than their high boasted wall, which long hath stood
The shock of time, of war, of storms and thunder,
The wonder of the world. What art thou, virtue,
That giv'st these joys, my heart hath never known?

Enter ZAMTI, in Chains.

Thy hated sight once more I brook, to try
If yet the sense of deeds abhorr'd as thine
Has touch'd your soul: while yet the hour permits,
Repent thee of thy crimes.

Zamti. The crime would be
To yield to thy unjust commands. But know
A louder voice than thine forbids the deed,
The voice of all my kings; forth from their tombs
Ev'n now they send a peal of groans to heav'n,
Where all thy murders are long since gone up,
And stand in dread array against thee.

Tim. Murders!

Ungrateful mandarin! say, did not I,
When civil discord lighted up her brand
And scatter'd wide her flames, when fierce contention,
'Twixt Zorohamti and Zaphimri's father,
Sorely convuls'd the realm, did not I then
Lead forth my Tartar's from their northern frontier,
And bid fair order rise?

Zamti. Bid order rise!

Hast thou not smote us with a hand of wrath?
By thee each art has died, and ev'ry science
Gone out at thy fell blast. Art thou not come
To sack our cities, to subvert our temples,
The temples of our gods, and with the worship,
The monstrous worship of your living Lama,
Profane our holy shrines?

Tim. Resolve my doubts,
Nor think with groundless, with ill-tim'd reproach
To talk me from my purpose.

Zamti. Tyrant, yes;
Yes, thou hast smote us with a hand of wrath,
Full twenty years hast smote us; but at length

Will come the hour of heav'n's just visitation,
 When thou shalt rue—hear me, thou man of blood!—
 Yes, thou shalt rue the day—the day that saw thee
 Imbrue those hands accurst in royal blood—
 Now, tyrant, now—yes, tremble at my words,
 The arm of the most high is bar'd against thee;
 And lo! the hand of fate describes thy doom
 In glaring letters on yon rubied wall!
 Each gleam of light is perish'd out of heav'n,
 And darkness rushes o'er the face of earth.

Tim. And think'st thou, slave, with visionary fears
 I e'er can shrink appall'd? thou moonstruck seer!
 No more I'll bear this mockery of words.
 What, Octar, ho!

Re-enter OCTAR.

Lead forth that frantic woman.
 Ruin involves ye all—this very hour
 Shall see your son impal'd—yes, both your sons—
 Bring Etan too before us.

Octar. Etan, sir,
 Is fled for safety.

Tim. Thou pernicious slave! [To Zamti.]

Zamti. The righteous gods protect him from thy rage.
[Exit Octar.]

Tim. Him too thou wouldst withdraw from justice!
 Thy perfidy would send to Corea's realm, [him]
 To brood in secret o'er some work of treason.

*Re-enter OCTAR and HAMET, with MANDANE,
 Guards, &c.*

Now then, deluded fair, if fix'd in error
 You still persist, the rack shall have its prey.

Man. I tell thee, homicide, my soul is bound
 By solemn vows; and wouldst thou have me break
 What angels wasted on their wings to heav'n?

Tim. This moment eaves your child, or dooms him dead.

Man. Goddess of vengeance, from your realms above,
 Where near the throne of the most high thou sitt'st,
 Inspher'd in darkness, amidst hoards of thunder
 Sereouely dreadful, till dire human crimes

Provoke thee down, now on the whirlwind's wing
Descend, and with your flaming sword, your bolts
Red with almighty wrath, let loose your rage,
And blast this vile seducer in his guilt.

Tim. Then seize her son, and give him to the rack.

Man. No; by the pow'rs above, by ev'ry tie
Of humanizing pity, seize me first;
Dispatch his mother; end this wretched being.

Zaph. [*Rushing from the Guards*] Hold, murd'ers,
hold; I charge you, slaves, forbear.

Zamti. Ha! China totters on the brink of ruin. [*Aside.*]

Tim. Etan! thou art welcome to my great revenge!

Zaph. I come on matters of importance deep
Unto thy throne and life.

Zamti. Heed not an idle boy.

Tim. Proceed, and tell thy purpose.

Zaph. Even now
Thy death is plotting.

Tim. Ha! by whom?

Zaph. Zaphimri!

Zamti. What means my son?

Tim. Resign him to my vengeance,
And then our mercy shall to thee extend.

Zaph. Think not I come to save this worthless life.
Pity Mandane; save her tender frame—
Pity that youth; [*Kneels*] oh! save that godlike man.

Zamti. Wilt thou dishonour me, degrade thyself,
Thy native dignity, by basely kneeling?
Quit that vile posture——

Tim. To appease our wrath,
Bring me Zaphimri's head.

Zaph. Will that suffice?

Tim. His blood atones for all.

Zaph. [*Rises*] Then take it, tyrant;
I am Zaphimri; I your mortal foe.

Zamti. Angels of light, quick on your rapid wing
Dart from your thrones above, and hover round him.

Man. Alas! all's ruin'd—China is no more.

Zaph. Behold me, Tartar; hear the voice of truth;
Thus on his knees Zaphimri begs to die.

Tim. Thou early traitor! by thy guilty father
Train'd up in fraud! wouldst thou deceive me too?

Hamet. He would: all would deceive you: all conspire
Against my claim: all wrest my title from me:
The father's art, the mother's fond ambition
Upon my ruins to exalt their name,
And raise their son to empire.

Zaph. Ha! forbear,
Rash youth, forbear; nor thus insult your king.
Mine is the crown: its miseries are mine:
Mine the worst malice fortune hath in store:
I claim it all, and will not bear a rival.

Hamet. Horror! believe him not—for me the troops
From Corea's realm dar'd to approach your walls;
I led them on; I came from climes remote;
The captives of your sword have own'd they fought
To see me seated on the throne of China.

Zaph. By heav'n he's innocent; the guilt is mine.
Misguided boy! I charge thee dare no more
Usurp a monarch's right; resign at once
My lawful claim, the honours of my birth;
Give back my name; I ask it but to die.

Tim. Their wondrous conflict but involves me deeper
In doubt, mistrust, perplexity, and fear.
Misguided fair one, say, which is your king?

Man. Behold their virtue, and respect them both.

Tim. Perdition seize her! Zamti mark my words—
This moment clear each doubt, or keenest pangs
Shall hunt the secret through each trembling nerve.

Zamti. I have already yielded up my son;
I gave him to your sword; and after that,
After that conflict, think'st thou there is aught
Zamti has left to fear?

Tim. Yes, learn to fear
My will, my sov'reign will, which here is law,
And treads upon the neck of slaves.

Zamti. Thy will
The law in China? ill-instructed man!
Now learn an awful truth. Though ruffian pow'r
May for awhile suppress all sacred order,
And trample on the rights of man, the soul

Which gave our legislation life and vigour
 Shall still subsist, above the tyrant's reach.
 The spirit of the laws can never die.

Tim. Here then all parley ends: thy doom is fix'd :
 This very moment drag 'em from my sight.

[Guards seize Zamti.]

Man. Yes, lead me with him: in his arms to die
 Mandane goes resign'd. But, tyrant, know
 The great important truth is treasur'd here.
 Thy pow'r can ne'er extort it. Yes, live on,
 In the worst agony of doubt and fear.
 With us the secret dies: that joy is ours;
 With that we triumph still; with that we bid thee
 Fear while we live, and tremble in our fall.

[Exit with Zamti and Guards.]

Hamet. No, spare 'em, yet forbear; here point thy
 sword,

Unsluice these veins, but spare their matchless lives.

[He is carried off.]

Zaph. I am your victim, by the gods I am.

[Kneels and holds Timurkan.]

Tim. Away, vile slave; go see them bleed; behold
 How they will writhe in pangs; pangs doom'd for thee,
 And all who deal in treachery like thine. *[Exit.]*

Zaph. *[On the Ground]* Yet hear me; yet a moment!
 barb'rous Scythians!

Wilt thou not open, earth, and take me down,
 Down to thy caverns of eternal darkness?
 And sleeps almighty justice? will it not
 Awaken all its terrors? arm yon band
 Of secret heroes with avenging thunder?
 By heav'n *[Rises]* that thought lifts up my kindling soul
 With renovated fire. My glorious friends,
 Who now convene big with your country's fate,
 When I am dead, oh! give me just revenge;
 Let me not die inglorious; make my fall,
 By some great act of yet unheard-of vengeance,
 Resound throughout the world; that furthest Scythia
 May stand appall'd at the huge distant roar
 Of one vast ruin tumbling on the heads
 Of this fell tyrant, and his hatred race.

[Exit.]

ACT THE FIFTH.



SCENE I. *The Palace.*

Enter ZAMTI and MANDANE, followed by OCTAR.

Zamti. Why dost thou lead us to this hated mansion?
Must we again behold the tyrant's frown?
Thou know'st our hearts are fix'd.

Octar. The war of words
We scorn again to wage. Beneath this roof
The rack is now prepar'd, and Timurkan
Anon shall view your pangs, and count each groan
Ev'n to the fullest luxury of vengeance.
Guard well that passage; [*To the Guards within*] see
the traitors find

No means of flight, while to the conqueror
I hasten, to receive his last commands. [Exit.

Zamti. Thou ever faithful woman!

Man. Canst thou, Zamti,
Still call me faithful? by that honour'd name
Wilt thou call her, whose wild maternal love
Hath buried all in ruin?

Zamti. Yes, thou art,

Thou art my wife, whose virtue ev'n in bondage
Hath cheer'd my soul; and now thy ev'ry charm,
Endear'd by danger, kindled by distress
To higher lustre, all my passions beat
Unutterable gratitude and love.
And must—oh! cruel!—must I see thee bleed?

Man. For me death wears no terror on his brow.
Full twenty years hath this afflicted breast
Been smote with these sad hands; these haggard eyes
Have seen my country's ruin; seen my husband,
My son, my king—all in the Tartar's hands.
What then remains for me? death, only death.

Zamti. Ah! can thy tenderness endure the pangs
Inventive cruelty ev'n now prepares?
Must this lov'd form, this soft perfection bleed?
Thy decent limbs be strain'd with cruel cords,
To glut a ruffian's rage?

Man. Alas, this frame,
This feeble texture never can sustain it.
But this—this I can bear. *[Shows a Dagger.]*

Zamti. Ha!

Man. Yes; this dagger!
Do thou but lodge it in this faithful breast,
My heart shall spring to meet thee.

Zamti. Oh!

Man. Do thou,
My honour'd lord, who taught'st me ev'ry virtue,
Afford the friendly, the last human office,
And teach me now to die.

Zamti. It must not be.
Hence let me bear this instrument of death. *[Takes the Dagger.]*

Shall we usurp the dread prerogative
Of life and death, and measure out the thread
Of our own being? 'Tis the coward's act,
Who dares not to encounter pain and peril.
Be that the practice of th' untutor'd savage;
Be it the practice of the gloomy north.

Man. Must we then wait the haughty tyrant's nod,
The vassals of his will? no, let us rather

Nobly break through the barriers of this life,
And join the beings of some other world,
Who'll throng around our greatly daring souls,
And hail our flight with wonder and applause.

Zamti. Distress too exquisite! ye holy powers,
If aught below can supersede your law,
And plead for wretches, who dare, self-impell'd,
Rash to your awful presence; 'tis not then,
When the distemper'd passions rage, when pride
Is stung to madness, when ambition falls
From her high scaffolding—oh! no, if aught
Can justify the blow, it is when virtue
No more can stand at bay, when liberty
No longer breathes at large; 'tis with the groans
Of our lov'd country, when we dare to die.

Man. Then here at once direct the friendly steel.

Zamti. Now then prepare thee—Ah! does this be-
come

Thy husband's love? thus, with uplifted blade
Can I approach that bosom-bliss, where oft
With other looks than these, oh! my Mandane,
I've hush'd my cares within thy shelt'ring arms?

Man. Alas! the loves, that bless'd our happier days,
Have spread their pinions, never to return,
And the pale fates surround us. *Zamti*, come,
Here lay me down in honourable rest;
Come as thou art, all hero, to my arms,
And free a virtuous wife.

Zamti. It must be so:

Now then prepare thee—My arm flags and droops,
Conscious of thee in every trembling nerve.

[Throws down the Dagger.]

By heaven, once more I would not raise the point
Against that hoard of sweets, for endless years
Of universal empire.

Man. Ha! they come;
The ministers of vengeance come; and yet
They shall not long insult us in our woes;
Myself will still preserve the means of death.

[Takes up the Dagger.]

Re-enter OCTAR, with TIMURKAN and Guards.

Tim. Now then, detested pair, your hour is come.
I hate this dull delay. Seize Zamti first;
Let studied art, with slow-consuming pangs,
Explore the truth; nor let him know relief,
In his worst agonies, till every secret
Burst forth in groans, and end my doubts and fears.

Zamti. Begin your tortures, end this wretched being;
I care not now how soon. [*The Guards seize him.*]

Man. Stay, Zamti, stay! [*man villains!*]
And will you force him thus? [*He is forced off*] Inhu-
Oh! Timurkan, behold me humbled here,
Thus lowly on my knees, thus prone to earth,
And grov'ling at your feet. I ask to die;
Grant my request; it will not stain thy name
With weak humanity; deal still in blood;
Oh! let me perish in my husband's arms!
It will be mercy to indulge my prayer,
And murder shall for once be virtue in thee.

Tim. Behold him first, behold the hoary traitor
Gasping in death, and welt'ring in his gore.
Thy turn will follow. By thy treach'rous arts
The hated orphan lives.

Man. [*Rises*] And if he lives,
May heaven protect him, till the awful truth,
In some dread hour of horror and revenge,
Shall burst like thunder on thee.—If by me
Zaphimri lives, then, tyrant, know thy duty;
Descend at once from a throne gain'd by murder,
And yield the crown, resign it to your master.

Tim. Pernicious traitress!

Enter MIRVAN.

Ha! what wouldst thou, Mirvan?

Mir. Near to the eastern gate, a slave reports,
As at his watch he stood, the gleam of arms
Cast a dim lustre through the night, and straight
The steps of men thick sounded in his ear.
In close array they march'd.

Tim. Ha! lurking treason!

What ho! my arms! Ourselves will sally forth.

Mir. My liege, their scanty and rash-levied numbers
Want not a monarch's sword. With eager zeal,
Upon the instant I drew off the guards
That round the palace walls. Let Octar, sir,
Who oft has led them to renown in arms,
Let him but head the ranks, his valour soon
Shall bring the traitors bound in chains before you.

Tim. Well, be it so.—Octar, do thou go forth,
And give the rebels to the sabre's edge. [*Exit Octar.*]

Man. Why must I linger thus? Lo! Mirvan too
Leagu'd with the foe, a traitor to his king!

Mir. With sure conviction we have further learn'd
The long-contended truth. Etan's their king.
The traitor, Zamti, counted but one son,
And him he sent—Mandane knows it all—
Far hence to Corea's realm.

Tim. At length thy guilt [*To Mandane.*]
Glares to the sight. This hour Zaphimri dies.

Mir. To Morat's care th' insidious mandarin,
With that comploter in his dark designs,
Gave up their boy; while unsuspected here
They fix'd a safe asylum for their prince.

Man. [*Looks at Mirvan*] When shall I quit a world
where men like thee
Are only fit to dwell?

Tim. Let Morat straight
Attend our presence; bring the slave before us.

Mir. This hour approves my loyalty and truth. [*Exit.*]

Tim. Thanks to great Lama, treason is no more,
And their boy king is found. Yes, traitress, now
Thou shalt behold the stripling's forfeit head.
Soon as the dawn shall purple yonder east,
Aloft in air all China shall behold it.
Earch'd by the sun, and welt'ring to the wind.

Re-enter MIRVAN.

Tim. Well, Mirvan, hast thou brought the treach'rous
slave?

Mir. My liege, he comes, obedient to your will.

Enter ZAPHIMRI, with a Sabre.

Zaph. Now, bloody Tartar, now then know Zaphimri.

Tim. Accursed treason!—To behold thee thus
In arms before me, blasts my aching sight;
My blood forgets to move; each power dies in me.

Man. Yes, monster, yes, thy fated hour is come.
Descend, thou tyrant, from a throne usurp'd,
And yield the crown, now yield it to thy master.

Zaph. Well may'st thou tremble, well may guilt like
Shrink back dismay'd; for thus avenging heaven [thine
In me sends forth his minister of wrath,
To deal destruction on thee.

Tim. Coward slave!
A midnight ruffian, in th' unguarded hour,
Secure thou com'st, thus to assault a warrior
Thy heart would never dare to meet in arms.

Zaph. Not meet thee, Tartar!—ha! in me thou seest
One, on whose head unnumber'd wrongs thou'st heap'd,
Else could I scorn thee thus defenceless—yes,
My great revenge could bid thee try each shape,
Assume each horrid form, come forth array'd
In all the terrors of destructive guilt.
But now a dear, a murder'd father calls;
He beckons to the spot, the sacred altar
Which thy fell hand imbrued with royal blood.
Go, seek the temple; at that dread tribunal
Receive thy doom, and expiate thy crimes.

Tim. By heaven I'll dare thee still; resign it, slave!
Resign the blade to nobler hands.

[Seizes Mirvan's Sabre.]

Man. Oh! horror!
Bring instant help; let not the fate of China
Hang on the issue of a doubtful combat.

Zaph. Now, lawless ravager, Zaphimri comes
To wreak his justice on thee.

[They fight; Zaphimri drives Timurkan off.]

Man. Now, just gods,
Sinew his arm, and guide the blow for freedom.

Mir. See there, behold, he darts upon his prey.

Zaph. *[Within]* Die, bloodhound, die.

Mir. The Tartar drops his point.

Man. He falls, the victim falls.

Zaph. [Within] My father strikes;
He gives the blow; and this, thou fell destroyer,
This for a nation's groans.

Enter HAMET.

Hamet. Where is Zaphimri?
Direct me to him.

Man. Hamet! Oh! my son;
Once more I clasp thee in thy mother's arms!
Lo! where the monster quivers on the ground!
Let me seek Zamti with the glorious tidings,
And call him back to liberty and joy.
[Exit, with Mirvan.

Re-enter ZAPHIMRI.

Zaph. This reeking blade hath drunk the tyrant's
blood.

Hamet. China again is free. There lies the corse.
That breath'd destruction to the world.

Zaph. Yes there,
Tyrannic guilt, behold thy fatal end,
The wages of thy sins.

Enter MORAT.

Hamet. Oh! Morat, welcome;
Welcome to conquest, freedom, and revenge. [leaders,

Morat. Revenge now stalks abroad: our valiant
True to the destin'd hour, at once broke forth
From every quarter on th' astonish'd foe.

Zaph. Lo! Tinnurkan lies level'd with the dust.

Morat. Oppression's iron rod at length is broke.
My king! my sovereign! [Kneels to Zaphimri..

Zaph. Rise; the time demands
Far other cares. Where are my gallant friends?
Is the wild tumult o'er, and have they conquer'd?

Morat. The gates, the ramparts, and the citadel,
Each pass is ours; the unsuspecting foe,
Hemm'd in on every side, resists in vain.

Oclar is fall'n : all cover'd o'er with wounds
He met his fate; and still the slaught'ring sword
Invades the city sunk in sleep and wine.

Zaph. Send forth, and let Orasming straight proclaim
Zaphimri king, my subjects' rights restor'd. [*Exit Morat.*
Now where is Zamti? where my more than father?
Where is Mandane? Lead me, lead me to them.

Re-enter MIRVAN.

What means that pale despair?

Mir. Oh! dire mischance!

While here I trembled for the great event,
The unrelenting slaves, whose trade is death,
Began their work; nor piety, nor age
Could touch their felon-hearts; they seiz'd on Zamti,
And bound him on the wheel; a prey to villains
We found the good, the venerable man
Smiling in pangs; all frantic at the sight,
Mandane plung'd a poniard in her breast.
"With him I liv'd," she cried, "with him will die."

Hamet. Oh! heaven! my mother! Summon ev'ry aid
To call her back to life.—

Mir. In th' arms of death
Ev'n now she struggles.

Zaph. Fatal rashness. Say,
Is Zamti too destroy'd?

Mir. Life ebb'd apace.
Releas'd from anguish, with what strength remain'd,
He reach'd the couch where lost Mandane lies;
There threw his mangled limbs, there clinging to her,
He pours his sad lamentings in a strain
Might call each pitying angel from the sky
To sympathize with human woe. [*The back Scene opens.*

Zaph. And see,
See on that mournful bier he clasps her still;
Still hangs upon each faded feature; still
To her deaf ear complains in bitter anguish,
[*Zamti and Mandane brought forward on a Couch.*
Zamti. Yet live, Mandane; thou may'st still be happy;
Thou hast not merited an end like this.

Man. The hand of death, ev'n now is heavy on me.

Zaph. Are these our triumphs? these our promis'd joys?

Zamti. The music of that voice recalls my soul.

[Rises, and runs to embrace Zaphimri; his Strength fails, and he falls at his Feet.]

My prince! my king!—

Zaph. Support him; bear him up.

Man. Where is my child, my Hamet? lives he still?

Hamet. He lives; but oh! to see my mother thus—

Man. Oh! let me fold thee. *[Rises]* Ha!—it is too much—

I thank you, heaven; these are a mother's joys;—

And these you give to cheer me in my passage.

Soft, lay me, lay me down.—

Hamet. Her eyes are fix'd;

A death-like paleness spreads o'er ev'ry feature.

Zaph. *[Raises Zamti]* How fares it, Zamti, now?

Zamti. Oh! blest event!

I could not hope such tidings; thee, my king,

And Hamet too; I thought you both destroy'd.

My slow remains of life cannot endure

These strong vicissitudes of grief and joy.

And there—there lies Mandane—lead me to her.

Mandane, look upon me; once again

Let me behold the day-light of thy eyes.

Man. Alas! those eyes no more must gaze upon thee;

That dear delight is fled;—thee too, my son,

No more I now must see thee; snatch'd from death,

This day restor'd—after whole years of absence.—

I leave thee now—I leave my child for ever—

The heart-string breaks—Oh! that thought tears—it

It drowns me in my tears. *[leaves—]*

Zamti. I pray ye lead me—

Conduct me to her—nearer still—that both—

Alas! I faint—support me— *[Faints.]*

Hamet. Once again

Mandane speak, and let me hear thy voice.

Man. Hamet, thy hand—forgive—forgive my rash—

Could I survive your father? No—with him *[ness.]*

The scene was clos'd—but—is the tyrant dead?

Hamet. His debt is paid.

Man. Alas! I follow him—

I follow thither, where eternal justice

Exalts the just, and humbles the oppressor.

And thee, my son, I leave thee here in freedom.

That joy is mine. Copy your father's actions—

You need no more: mankind will bless thee for it.

Remember all his precepts: his example

Will guide thy steps, and marshal thee to glory.

I die resign'd—and yet—and yet it's hard—

When freedom dawns—and after all my sufferings—

It's hard, my child, your mother now should leave thee.—

Zamti—where is he?

Zamti. [*Revives*] Bend me, bend me forward.

Man. Alas! that sight—Oh! *Zamti*—*Hamet*—Oh!

[*Dies.*

Zamti. She's gone, for ever, ever gone.—*Mandane!*

[*Sinks down by her.*

Thus do I see thee?—cold—alas! death-cold!

Cold is that breast, where virtue from above

Fix'd her delighted mansion; and those lips

That utter'd heav'nly truth—pale! pale!—dead! dead!

Pray ye entomb me with her.—

Zaph. Take, ye pow'rs,

Your throne, your crown; take all your conquests back;

Zaphimri never can survive—

Zamti. I charge thee live.—

A base desertion of the public weal

Will ill become a king.—Alas! my son—

By that dear tender name if once again

Zamti may call thee—this is now the last,

The only interview we e'er shall have.

Zaph. And will ye then, inexorable gods—

Will ye then tear him from my aching heart?

Zamti. The moral duties of the private man

Are grafted in thy soul: but oh! remember,

The mean immutable of happiness;

Or in the vale of life, or on a throne,

Is virtue:—each bad action of a king

Extends beyond his life, and oft renews

Its tyranny o'er ages yet unborn.
To error mild, severe to guilt, protect
The helpless innocent; be truth thy passion;
Spurn the base flatterer, and learn to feel
The best delight of serving humankind.

Hamet. He dies, he dies—the agony is on him—

Zamti. Life harass'd out, pursued with barb'rous art
Through ev'ry trembling joint, now fails at once—
Zaphimri—oh! farewell—I shall not see
The glories of thy reign. My son—my *Hamet*—
Thou good young man, farewell. *Mandane*, yes,
My soul with pleasure wings her flight, that thus
Faithful in death I leave these cold remains
Near thy dear honour'd clay.

[*Dies.*

Zaph. And art thou dead,
Thou best of men? then must *Zaphimri* pine
In ever-during grief, since thou art lost;
Since that firm patriot, whose parental care
Should raise, should guide, should animate my virtues,
Lies there a breathless corse.

Hamet. My liege, forbear;
Live for your people; madness and despair
Belong to woes like mine.

Zaph. Thy woes, indeed,
Are great, thou pious youth; yes, I will live
To soften thy afflictions; to assuage
A nation's grief when such a pair expires.
Come to my heart; in thee another *Zamti*
Shall bless the realm.—Now let me hence to hail
My people with the sound of peace; that done,
To these a grateful monument shall rise,
With all sepulchral honour; frequent there
We'll offer incense; there each weeping muse
Shall grave the tributary verse; with tears
Embaln their memories; and teach mankind,
Howe'er oppression stalk the groaning earth,
Yet heav'n, in its own hour, can bring relief;
Can blast the tyrant in his guilty pride,
And prove the orphan's guardian to the last. [*Exeunt.*

16 **EPILOGUE.**

SPOKEN BY MRS. YATES.

Through five long acts I've wore my sighing face,
 Confin'd by critic laws to time and place:

Releas'd at length, I ramble as I please;
 Back to dear London whisk o'er land and seas;
 Ladies, excuse my dress; 'tis true Chinese.

And now, no husband to torment my brain,
 Escap'd from daggers, and from tragic strain,
 Let us enjoy our dear small talk again.

How could this bard successful hope to prove?
 So many heroes, and not one in love!

No suitor here to talk of flames that thrill;
 To say the civil thing—"your eyes so kill;"—
 No ravisher, to force one—to one's will.

That Timurkan!—an odious, horrid brute!
 Whom only wars, and blood, and horror suit;
 If in the guards he first had learn'd his trade,
 Gam'd at the tilt-yard, loung'd on the parade;
 At play and opera blaz'd an am'rous spark,
 And shone the *maccaroni* of the Park;

Had he march'd boldly to the Tow'r for fame,
 And at St. James's felt the tender flame;
 Think ye, for Zamti I had died a martyr?

The man, in that case, would have caught a *Tartar*.
 You've seen their eastern virtues, patriot passions;
 But now for something of their taste and fashions.

"Oh Lord! that's charming," cries my lady Fidget,
 "I long to know it; do the creatures visit?"
 Dear Mrs. Yates, do tell us—well, how is it?"

First, as to beauty, set your hearts at rest;
 They've all broad foreheads, and pigs eyes at best.
 And then they lead such strange, such formal lives;
 A little more at home than English wives!
 Lest the poor things should roam, and prove untrue,
 They all are crippled in the tiny shoe.

A hopeful scheme to keep a wife from madding;
 We pinch our feet, and yet are ever gadding.
 Then they've no cards, no routs; ne'er take their fling;
 And pin money is an unheard-of thing.

And how d'ye think they write?—you'll ne'er divine;
 From top to bottom down in one straight line.

We ladies, when our flames we cannot smother,
 Write letters—from one corner down to t'other.

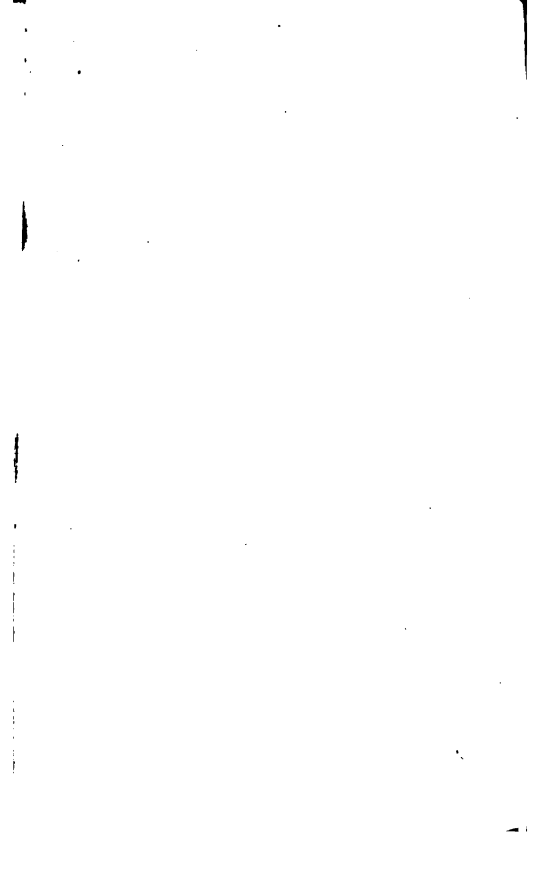
One mode there is in which both climes agree;
 I scarce can tell—'mongst friends then let it be:
 The creatures love to cheat as well as we.

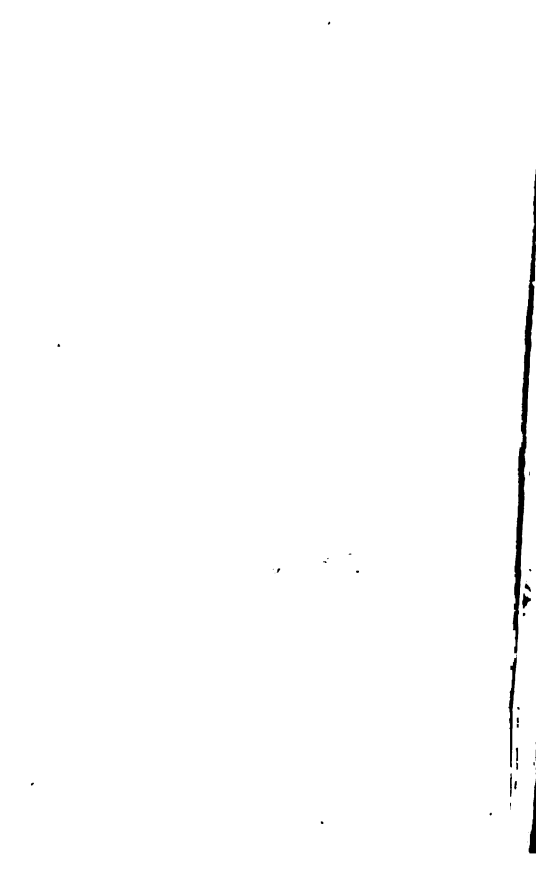
But bless my wits! I've quite forgot the bard;
 A civil soul!—by me he sends this card:

"Presents respects"—to ev'ry lady here;

"Hopes for the honour"—of a single tear.

The critics then will throw their dirt in vain;
 Tears from those eyes will wash out ev'ry stain;
 Your tears true verdure to the laurel give;
 The scene that moves your hearts deserves to live;
 All else is labour'd rant, and fustian rage;
 Each drop you fall embalms the poet's page.





Dibdin

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